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THE TROUT OF THE NEPISIGUIT

By Frederic Irland

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES D. JOSLYN AND THE AUTHOR

A TROUT river ought not to be too easy of approach. Now for instance, there is the Au Sable, in northern Michigan. One railroad crosses near its source, and another at its mouth. All you have to do is to take the train and go to Grayling, put a boat into the water close by the railroad station, and float without effort on the smooth, strong current all the way to Lake Huron, unless you get mixed up with the overhanging cedars that sweep the river in many places. If you run afoul of them you will upset, and then you will find how chilly is the water best adapted to the health of trout. The piscatorial favors of that river are at the disposal of anyone who cares to accept them. So, during the open season, this wonderful stream is crowded with fishermen. It is rather disquieting to know that at any moment, while you are casting over a likely pool, a stranger may hook you firmly in the neck.

Last June my friend the Fish Commissioner, who has a cottage on the banks of the Au Sable, invited me to visit that beautiful but delusive stream. We spent several days in submitting fine specimens of the fly-tier's art for the inspection of the capricious fish. Nineteen times out of twenty, if a trout took any notice at all, he would dart out from under a sunken log, give one sharp look at the fly to ascertain the maker's name, flirt his tail disdainfully, and return whence he came, the whole thing being over in about a second. The Commissioner does not always fish. In the closed season he may be found hypnotizing courts of last resort; but the occupation he most enjoys is the educating of trout. He is exceedingly proud of the intelligence displayed by his apt pupils in differentiating live insects that fall on the water by accident, from spurious creations at the end of a string, cast on the surface by design. If a hundred trout rush out of their lairs to look at his flies in the course of a day's fishing, and only five of them are deceived, he feels that his protégés are entitled to a credit mark of 95 per cent. If the sky is murky, and the breeze makes ripples on the water, so that seventeen fish out of one hundred fall victims to their own inadvertence, he feels chagrined that his scholars are becoming dull-witted. He hopes some day they will attain a proficiency of one hundred per cent. Then they will be safe from honest men.

After a day when the trout had shown unusual discernment, and I had taken just two that were above eight inches in length, I told the Commissioner we ought to go to a place where the fish were as the heathen in their blindness, but where they made up in size and recklessness what they lacked in discrimination. I said he had developed the intelligence of the Au Sable trout to a point where they could care for themselves, and that he ought to bestow some of the blessings of civilization on other watery multitudes far away. So in a self-sacrificing missionary spirit he consented to go, and in August, when we knew the black flies would not be very troublesome, we got on board a sleeping-car and rode a thousand miles to New Brunswick.

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A relative of mine who gets his geography lessons from western railroad folders once told me he did not see why anyone should go to New Brunswick to fish, because the map he looked at did not show any rivers; but if you will examine a large and accurate map you will see that the face of that good old wilderness is seamed with hundreds of wrinkles. Every wrinkle is a stream, and some of them are so crooked you can scarcely tell which way they run. Their sources seem inextricably tangled. A Massachusetts college professor has devoted his vacations for several years to the unravelling of these watery labyrinths, and his amateur surveys are of great value to the crown land office. He says that a long time ago the upper waters of the great St. John River used to flow across New Brunswick into the Bay Chaleur; but that afterward the backbone of the country was elevated, so that part of the river was compelled to reverse its direction, and the water cut a new channel to the Bay of Fundy. This curious geological performance ultimately had a queer political result. The map-makers of the eighteenth century, who lived in London, had never seen the country, and did not know that some of these far-away rivers in Canada had broken in two and taken the back track. They knew there were some rivers that flowed into the St. Lawrence, and some that fell into the sea. They reasoned that there ought to be a range of mountains running through the centre of the country; and because the mountains ought to be there, they put them on the map. After the Revolutionary War the peace commissioners agreed on this imaginary mountain range as the boundary line on paper between Canada and the United States. The unhappy surveyors who were sent to find the mountains could not locate them, because they were not there. This enabled Daniel Webster, when he was Secretary of State fifty years afterward, to keep the upper half of Maine as a part of the United States; and for this piece of statecraft his reputation in New Brunswick is damaged to this day. But the result of this proceeding was that when the Intercolonial Railway was built, being a military highway it had to take a very circuitous course around the edge of the Province, to keep away from American soil, and so the centre of New Brunswick, instead of being opened up to settlement, was left as it now is, a complete wilderness.

The trout that died happy.

The trip planned by the Commissioner and myself was a journey by canoe, from the Maine border clear across New Brunswick to the Bay Chaleur. Two fine streams, the Tobique, gliding westward, and the Nepisiguit, tumbling toward the east, are cradled in lakes which are only three miles apart, and the neck of land between them has been an Indian portage from immemorial time.

The eastern woodland Indian sticks to the water. The idea some people have that he goes through the forest as a crow flies through the air, in a perfectly straight line, is entirely incorrect. If there is one thing the Indian knows better than another it is that in the woods a straight line is not always the shortest distance between two points. His idea of woodcraft is to go up one river and down another wherever he can; and nobody knows how many hundred years ago the Micmacs and Milicetes of New Brunswick, taking the otter-trails for their guidance, cleared the bushes off the path leading from one watershed to another. The Indians are nearly all gone now, and it is a good thing for the moose and caribou.

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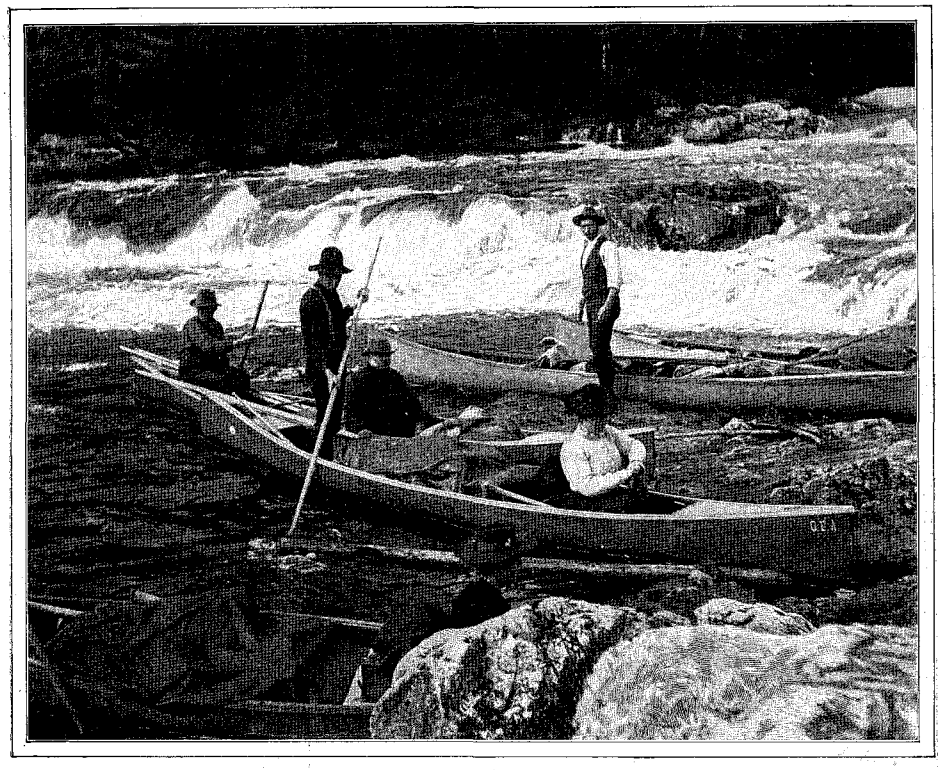

Ready for a fresh start.—Page 644.

At the Forks of the Tobique, fifty-five miles above the place where it falls into the St. John, four streams unite to make the main river, and here the Tobique Salmon Club has its house. This is occupied during the fishing season, but beyond it nobody lives, and you do not see another human habitation until you reach the head of the settlement on the lower Nepisiguit, one hundred and twenty miles away. The Tobique is a famous salmon stream, and thanks to the vigilance of Superintendent Tom Allen and his young men, who watch over the salmon like as a father pitieth his children, nobody goes up river to fish unless he has a right to do so. The Upper Nepisiguit is too far away from the settlements to be disturbed by poachers. No one thinks of fishing much for trout in a salmon country anyway, and the result of this combination of circumstances is that the pools of the Upper Nepisiguit conceal trout large enough to swallow young ducks. These waters, including the nest of lakes where the river is hatched, are leased for fishing purposes by an enterprising young man named George E. Armstrong, who lives down at Perth, on the St. John. So lightly are the privileges esteemed, because of the remoteness of the water, that he got the whole thing for ten years, for fifty dollars a year.

The Commissioner's daughters can cast a fly almost as far and fine as he can, and because Mr. Armstrong said that within the memory of the oldest inhabitant of New Brunswick no woman had ever taken the canoe trip across, and because the waters of the Nepisiguit are very wild and beautiful, these young ladies prevailed upon their father to let them go with him.

There is a railroad that runs up the Tobique twenty miles to a place called Plaster Rock, where lives a feudal baron who charges passers-by twenty dollars for the use of a spring wagon for one day, to take them to the Forks. But the country in which he lives is so beautiful that five minutes after you leave him you forget all about his mediæval way of doing things.

Armstrong had been notified to have five

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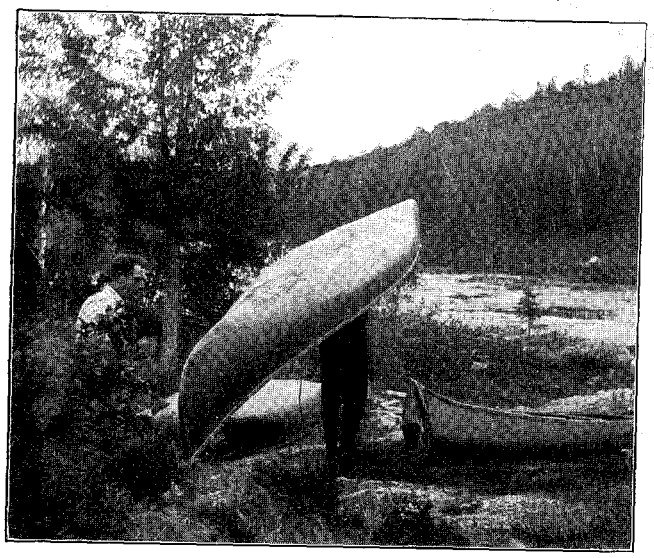
canoes and four young men of the country at the Forks, ready for our journey. It was in the haying season, and men were not easy to get. "When they know you have got to have 'em, they hang back," said Armstrong. But after a pleasant day at the club-house enough polers and canoes came so that we made a start. The Tobique Salmon Club placed at our disposal the whole fishing of the Little Tobique on our way up; and we took from its pools enough beautiful fish—ten and twelve pounders—to show that the salmon were there. Senator Proctor, of the Club, told us afterward that the members rarely or never fish the Little Tobique, and he thought we were entitled to the fishing by right of discovery. The other branches are considered superior. More than four hundred fine salmon were taken with the fly last summer in the water leased by this club. The branch we ascended was full of parr under five inches in length, brilliant in the iridescent markings that give the young salmon his distinctive baby name.

The old Indian portage.—Page 642.



The amphibious canoe.

The first afternoon we fished, the Commissioner killed a fine little twelve-pound salmon on a six-ounce rod. He had an appliance that was new to me. A salmon requires a long line, for he will often run fifty yards on the very first rush after he is hooked. The line required, if all one size, makes a large and clumsy reel necessary. But the Commissioner had a moderate-sized trout reel containing thirty yards of heavy casting line, and beneath that, spliced on, fifty yards of hard fine running line, that took up very little space on the reel, yet was strong enough for any strain. With this outfit he killed his first fish in a very short time. And when his eldest daughter hooked a fifteen-pound fish—that is a chapter by itself.

The Tobique is full of holes that look like splendid salmon pools. Yet the fish pass by many of them year after year, and are found only in others that seem less hospitable.

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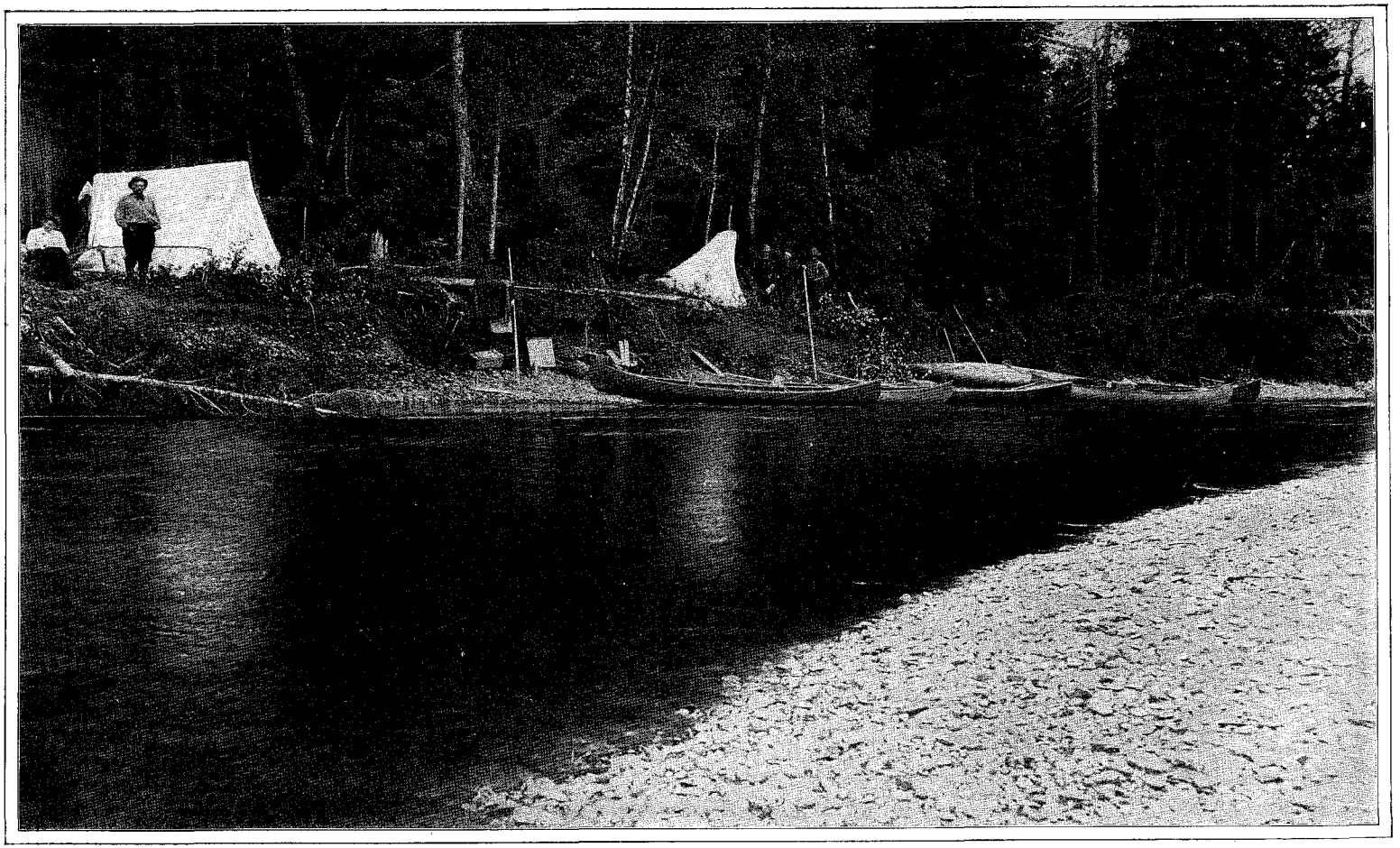

A fishing camp on the Tobique.

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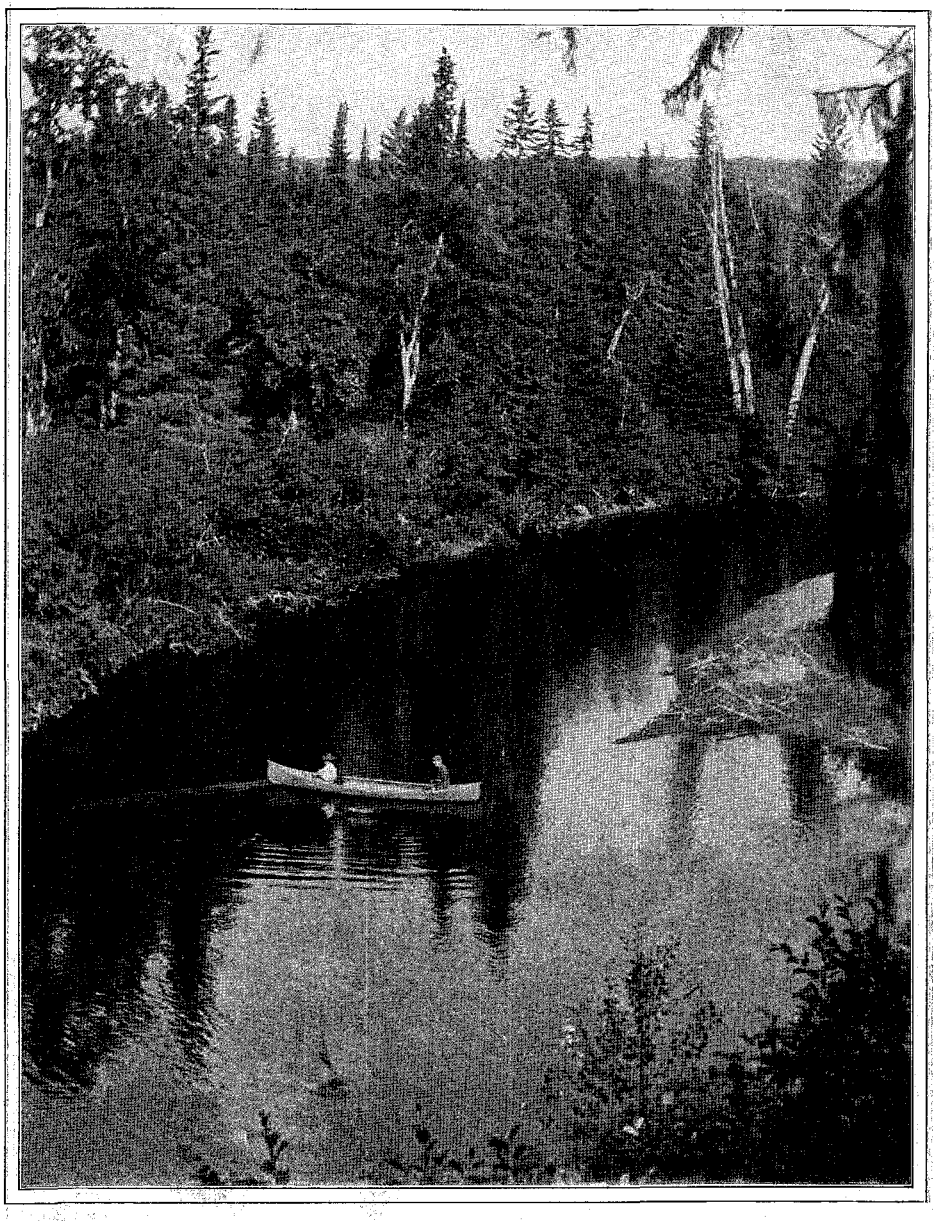

Salmon pool on the Upper Tobique.—Page 644.

Who knows the way of the eagle in the air, or of the salmon in the sea? Of all fish the most tantalizing, he has been the life-study of thousands of men. Yet how little anyone really knows about him, and how conflicting is the testimony as to what is known! If you want to get the idea that there is no such thing as abstract truth, you can form that opinion quickly by sitting in front of the fireplace in a fishing club some evening when the most experienced members are present and feel like talking. There is scarcely any proposition connected with the life history of this fish upon which any two men of forty or fifty years' experience in salmon fishing will agree. The biography of the fish is filled with puzzling blanks. You catch a glimpse of him in his infancy. He mysteriously disappears, returns during adolescence, and

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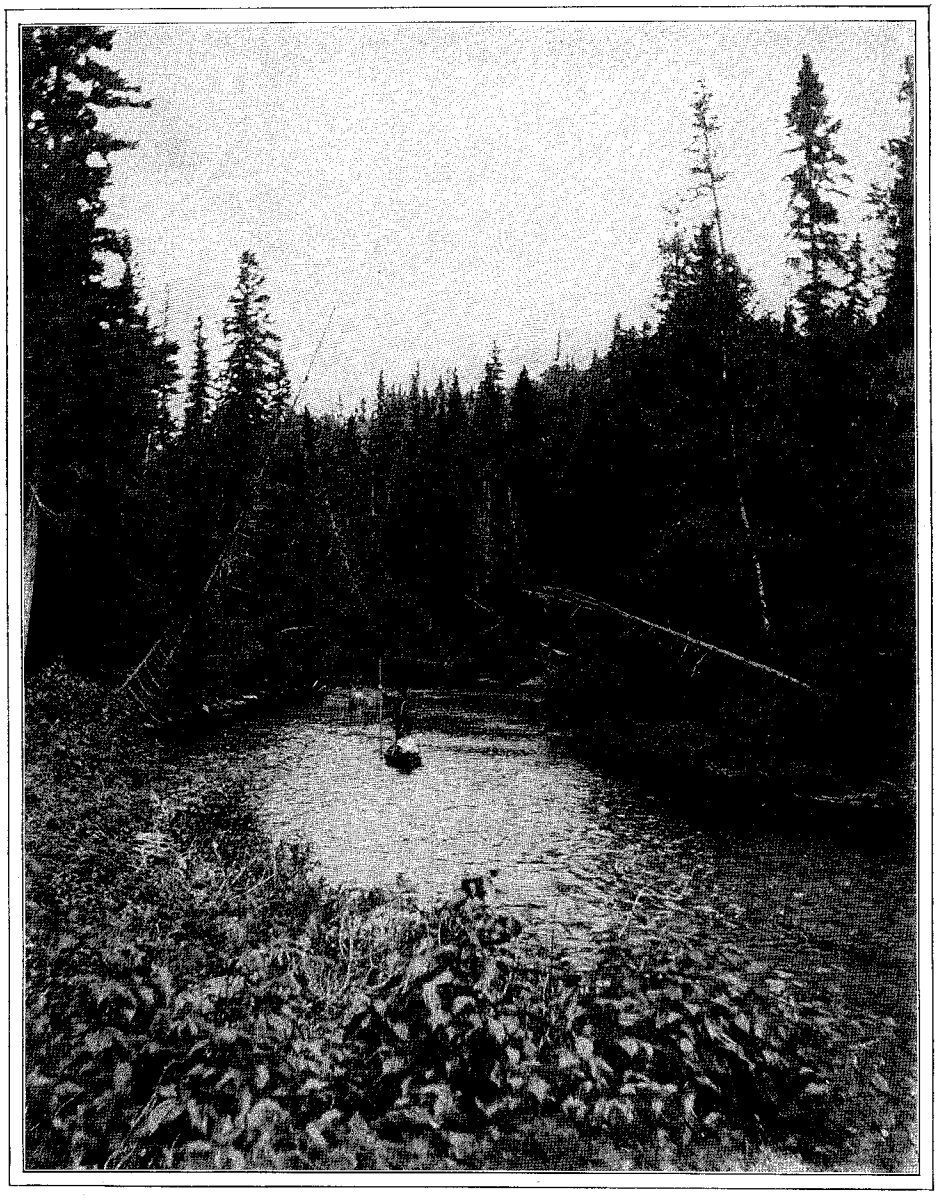

The Nepisiguit near its source.—Page 650.

then is gone again until, on his third appearance, the infant has grown to be fully mature. Who would think the childish smolt of a few ounces, that slips quietly down river in the early spring, could come back the same summer in the pride of youth as a three or four pound grilse? And the next time he goes, upon what meat doth he feed, that he jumps to maturity and ten pounds' weight? What ports does he visit while he is off on his deep-sea cruise? Where does he keep the chart by which, after his far-away wanderings, he unerringly returns to his birthplace? And why do many grilse come to some rivers and comparatively few or none to others? In Miramichi waters there are in August ten grilse to every full-grown salmon. In the Tobique there are scarcely any grilse at all.

Many are the ways of propelling water-

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craft; but none, I think, so interesting as poling a canoe up a rapid stream. In comparatively slow currents and in crossing lakes the paddle is always used, but on a roaring, rocky river, full of bowlders, where the current is swift and full of turns, the pole is indispensable.

Although the canoe is still the universal means of summer transportation in the larger part of North America, and although, except the raft, it is the oldest type of watercraft in use, there are such variations in its form in different places that an experienced Canadian traveller, if he came down from a balloon, could tell pretty nearly where he was as soon as he saw a canoe. On the Miramichi the pine pirogue, or dug-out, thirty feet long, is in very general use. On the streams of that water system there is little or no carrying, and the weight of the canoe is of small consequence. The Micmac birch-bark of the Nepisiguit can be recognized half a mile off by its high, bulging centre. The canoe on the Tobique is a home-made product, but the model is borrowed from Maine. It is like the birch-bark in all except the outer skin. That is of canvas, stretched and painted. One of these canoes, twenty feet long, will carry a surprising load, and a man who knows how can stand in the stern and push it up stream against a tremendous current. To a person unfamiliar with the setting-pole it is a demon of perversity, and the canoe acts worse than a frightened pig. It dodges first one way, then the other. It tries to turn round, to back, to roll over. The pole catches between sunken bowlders, or slips on a smooth rock, or dives deep into an undiscovered hole at the foot of a rapid, where pole-bottom is most needed. Generally the new poler goes out into the water. I have done some hard work in this line. On the way up Tobique I poled the Commissioner's canoe some of the time. He is a heavy man, but he got a board and put it across the gunwales for a seat. This procedure altered what experts call the metacentric height of the canoe, and my friend has not yet grown tired of telling what happened. It was the finest illustration of unstable equilibrium I have ever seen. One day I felt strong and spurted ahead of the other canoes. Soon we came to a place called the Ledges, where the water runs swiftly and silently over rocks smooth as glass. I could not get the pole to hold on the bottom. First the canoe stood still; then it began to sidle across the river and to settle back, in spite of my most earnest efforts. The four other canoes, manned by experienced young men of the country, who had poled boats since they were four years old, all filed by me in stately procession, climbing the liquid hill with effortless ease, while I remained stationary, to the great enjoyment of the spectators. I felt humiliated and short of breath. The Commissioner has a vivid recollection of this event, and he tells it circumstantially. Some day I will get him out where the water is very deep, and will capsize the canoe. But the trouble is, he can swim farther than I can. Anyway, I know more about the physical peculiarities of that river than he does.

The Commissioner and the loon.—Page 653.

Strangely enough, the Tobique is not worth mentioning as a trout stream.

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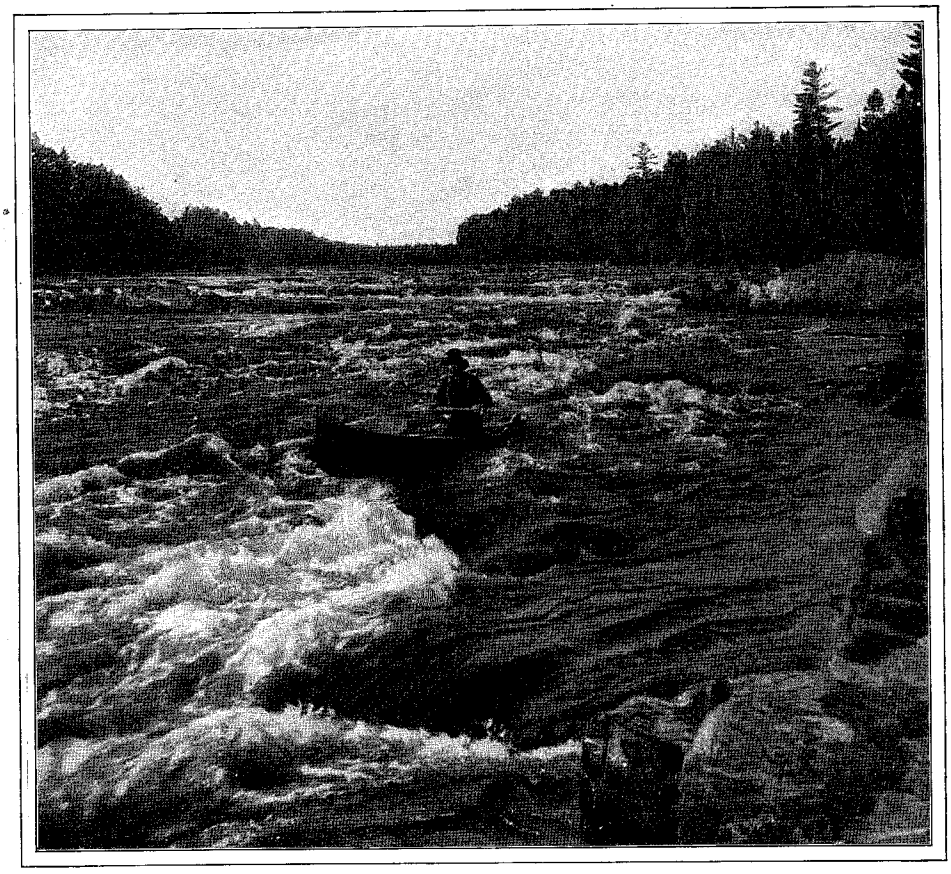

Miles of white water—Nepisiguit River.—Page 654.

Though it is pretty certain that its head waters were once connected with the Bathurst lakes that now form the sources of the Nepisiguit, the latter are filled with trout, but the Nictor lakes have few or none. After we left the salmon pools we caught enough fish for an occasional meal as long as we were on Tobique water, but the real trout fishing was on the other side.

There are a few deserted lumber camps on the way up the Little Tobique. Some people may think an old clearing is a good place to pitch a group of tents. Nothing could be further from the truth. A clearing soon grows up to tall grass, that shelters mosquitoes and gnats. It is filled with bushes, that are troublesome to cut away. The wood supply is generally poor, and the clearing is exposed to the wind. The very finest and easiest place to make camp when travelling is on a level spot in the woods where not a tree has ever been cut, and, if possible, in a grove of birches. Here a few strokes of the axe clear away all the underbrush. The birch makes a lovely night fire. There are balsams for boughing the beds, and tenting on such a spot is the luxury of out-door life.

A week from the time we left the Forks of the Tobique we reached Nictor Lake, where rises the great bald dome of Sagamook Mountain, the second peak of the Province in height. A storm had been entangled in the hills for days, and at Nictor Lake we saw its ineffectual efforts to escape. The clouds sailed down the valley, rolled up against Sagamook, and came curling over the top in great white blankets that tucked the mountain snugly away to sleep. Night slowly fell. The rain beat a long tattoo upon the tight canvas of the tents. The glowing logs outside, in the third and best stage of a birch fire, sent out tiny puffs of steam where the drops of water struck, exploding the film of ashes, and producing that little miracle,

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which no one will believe who has not seen it, the fire that burns more brightly because of a steady pour of rain. The perfume of the woods filled the air. The warmth of the fire soothed weary limbs. The melody of the raindrops was accompanied by the harmony of the wind-swept tree-tops and the waves on the lake shore. From the ladies' tent came little chirps and gigglings, like the chatter of young swallows in a chimney. By the guides' fire somebody was droning an oft-told narrative. How much better story-teller is the primitive man than the busy, newspaper-reading dweller of the town! To the dull senses of the sleepy ones the voice of the tale-teller seemed to float on and on, getting fainter and more distant, till it was lost in the murmur of the forest sounds. That was when sleep came.

Then, as the night passed, the wind went down and the rain ceased. The fire burned lower and lower, and the chill of the dampness crept into the tent. It grew cold, and the lightest sleeper began to dream of walking barefoot in the snow. Miles and miles he trudged over arctic wastes, world-without-end. Then, after what seemed to be hours of shivering, he woke to wonder if anyone would fix the fire. The callous roustabouts in the guides' tent, would they be frozen first? Not they. Not at two o'clock in the morning. So the awakened dreamer rose and threw on logs without stint, till the bright flames shot up and flashed far out on the lake, and a foolish loon, frightened by the blaze, shouted hysterically to her mate that the woods were burning up. How quickly it got warm again! The canvas steamed. Sleep once more, and the next thing, the sun was peering over the corner of Sagamook, and the wilderness was wide awake.

Perhaps there is no country within moderate distance from New York that shows the tremendous results of glacial action so well as central New Brunswick. The upper end of Nictor Lake is filled with huge bowlders that mark the terminal limit of some ancient ice-stream, which laid down there, one by one, the rocky burdens it had carried as far as it could. These piled-up rocks fill the lake almost to the surface of the water; and as the canoe floated over them, it gave one a creepy sensation to think what would happen to the unfortunate who fell in among them, and got his leg caught in some slippery crevice. Even the best swimmer would have a poor chance. More than one New Brunswick lake is bounded by a curved dike that looks as if it was dredged up; but these embankments are of glacial origin.

On the shore of Mud Lake, next above Nictor, and the last water on the Tobique side, Adam Moore, a famous guide, has a cabin that he uses in moose-hunting time, but leaves deserted the rest of the year. It was while we were looking at this cabin that one of the polers began waving his arms to attract our attention. When we went down where the canoes were, he showed us a moose in the water up to its neck, feeding on pond-lily roots. Every few minutes it would reach down into the mud, and be entirely out of sight. Two of the boys took a canoe and paddled between the moose and the shore, on the windward side, where it would smell them, and so be driven out into the lake toward the main party. This programme worked well, and the moose waded and swam away from the one canoe, straight toward the four others that it had not winded. Going through the water the moose stretched its neck forward in a ridiculous attitude. When it reached the shore it was not more than a hundred feet away from the nearest canoe. As it was about to enter the woods the man who had the camera hastily secured a picture, consisting mostly of the bow of his canoe. These little episodes make wilderness photography enjoyable.

Twenty-five years ago this spring an old Indian and his two sons killed one hundred and sixty moose near the head of the Tobique, and started down the river with the skins on a raft. When they got into the strong water of the Tobique Narrows the raft struck a rock and was upset, and the Indian lost all his cargo. The moose were pretty scarce for awhile under such treatment; but thanks to the enlightened game laws of the Province they have increased so wonderfully that probably there would be little difficulty in repeating that Indian's performance at any time when the snow is deep in the spring. It is also pretty certain that anyone attempting the experiment would go to jail for the rest of his natural life.

From Mud Lake the old portage runs to the first Bathurst lake, the source of the Nepisiguit. This forest path begins in a balsam swamp, and rises a little toward the

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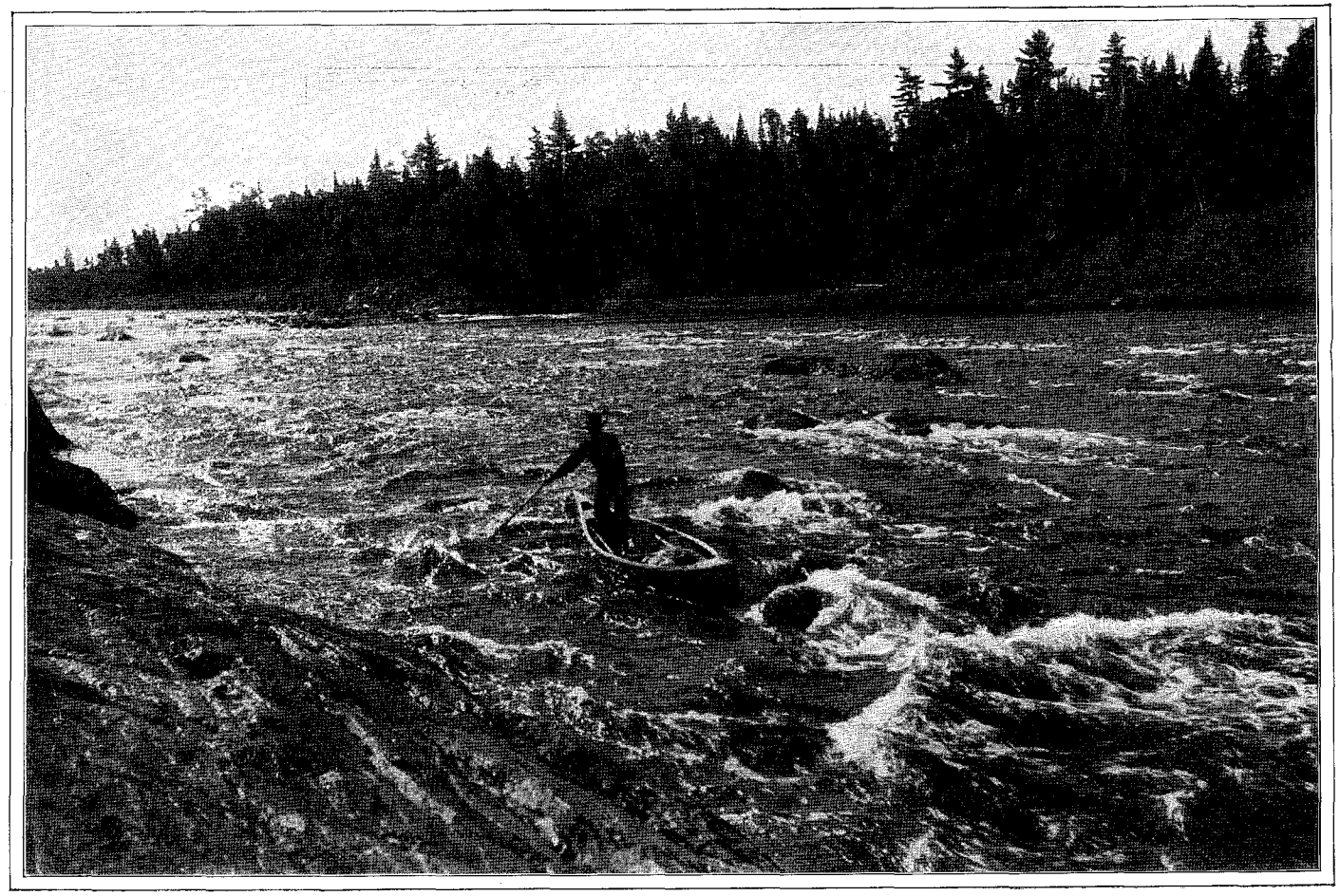

The consummation of canoeing.—Page 656.

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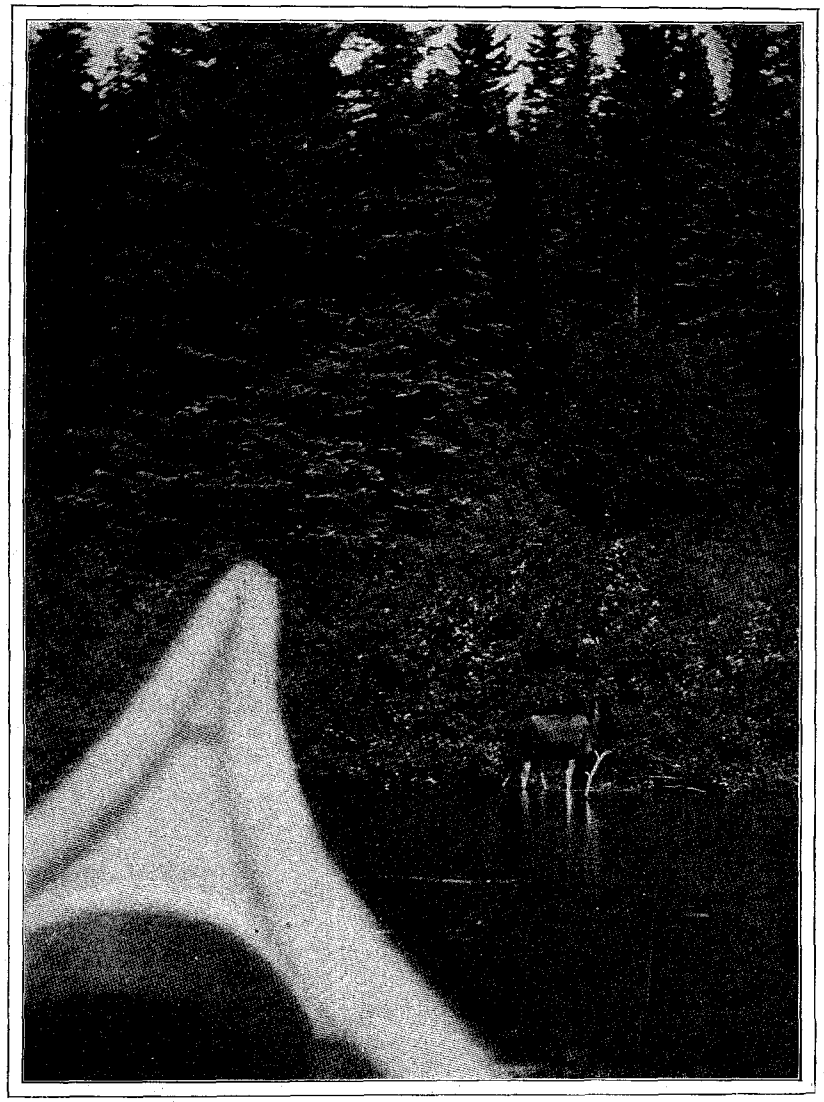

The vanishing moose and the intrusive canoe.—Page 650.

lake, through a spruce forest. The Commissioner enlivened the three miles by frequent halts to knock gum off the trees with a pole, spying the inconspicuous little excrescences on the brown trunks with the precision of a professional gum-picker, an accomplishment he learned when a boy in Vermont.

There are few places in North America as beautiful as Bathurst Lake. In every direction there is a wilderness of low mountain peaks, covered with unbroken forest. A number of small streams pour down into the lake, and in August the trout gather in the cooler water opposite the mouths of these rivulets. As soon as we reached the lake, and while we were waiting for the canoes to be carried across the portage, we began to see evidences in the air that there were fish in the water. Fishhawks, cranes and kingfishers were abundant, and there were more loons on the lake than was good for the trout. The Commissioner made a remarkable shot at a kingfisher, killing it with a .30-30 rifle at fully a hundred yards. He hates the birds that prey upon his pets.

Armstrong has a camp on Bathurst Lake, and as soon as we reached it, the girls went

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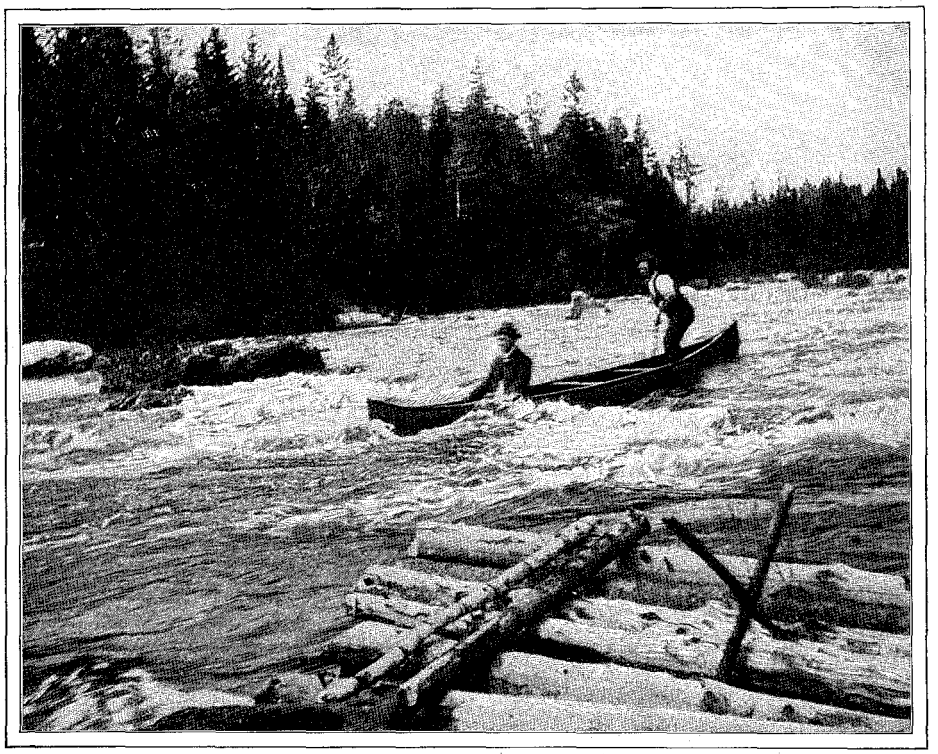

Harry running a rapid.—Page 657.

fishing. There were nine people to fish for, and all hungry. Two canoes moving slowly, and not getting a quarter of a mile from the camp, took forty trout on two rods in less than an hour. The fish were very uniform in size, most of them being about half a pound in weight. Such fishing was too good to be fun. All the smaller ones were promptly put back in the water, but even then it was too soon over. Most of the time both rods were bent. Only a cast or two, and a trout was hooked. Sometimes he broke away, but there was no time to mourn. Another promptly took his place.

It had rained at some time during every day but one since we started; but the next day there was an exhibition down-pour that no one can conceive of unless he has seen it rain on a mountain lake. It always seems to be raining harder on the water than over the land anyway. During one of the lulls I paddled the Commissioner out after loons. In the days of the slow-velocity rifle, with smoking powder, it was of little use to shoot at a loon on a large lake. The creature would dive before the bullet struck, and reappear a long way off, diving again as soon as he took one breath. But the high-power smokeless rifle is too quick for him. He cannot dive soon enough. We were only out a few minutes, and came back with two dead loons. The guides would scarcely believe it when the Commissioner called to them to come out of the camp to look at the great birds. That one morning's work preserved the lives of more trout last summer than all the fish that were taken by all the people who fished in the lake. Two men had been there before us, but they had gone.

Some people think the loons, kingfishers, fishhawks, sheldrakes, cranes, otters, minks, and other creatures that prey on the fish do no harm to the supply, because they only catch the slower and feebler ones, and thus keep up the standard of vigor among them; but the trout destroyed by their forest enemies, in such a lake as Bathurst, must amount to many thousands every year. Fishing with the fly, a few days each season, is about the same as taking a bucketful of water out of the lake each morning, so far as the supply is concerned.

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We stayed a couple of days in camp, while the Armstrong brigade were carrying all the freight across the portage. The girls made blueberry pies and red raspberry short-cakes; so that the Commissioner and I lived too high. Then we started down the Nepisiguit, and day by day we saw the life history of a river, from its cradle to the sea. Perhaps it would be hard to find a more typical Canadian stream. Rising in a group of spring-fed

Canoe surgery—mending a break.

Hauling over a cedar jam.

mountain lakes, it has a goodly volume of water from the start. All the way down it is broken, at frequent intervals, by long reaches of bowlder-strewn rapids. Sometimes it is compressed between perpendicular walls, where a glacier long ago threw up a barrier that turned it from its former bed, and then the river slowly cut back to the channel it liked best. In two or three places the process is yet unfinished, and a cataract, without haste and without rest, is gnawing at the solid rock, century in and out.

Armstrong only sees his river about once a year, and none of the guides except himself had ever been down the Nepisiguit. One of them had been a sailor, and he talked every day of seeing the salt water again. Sometimes when I heard their stories of the lumber camps, and the animals in the woods, and the pride of their strength, I wished I had been born where they were. If they say of a person in that country, "He is a mighty able man," they always mean that he is physically strong. The craft of the lawyer, the wisdom of the statesman, do not much appeal to them. But they are fine fellows, of the same ancestry as ourselves, and they ought to be Americans. But their wilderness is better as it is. If New England had remained British, there might be moose among the Berkshires yet and salmon in the Connecticut.

The boys had all heard about the impetuous waters of the Nepisiguit, and were greatly impressed with the responsibility of bringing their passengers through safely. The continued rains had raised the water, but in that country, no matter how high the flood, the rivers remain clear. Armstrong said the high water made the fishing poor, but at that it was the most wonderful thing in the way of trout that I ever saw. The heaviest fish we took from the Nepisiguit was caught by a girl, and it weighed four and three-quarter pounds. We did not waste one fish on the whole trip. It was a touching thing to see the Fish Commis-

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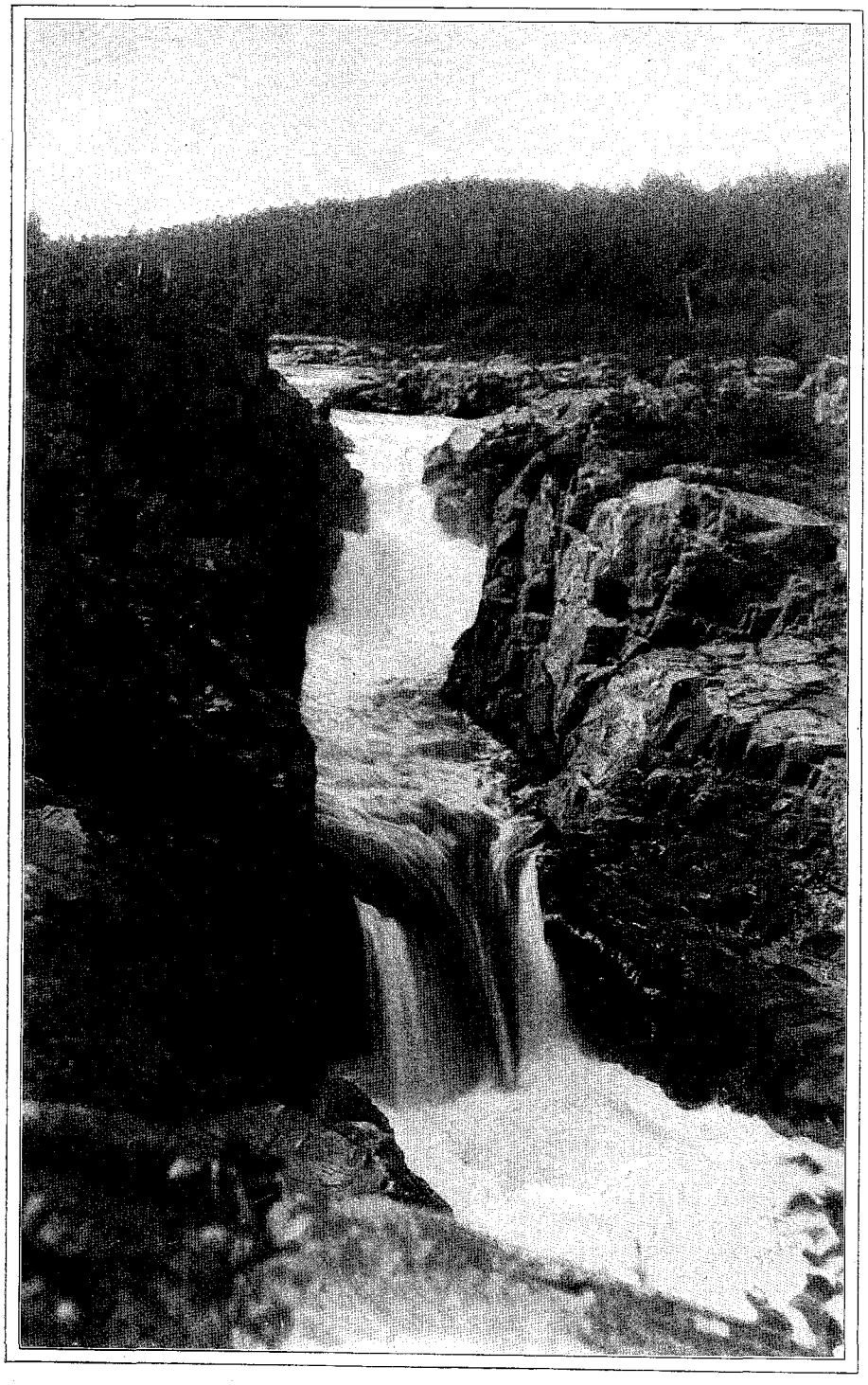

Great Falls of the Nepisiguit.—Page 657.

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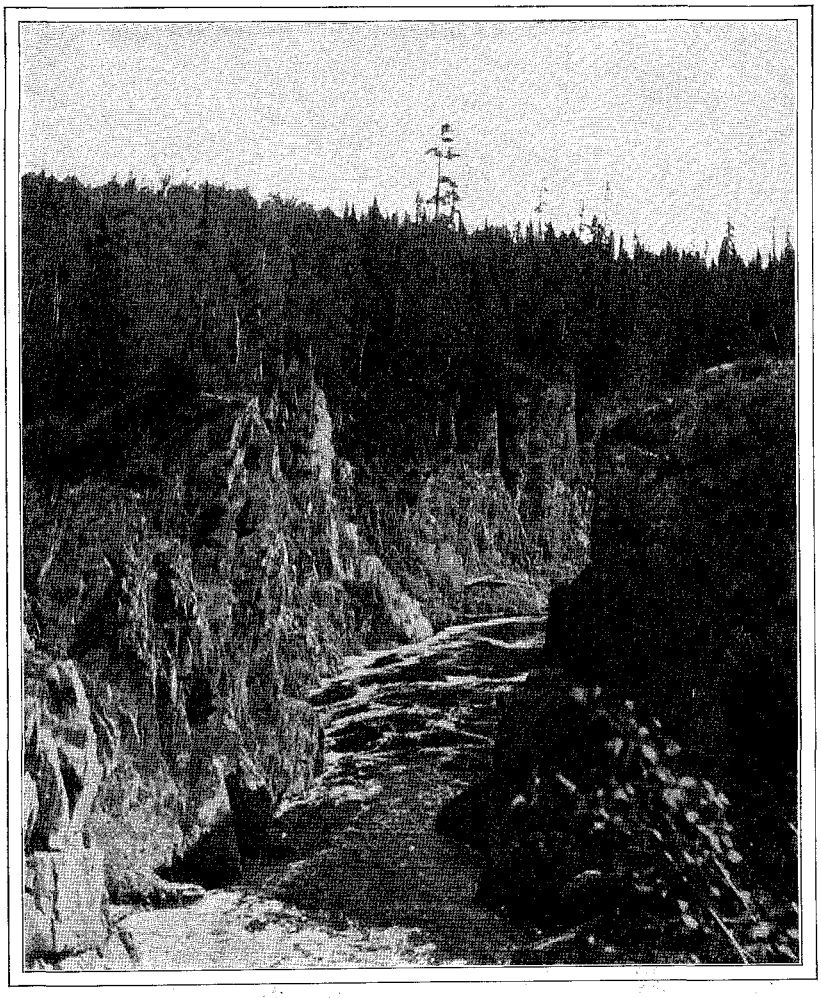

Gorge below Great Falls of the Nepisiguit.—Page 657.

sioner, after hooking just one more three-pounder, and exhausting the poor fish till it could not sit up straight, hold the trout right side up with one hand in the water, in order that it might breathe more easily, and smooth its ruffled fins with the other hand, till the trout suddenly revived and shot away!

But the greatest fun of all was running the heavy rapids. I had for a poler a boy named Harry, who I think would try the Whirlpool Rapids below Niagara if anyone dared him to do so. At the first white water we struck, after all the canoes had gone down in safety, and Harry, coming last, had picked out a channel for himself, the Commissioner said, "Harry, I would give five dollars to get a photograph of your canoe coming over that rapid." "I'll run it over again for a dollar," said Harry. So we took the canoe back over the portage, and ran down again. All the rest of the way down river Harry was looking for rapids to run, that no one else wanted to try, till the people whose baggage was in our canoe came and insisted that the freight be carried elsewhere. They said they did not so much mind two fools being drowned, if that was what we wanted, but they did not wish to have their clothes lost.

There are two ways of running through rough water among bowlders. One is to keep checking the canoe and to drop down easily. The other is to pole vigorously, and by going faster than the water keep steerage-way. Harry always waited

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at the head of a rough stretch till the other canoes were well out of the way, and then ran down at full speed.

My camera is an experienced traveller. Twice on other trips it has floated down river in capsizes. This year, because everybody was watching to see us swamped, nothing happened. The only upset on the whole trip was once when Fred Watters, who carried freight only, was bringing his craft down a *décharge* after the luggage had been carried around. We were all watching him, and as he shot over the last pitch into a smooth pool, he brought his paddle down flat on the water with a slap, and the handle broke off short. Of course he went out; but he was back again in an instant.

All the way down river we drove ahead of us flocks of young fish-ducks, that could not yet rise from the water, but beat it with their wings, giving them their local name of flappers. On the more frequented rivers these ducks are known as the Poacher's Friends, because they always flee from an approaching canoe, and so give timely notice of the coming fish-warden. But on this wild stream we saw neither poacher nor warden, nor any other stranger, till we got to the end of Armstrong's lease, at the Great Falls. Here we waited for the stuff to be portaged a mile around the gorge of the falls, and when we looked up from a game of four-handed cribbage it gave us a curious start to see, standing twenty feet away, a man who manifestly was no guide of ours. It was the warden of the lower river, come from town to give us the key of the deserted club-house a little way below. The news had gone around the Province that there was a fishing party coming across, and he was there to welcome us; also to see that we did no meddling with the salmon, for the season had closed. Trout were yet a legal prey, but not the big jumpers.

The Great Falls of the Nepisiguit, one hundred feet high, would furnish an immense water power. Some people wanted to put a pulp-mill there, and when they went to see how much the salmon fishers would take for their rights, they found out. The owners of the fishing privileges would take two hundred thousand dollars. The pulp-mill project languishes; and may it die the death and be eternally damned!

We had brought with us a special case of Fishwarden's Joy, for the promotion of diplomatic relations with strangers. When we offered some of this to the guardian of the Nepisiguit he would have none of it. That evening after supper the boys asked him his nationality, and he said he was a Methodist. We concluded that the salmon of the lower Nepisiguit were pretty safe, so far as we were concerned.

The next day we began to see places where people had cut the wild hay along the river, and at noon we came to a crew of men building a wing-dam to keep the logs in the channel at the Pabineau Falls. Then, as we ran down, we surprised a farm-house on the river bank. We had reached the head of the settlement.

We shot beneath the high spans of the railroad bridge, portaged around the last rock-bound rapid, and met the little floating bits of sand that marked the incoming of the flood tide. An hour later we stepped ashore at Bathurst, and heard that the *America's* cup was still in New York.

That night there was a grand sale of slightly worn canoes, and the guides grinned at the prices they received. But it is fair for a Tobiquer to get the better of a Bathurst man any day. The next morning the boys started home by rail; and because there is no short cut across, it took them two days to go around. May the man be paralyzed who plans a railroad to destroy that lovely wilderness!

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THE TRAIL OF THE SAXON

By John Fox, Jr.

AN amphitheatre of feathery clouds ran half around the horizon and close to the water's edge; midway and toward Russia rose a great dark shadow through which the sun shone faintly. Such was the celestial setting for the entrance of a certain ship some ten days since at sunset into the harbor of Yokohama and the Land of the Rising Sun; but no man was to guess from the strange pictures, strange people, and jumbled mass of new ideas and impressions waiting to make his brain dizzy on shore, that the big cloud aloft was the symbol of actual war. No sign was to come, by night or by day, from the tiled roofs, latticed windows, paper houses, the foreign architectural monstrosities of wood and stone; the lights, lanterns, shops—tiny and brilliantly lit; the innumerable rickshas, the swift play under them of muscular bare brown legs which bore thin-chested men who run open-mouthed and smoke cigarettes while waiting a fare; the musical chorus of getas clicking on stone, mounted by men bareheaded or in billycock hats; little women in kimonas; ponies with big bellies, apex rumps, bushy forelocks and mean eyes; rows of painted dolls caged behind barred windows and under the glare of electric lights—expectant, waiting, patient—hour by hour, hour by hour, night after night, no suggestion save perhaps in their idle patience; coolies with push carts, staggering under heavy loads, "cargadores" in straw hats and rain coats of rushes, looking for all the world like walking little haycocks—no sign except in flags, the red sunbursts of Japan, along now and then with the Stars and Stripes—flags which for all else one could know, might have been hung out for a holiday.

For more than a month I had been on the trail of the Saxon, the westward trail on which he set his feet more than a hundred years ago, when he cut the apron-strings of Mother England, turned his back on her, and, without knowing it, started back toward her the other way round the world to clasp hands, perhaps, again across the Far East. Where he started, I started, too, from the top of the Cumberland over which he first saw the Star of Empire beckoning westward only. I went through a black tunnel straight under the trail his moccasined feet wore over Cumberland Gap, and stopped, for a moment, in a sleeper on the spot where he pitched his sunset camp for the night; and the blood of his footprints still was there.

"This is a hell of a town," said the conductor cheerfully.

I waited for an explanation. It came.

"Why, I went to a nigger-minstrel show here the other night. A mountaineer in the gallery shot a nigger and a white man dead in the aisle, but the band struck up "Dixie," and the show never stopped. But one man left the house and that was Bones. They found him at the hotel, but he refused to go back. 'I can't be funny in that place,' he said."

Now the curious thing is that each one of those three, the slayer and the slain—the Saxon through the arrogance of race, the African through the imitative faculty that has given him something of that same arrogance toward the people of other lands—felt himself the superior of any Oriental with a yellow skin. And now when I think of the exquisite courtesy and ceremony and gentle politeness in this land, I smile; then I think of the bearing of the man toward the woman of this land, and the bearing of the man—even the mountaineer—toward the woman in our own land, and the place the woman holds in each—and the smile passes.

Along that old wilderness trail I went across the Ohio, through prairie lands, across the rich fields of Iowa, the plains of Nebraska, over the Rockies, and down into the great deserts that stretch to the Sierras. Along went others who were concerned in that trail: three Japanese students hurrying home from England, France, and Germany, bits of that net work of eager investi-

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gation that Japan has spread over the globe —quiet, unobtrusive little fellows who rushed for papers at every station to see news of the war; three Americans on the way to the Philippines for the Government; an English Major of Infantry and an English Captain of Cavalry and a pretty English girl; and two who in that trail had no interest—French correspondents. I have been told that the only two seven-masted vessels in the world collided one night in mid-ocean. Well, these sons of France—the only ones on their mission, perhaps, in broad America collided not only on the same train, the same sleeper, and the same section, I was told, but both were gazetted for the same lower berth. Each asserted his claim with a politeness that became gesticulatory and vociferous. Conductor, brakeman, and porter came to the scene of action. Nobody could settle the dispute, so the correspondents exchanged cards, claimed Gallic satisfaction mutually, and requested the conductor to stop the train and let them get off and fight. The conductor explained that, much as he personally would like to see the scrap, the law of the land and the speed of the Overland Limited made tarrying impossible. Without rapiers I have often wondered how those two sons of France would have drawn each other's blood. Each still refused to take the upper berth, but next day they were friends, and came over sea arm and arm practically on shipboard, and arm and arm they practically are in Japan to-day.

Through the stamping grounds of Wister's "Virginian" and other men of fact and fiction in the West, the trail led—through barren wastes with nothing alive in sight except an occasional flock of gray, starved sheep with a lonely herder and his sheep-dog watching us pass, while a blue-eyed frontiersman gave me more reasons for race arrogance with his tales of western ethics in the old days: How men trusted each other and were not deceived in friendship and in trade; how they sacrificed themselves for each other without regret, and no wish for reward, and honored and protected women always.

Then forty miles of snowsheds over the Sierras, and the trail dropped sheer into the dewy green of flowers, gardens, and fruit-tree blossoms, where the grass was lush, cattle and sheep were fat, and the fields looked like rich orchards—to end in the last camp of the Saxon, San Francisco—where the heathen Chinee walks the streets, where Robert Louis Stevenson's bronze galley has motionless sails set to the winds that blow through a little park, where Bret Harte's memory is soon to be honored in a similar way, and where a man claimed that the civilization of the trail had leaped in one bound from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. And I wondered what the intermediate Saxons, over whose heads that leap was made, would have to say in answer.

He had sailed one wide ocean—this Saxon—the wider one was a child's play on a mill-pond with a boat of his own making, and I followed him on.

On the dock two days later I saw my first crowd of Japanese, in Saxon clothes, waving flags, and giving Saxon yells to their countrymen who were going home to fight. After that, but for an occasional march of those same countrymen on the steerage deck to the measure of a war-song, no more tidings, or rumors or suggestions of war.

Seven days later, long, slowly rising slopes of moutains veiled in mist came in view, and we saw waves of many colors washing the feet of newest America, where the Saxon has pitched his latest but not his most Eastern—as I must say now—camp; and where he is patching a human crazy quilt of skins from China, Japan, Portugal, America, England, Africa. The patching of it goes swiftly, but there will be one hole in the quilt that will never be filled again on this earth, for the Hawaiian is going, as he himself says he is, "pau," which in English means finished, done for, doomed. Now girls who are three-quarters Saxon dance the hula-hula for tourists, and but for a movement of their feet, it is the dance of the East wretchedly and vulgarly done, and the spectator would wipe away, if he could, every memory but the wailing song of the woman with the guitar —a song which to my ear had no more connection with the dance than the chant of high mass could have with a Bacchanalian orgy.

At a big white hotel that night hundreds of people sat in a brilliantly lit open-air garden with a stone floor and stone balustrade, and heard an Hawaiian band of many nationalities play the tunes of all nations, and two women give vent to that adaptation of

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the Methodist hymn that passes for an Hawaiian song.

Every possible human mixture of blood I had seen that day, I fancied, but of the morals that caused the mixture I will not speak, for the looseness of them is climatic and easily explained. I am told that after five or six years the molecules even in the granite of the New England character begin to get restless. Still there seems to be hope on the horizon.

At midnight a bibulous gentleman descended from a hack in front of the hotel.

"Roderick Random," he said to his Portuguese driver, "this is a bum-m town," spelling the word out thickly. Roderick smiled with polite acquiescence. The bibulous gentleman spoke likewise to the watchman at the door.

"Quite right, sir," said the watchman.

The elevator got the same blighting criticism from the visitor, whose good-night to the clerk at the desk was:

"This is a bum-m town."

The clerk, too, agreed, and the man turned away in disgust.

"I can't get an argument out of anybody on that point," he said—all of which would seem to cast some doubt on the public late-at-night flaunting, at least, of vice in Honolulu.

Two pictures only I carried away of the many I hoped to see—the Hawaiian swimmers, bronzed and perfect as statues, who floated out to meet us and dive for coins, and a crowd of little yellow fellows, each on the swaying branch of the monkey-pod tree, black hair shaking in the wind, white teeth flashing, faces merry, and mouths stretched wide with song.

Thence eleven long, long days to that sunset entrance into the Land of the Rising Sun—where Perry came to throw open the sea-portals of Japan.

The Japanese way of revealing heart-beats is not the way of the Occidental world, and seeing no signs of war, this correspondent, at least, straightway forgot the mission on which he had come, and straightway was turned into an eager student of a people and a land which he had long yearned to see.

On a certain bluff sits a certain tea-house—you can see it from the deck of the ship. It is the tea-house of One-Hundred and One Steps, and the mistress of it is Fin San, daughter of the man who was mayor when Perry opened the sea portals at the mouth of the cannon, whose guest Perry was, and whose friend.

Fin San's people lost their money once, and she opened the tea-house, as the American girl under similar circumstances would have taken to the typewriter and the stenographer's pen. The house has a year of life for almost every one of the steps that mount to it, which is ancient life for Japan, where fires make an infant life of three years for the average Japanese home. The tea girls are Fin San's own kin. Everything under her roof is blameless, and the women of any home in any land can be taken there fearlessly.

An American enthusiast—a voluntary exile, whom I met later—told me that Fin San's Japanese was as good as could be found in the empire, that her husband was one of the best-educated men he had ever known, and had been a great help and inspiration to Lafcadio Hearn. There were all the pretty courtesies, the pretty ceremonies, and the gentle kindness of which the world has read.

After tea and sake and little Japanese cakes and peanuts, thence straightaway to Tokyo, whence the soldiers went to the front and the unknown correspondent was going, at that time, to an unknown destination in an unknown time. It is an hour between little patches of half-drowned rice bulbs, cottages thatched with rice straw, with green things growing on the roof, and little gardens laid out with an art minute and exquisite, blossoming trees of wild cherry, that beloved symbol of Japanese bravery because it dares to spread its petals under falling snow, dashed here and there with the red camellia that is unlucky because it drops its blossom whole and suggests the time when the Japanese head might fall for a slight offence; between little hills overspread with pine trees, and little leafless saplings that help so much to give the delicate, airy quality that characterizes the landscape of Japan. At every station was a hurrying throng of men, women, and children who clicked the stone pavements on xylophones with a music that some writer with the tympanum of a blacksmith characterized as a clatter, since the getas are often selected, I am told, to suit the individual ear.

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At Tokyo outward evidences of war were as meagre as ever. But to that lack, the answer is, "It is not the Japanese custom." I am told that the night war was declared the Japanese went to bed, but about every bulletin board there is now always an eager crowd of watchers. The shout of "Nippon bonzai!" which means "Good luck to Japan," always gets a grateful response from the child in the street, coolie with his ricksha, policeman on his beat, or the Japanese gentleman in his carriage.

And then the stories I heard of the devotion and sacrifice of the people who are left at home! The women let their hair go undressed once a month that they may contribute each month the price of the dressing —five sen. A gentleman discovered that every servant in his household, from butler down, was contributing a certain amount of his wages each month, and in consequence offered to raise wages just the amount each servant was giving away. The answer was:

"Sir, we cannot allow that; it is an honor for us to give, and it would be you who would be doing our duty for us to Japan."

A Japanese lady apologized profusely for being late at dinner. She had been to the station to see her son off for the front, where already were three of her sons.

Said another straightway:

"How fortunate to be able to give four sons to Japan."

In a tea-house I saw an old woman with blackened teeth, a servant, who bore herself proudly, and who, too, was honored because she had sent four sons to the Yalu. Hundreds and thousands of families are denying themselves one meal a day that they may give more to their country. And one rich merchant, who has already given 100,000 yen, has himself cut off one meal, and declares that he will live on one the rest of his life for the sake of Japan.

There is a war play on the boards of one theatre. The heroine, a wife, says that her unborn child in a crisis like this must be a man-child, and that he shall be reared a soldier. To provide means, she will herself, if necessary, go to the yoshiwara.

On every gateway is posted a red slab where a man has gone to the war, marked "Gone to the front"—to be supplanted with a black one—"Bravery forever"—should he be brought home dead. And when he is brought home dead his body is received at the station by his kin with proud faces and no tears. The Roman mother has come back to earth again, and it is the Japanese mother who makes Japan the high priestess of patriotism among the nations of the world. In that patriotism are the passionate fealty of the subject to his King, and the love of a republic for its flag. Were the Mikado no more and Japan a republic to-morrow, this war would go on just as it would had the Japanese this Mikado and no land that he could call his own. The soldier at the front or on the seas will give no better account of himself than the man, woman, or child who is left at home, and a national spirit like this is too beautiful to be lost.

Here forks the trail of the Saxon. One branch goes straight to the Philippines. The other splits here into a thousand tiny paths —where railway coach has supplanted the palanquin, battle-ship the war-junk, electricity the pictured lantern; where factory chimneys smoke and the Japanese seems prouder of his commerce than of his art and his exquisite manners; where the boycott has started and even the word strike—"strikey, strikey" it sounds—has become the refrain of a song. How shallow, after all, the tiny paths are, no man may know; for who can penetrate the mystery of Japanese life and character—a mystery that has been deepening for a thousand years. Here is the chief lodge of the Order of Sealed Lips the world over, and every man, woman, and child in the empire seems born a life-member. It may be Japan who will clasp the hands of the Saxon across this far East. And yet who knows? Were Mother Nature to found a national museum of the curiosities in plant and tree that humanity has wrested from her, she would give the star-chamber to Japan. This is due, maybe, to the Japanese love of plant and tree and the limitations of space that forbid to both full height. Even the little island room and the dwarf pine and fruit tree may become in time, perhaps, as great a curiosity as elsewhere in the world. What will she do—when she gets the room? The Saxon hands may never meet. Japan Saxonized may, in turn, Saxonize China and throw the tide that has moved east and west, some day, west and east again.

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HENRIETTA STACKPOLE *REDIVIVA*

By H. G. Dwight

THANKS to Mr. Henry James, I am a man without a trade. One by one he has appropriated my most precious models until I have come to await each new book with a curiosity which no disinterested reader could imagine. A surprising number of his so-called creations—how little did he create them only he and I could tell!—I knew long before knowing him. Roderick Hudson, for instance, I met at a villa in the Euganean Hills, and regarded as my peculiar prey, in days before the precipice. And, indeed, he has not gone over it yet; but it is only a question of time. The Princess Casamassima, too, is an old friend of mine who oscillates between Cairo and Constantinople. She is shortly to be married, I hear, and that is a turn unkinder than any Mr. James has done me. Then there is Osmond. Often as I have seen him, though, he would probably tell you that he dared say but didn't really recollect. They will never admit that they are fathomable, those people. As for Madame Merle, I believe I have met her once only. Christopher Newman, however, and the Baroness Münster, and Gordon Wright, and poor little Maisie—but I might go on indefinitely, picking out persons of my acquaintance whom Mr. James has in some unaccountable way discovered first.

Still, in spite of this purely accidental disadvantage under which I suffer, it must be said that the printed fortunes of these friends of mine afford me, in many cases, a pleasure superior to that of actual intercourse. I have to confess, too, that Mr. James has not seldom lent me the key to mysteries of character which would have remained inscrutable but for his elucidation. It has even happened, furthermore, that an introduction from him has been so complete that when later I came to meet the person in real life it was like being at a play which one has seen before. I knew in advance exactly what to expect.

A cognate case was my encounter with Henrietta Stackpole, the spirited journalist in "The Portrait of a Lady." As I did not recognize her at first sight, it is quite possible that the reader may fail to do so. Indeed, some to whom I tell the story roundly declare they do not believe a word of it. I can only insist that much may happen in twenty years; that the name on the card was unmistakable; and that Henrietta was a caprice, if you will, but a perfectly credible one, of a rapid and uneven civilization. My second introduction to her came about in this wise. I was staying at the time in Venice—a city in which it has been my good fortune to spend much of my life and in which I would count it perfect happiness to spend the whole. A prevalence of rainy *scirocco* had for two or three days diminished the enchantments of the summer lagoon. It was therefore natural, on the morning in question, that I should have gone unconsciously to that place which is always aglow when the world is gray, which is always warm when the wind is cold, which is always cool when the sun is hot—the miraculous church of St. Mark's. There I established myself at the base of my favorite pier and proceeded to the familiar enjoyment of sensations which this is not the place to describe.

Presently there crossed my line of vision a lady. This was not in itself a phenomenon so extraordinary. St. Mark's, like other churches, usually contains more women than men; in the course of a year I doubt not that more Americans enter it than Italians; and of American travellers, young girls vastly outnumber persons of other descriptions. Indeed, it is a tradition ineradicably implanted in the European mind that ours is a land of Amazons, whence the few indispensable men are seldom allowed to escape. There crossed my line of vision, then, a damsel of my own nationality. A certain peculiarity attached to her from the fact that she carried no Baedeker. Nor did she appear to have ties with any person or group of persons provided with a copy of that useful work.

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What particularly attracted my attention to her, however, was a large silver ornament which she bore on a *revers* of her tailor-made costume. It represented—so far as I could make out—a human head and bust, supported in heraldic and highly decorative manner by fluttering streamers and extended wings. Knowing that my countrywomen are insatiable collectors of the curious and the antique, I wondered if this young lady had picked up in the *Spadaria* some quaint bit of chasing and had adopted this means of transporting it to her hotel.

As if to satisfy my curiosity, the young person obligingly proceeded to seat herself near me on the bench at the foot of the pier. I was thus enabled to devote, at closer range, a covert examination to her treasure. The human representation I accordingly discovered to be that of Col. William Jennings Bryan, as set forth by a legend on the fluttering streamers, which contained further expressions with regard to free silver and crosses of gold. I could not easily decipher them without appearing to transcend the bounds of delicacy.

The completeness of my disillusionment, and the fact that a young and attractive lady should prefer ornaments of free silver to crosses of gold—for which latter I have an especial fancy—led me to consider my companion with more attention than it might perhaps be decorous for a stranger to betray. Her attire was that of a well-to-do person, and she might have passed for one of good taste but for the ornament to which I have referred. That she was of alert mind was evident from the incisive way in which she looked about and then used her pencil upon a small pad, as one making a sketch. I must confess that I had some curiosity to see how St. Mark's would look to a virgin of political mind, and I was so rude as to let my eye rest for a moment upon her paper. To my surprise I discovered that she was not sketching at all—or that, if she did so, it was with words, and in some dialect to me perfectly unintelligible. The characters with which she rapidly covered her pad resembled those of the Arabic more nearly than anything else with which I was acquainted, unless they had about them something of Scandinavian runes. Altogether I was completely mystified. For whatever traits may distinguish the American girl upon her travels, linguistic facility is not one of them.

As we sat thus in uncommunicative companionship, there approached us that familiar genius of St. Mark's, the blue and ancient sacristan who rattles the collection box. Me he knew of old as a wanton gentleman much given to passing half hours in the golden church at the side of young and unprotected ladies. At least I am sure he can have attributed to me no motive other than that which was likely to bring so many whispering couples of his own nationality. Accordingly he approached us with a smile of recognition and held out toward the lady at my side one of those cards with which he is so inexhaustibly provided, representing the Nicopeian Madonna. The admirer of Colonel Bryan looked dubiously upon this offering. Finally, however, she was won over by the old man's irresistible smile and accepted the papistical emblem. No sooner had she done so than the sacristan, as is his wont, produced the collection box, which from force of habit he had kept behind him. At this the young lady tried to hand back the card. But the old man was occupied in passing the box to me, as in such cases was also his wont. And from force of habit I dropped in a coin. At which the cheerful ancient bent his efforts in other directions.

The girl turned instantly to me, opening at the same time the business-like chatelaine which hung at her side.

"How much was it?" she inquired.

"My dear young lady," I said, "it was nothing at all. I beg of you to put away your purse. Those cards are distributed free. I merely put something in because the old man and I are friends."

She looked at me a moment with some intensity, and then snapped her bag. It occurred to me that her mind would sound like that—when she made it up, as we say.

"How do you and the old man happen to be friends?" she demanded rather abruptly. "Do you live here?"

"Yes," I answered, expressing the will for the deed.

"You speak English very well," she commented, regarding me much as if I had been a Bearded Lady, or a glove worn by Gustavus Adolphus.

"Thank you!" I exclaimed. "That is

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a great compliment, for I was born in Vermont."

I suspected that my interlocutor did not altogether appreciate this point. She continued to regard me with such fixedness that I had an immediate intuition of what she was about to say. She would require of me to inform her why I lived abroad when I was privileged to dwell in a country so far superior to every other, and however ingenious might be my pretence she would put me in the wrong. My intuition, however, as too frequently is the case, was mistaken. The young lady opened once more her chatelaine bag, drew forth the receptacle from which she had endeavored to reimburse my expenditure in her behalf, and produced a neatly printed card which she handed to me. Upon this I read the legend:

Miss Henrietta C. Stackpole
THE OMAHA REVIEWER

I stared at this name in speechless amazement. I had supposed Henrietta long married to Bantling, and by this time the mother of an infinite progeny. And Omaha! But, as I have intimated, much has happened since 1881. And before I could frame some manner of remark, my companion again addressed me:

"I wish you would give me some information."

"I shall be only too delighted, my dear Miss Stackpole!" I assured her effusively. "I have heard so much about you. This is my name;" and I offered her my card in return.

"Where have you heard about me?" she demanded in surprise.

"Why, from Mr. James," I replied.

"Mis-ter James?" she repeated in deep mystification. "I don't remember any Mr. James. Oh, do you mean Mr. Reuben James of Topeka?"

"No, Mr. Henry James, of London," I told her.

"I don't know any Mr. Henry James," she declared decisively. "He must have seen my letters in the *Reviewer*."

"Oh, of course!" I uttered, with considerable confusion. "I beg your pardon. I thought—— You see—— What information can I give you?"

"Well, would you mind telling me if *this* is really Venice?" she asked confidentially, making a vague comprehensive motion of her hand.

I regarded my companion with no little uncertainty. What subtlenesses might lurk behind so obvious a question?

"Why, yes," I replied, hesitating. "That is, if 'Romeo and Juliet' is Shakespeare. I rather like the water, myself."

While she neither agreed with nor challenged this remark, I observed that it produced a visible satisfaction in her. And she went on:

"I want to find out all about it. There's simply no end of things I want to ask—for my letters, you know. I write for a syndicate as well as for the *Reviewer*, and you're the first person I've met that I can really talk to. I hardly know where to begin. What is this big building next door, for one thing? It's awfully queer looking."

"It is rather queer," I admitted. "The Patriarchate, I suppose you mean? In the *Piazzetta dei Leoncini?*"

"I don't know any names, but I mean the big checker-board one, with piazzas all around and a picket fence along the top."

"Oh!" I ejaculated, staring at her very hard. "That is the Doges' Palace."

"What palace? These Italian names are too much for me."

"Call it the Ducal Palace, then," I answered, experiencing a profound sensation. The young lady thereupon applied herself anew to her pad, and it dawned upon me that her strange alphabet might be that of stenography. "I should think that you would find a Baedeker convenient," I added, discovering that the intensity of my gaze had drawn Miss Stackpole's eye.

"Oh, I guess I'm bright enough to get around by myself, thank you!" she rejoined with some irony. "I've travelled enough. This isn't the first time I've been to Europe, either—though it's the first I've been to Italy."

"Oh, indeed! How I envy you! Think of coming to Italy for the first time!"

There was something of voracity in the eagerness with which I turned upon her. This was incomparable. It was really too good to be true. When had anybody ever come to Italy before without knowing exactly what was expected of them? To my astonishment, however, and no small dismay, the eyes of Henrietta suddenly began to swim.

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"You wouldn't envy me," she said with a catch in her voice, "if you knew how disappointed I was, and what I've been through."

She turned away a moment, as if to look at the great swinging lamp in the form of a branching cross, but I knew she was brushing her hand across her eyes. An unaccountable contrition swept over me. I responded, as sympathetically as I knew how:

"I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Stackpole! I am so sorry. I am sure you must have been unfortunate."

"I have been!" she exclaimed, turning to me again. "I——" She stopped short a moment. Then—"You probably think I'm queer, telling you all these things; but you're the first American I've seen for 'most a week."

"The pleasure is mine, I assure you!" I declared. "It is even longer since I have seen one." I failed to add what she might have found complimentary, that seeing Americans was not what I came to Venice for, and that I usually took pains to avoid them.

"Well," she exclaimed, "it just does me good to talk to you!"

"Have you been here long?" I delicately suggested.

"Well, it seems as if it had been forever, but I guess it's only about two days." Miss Stackpole herself was evidently more mysterious than her little pad. In spite of my sympathy for an unfortunate lady I felt again an extreme curiosity to hear the story of an original one. Before I had quite made up my mind, however, as to how I might serve God and Mammon with equal zeal, Miss Stackpole's overburdened heart solved the difficulty. "I've been in London all summer," she volunteered, "reporting the coronation. But I got all het up, and so I broke off and went to Switzerland. I lost big money by it, too. I can afford it, though, and I got a lot better."

"I hope you are feeling quite right now," I interposed.

"So far as my digestion goes, yes, thank you!" she returned. "Well, I was just about ready to go back, when I heard some people in the hotel one night talking about Venice. They'd just come up from here. They'd left the day before, they said, and they *were* going on, saying how grand it all was. And the more I listened to them the more it seemed as if I must come down here. Somehow, I had no idea it was that near. I've always wanted to see the place, ever since I read about it in geography at school. There was a picture of it, and underneath it said, 'Venice, a city of northern Italy, situated upon 117 small islands in the Adriatic Sea.' I thought that was just great—a hundred and seventeen small islands! And I made up my mind then that whenever I got the chance I'd come here. So I started right off the next day. I knew all about the Italians, though, and I just made up my mind I'd get ahead of them. I wasn't going to land in their country at night, and get robbed or stabbed or something. There was a real nice German in the car, and I found out from him which was the last station in Switzerland and I got out there."

"Oh, my poor lady!" I cried. "You don't mean to say that you spent the night at Chiasso instead of going on to Milan?"

"That's exactly what I did, if that's the way you pronounce it; but I don't believe Italy itself could have been any worse. The hotel was just the limit, and they charged me more than Claridge does—in London, you know. However, I managed to get on to Milan the next day. And I like to have been there yet."

"What was the matter?" I inquired.

"Why, when we had to change cars I couldn't make anybody understand a thing, and they were all so black and horrid and murderous-looking that I 'most wished I'd never tried to come. I was afraid they hadn't put me in the right car, either, and I hadn't much idea how far it was, and at every station I'd start up and look for the name because I couldn't understand a word the conductor said. But as long as I didn't see those hundred and seventeen small islands I felt pretty sure I was right to stay in the car. Once I almost got out, when we came to some water with mountains all around—as blue as blue! But there didn't seem to be any islands, and we went on and on, and it grew dark, and by and by it began to rain and I didn't know what I should do—everything looked so watery and islandy outside. Then the train stopped and a man opened the door, and when I asked him if 'twas Venice he just took my grip and dumped it out. I was that mad I would have put it right back in. When I

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got out, though, I saw we were at the end of the line—wherever that might be. So, as it was pretty late to start off anywheres else, I thought I might as well try my luck and find out afterwards whether it was Venice or not. But I don't believe I ever would, for sure, if I hadn't met you."

"*Beata Vergine!*" I murmured. "Can these things be?" Then aloud: "Why, you seem to have got on very well, Miss Stackpole, for one who didn't know the language."

"Well, I always did manage to find my way around pretty well," she admitted. "But I never had a time like this before. The getting here was bad enough, but after I got here it was worse. I followed the people out of the station and I looked all around for a hotel 'bus. That's what I always do—get into the slickest one I see, and then I land at a good hotel. But I couldn't find a single one. There were just those queer boats. A good many people seemed to be getting into them, too; but I didn't like to, everything was so dark and the men looked so horrid. I didn't know where to tell them to go, either. Then I saw some more people making for a little steamer, and I almost thought I'd try that. But I hadn't any idea where it might take me, and I thought it was safer to stick to dry land. A whole lot of the dreadfullest men kept saying things to me, though, and tried to grab my grip, and I just about wished I was dead. But I set my teeth and held on hard and said over some things in good United States, and then I began hunting for a decent-looking hotel near by. It seemed as if I was sure to strike some big street if I just walked on perfectly straight. That's what I always do when I get lost. But I couldn't go straight, to begin with. I just kept going round and round in the worst little alleys that landed me up against a stone wall or at the edge of the water or in some creepy place where it was as much as my life was worth to take another step. I got so tired and scared I could have laid right down in the street and cried.

"I'd made up my mind that I'd find a hotel, though, and I did. I finally went up to a man that looked something like a policeman, and I showed him my bag, and said 'Hotel' real loud, several times. He understood anyway, for he called a man with a brass check on his arm, and said something, and waved me along quite polite. I was pretty scared, because I didn't know but what the man would take me off into one of those creepy places and cut my throat. Nobody would ever find out. I was too done up to mind, though. I just followed along, and by and by we came to a 'cute little street that wasn't much bigger than the others; but it was real bright, with stores, and lots of people walking, and so we came at last to a hotel. It wasn't a bit like the kind of hotels I go to. I knew this was Italy, though, and you couldn't expect much, and I was that tired I would have slept on an ash heap."

"I wonder what hotel it was," I said.

"It's just near here," replied my companion. "I've got the name on a card, so I can show it to people if I get lost."

She resorted once more to her chatelaine bag and produced a card on which I read the *réclame* of a very grubby little inn occasionally patronized by travellers anxious to practise an extreme economy. The sole recommendation of the place is its antiquity. There is not a window in it, I believe, or, if such conveniences exist, their prospect is of the narrowest and dingiest *calli*.

"They told me it was the oldest and best in Venice," said Miss Stackpole. "One of them knows a little English."

"Well, it is conveniently located," I assured her. "I hope they have treated you right."

"No!" Her voice died, and this time her eyes flooded so quickly that I saw a splash before she could turn. "You must think me a goose for going on like this," she said, raising her handkerchief. "But it does seem good to find someone who isn't trying to do me out of my bottom dollar." And presently: "How can you live here, among such people?"

The Venetians are with me a very tender point. I have so long been a victim both of their wiles and of their charm! But in the end it is the charm that I remember.

"My poor Miss Stackpole," I replied, "you have been unfortunate. If some of them are pretty bad, so are some people everywhere. And they improve on acquaintance. Still, of course, it is the place that catches one. Don't you delight in it, now that you've seen it?"

Henrietta cast her eyes doubtfully about.

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"This church is pretty fine, though they do let it run down the worst way. Just look at the floor! And the square out there—it's queer, but it's nice; especially looking off toward the water. But it isn't a bit what I thought. Those hundred and seventeen small islands now—I sort of saw them lying around in the sea, with palms and temples and things. Don't you know? I never expected these horrid slimy little canals, and backyard alleys instead of streets, and such awful shiftless tumble-down houses."

I gazed at Henrietta aghast. Then I protested:

"But don't you think many of the little alleys delightful? And the squares, and the palaces, and the carved windows and balconies, and the bridges, and the shine of green below them, and the pictures, and everything?"

Henrietta shook her head sadly.

"I don't know. I haven't been around any, except just about here. I'm afraid. I don't know why. I've never felt that way before. But the little alleys are so treacherous-like, and the people look so horrid, and it has rained all the time, and—oh dear, I just wish I'd never come!"

For a moment I thought that the dikes were down and we were lost. But even as my knees began to knock, Henrietta pulled herself together, dried her eyes for the last time, and said:

"Now I feel a lot better—now that I've told you all about it. Supposing you go ahead and tell me all about things. I'm going to make this trip pay for itself, if it doesn't pay me."

Could Henrietta have read my heart at that moment she might have made a Bantling out of me before I knew what she was up to. The idea of this poor girl so realizing the dream of her childhood—of her stumbling blind into the loveliest city in the world, and falling among thieves, and miraculously escaping everything that there was of enchantment—moved me inexpressibly. And not only did the pathos of Henrietta move me. I was jealous for the honor of my chosen city, whose peerless charms I have been ready ever to maintain against any champion and all.

"My dear Miss Stackpole," I cried, "you have been unfortunate! But you must let me help you to put things right. I will be your guide, if you will allow me. And first of all you must change your hotel. I know of one which is just the place. Nobody will rob you there, and everybody speaks English, and you will meet any number of Americans, and your windows will open into the Grand Canal."

"What is that?" inquired Henrietta, grasping her pencil.

"*Madre di Dio!*" I gasped. "Why, that is Venice!" This was a banality justified by my companion's predicament. "Haven't you been in a gondola yet? In one of those boats?" I added hastily, detecting a cloud in Henrietta's eye.

"No," she answered. "They looked so queer, and then I didn't know as I'd ever get back."

"My dear lady!" I groaned. "This is too much! Come out with me this instant to row in a gondola. You haven't seen the fingernail of Venice yet!"

Henrietta looked at me.

"You're very kind," she said slowly. "I don't know but what I will, later on. Just now, though, I want you to tell me about things. I do want to get those letters done. They are, pretty near." I suppose my face must have betrayed something, for she went on: "Perhaps you think it's funny for me to write letters before I've seen much. But I'm made that way, you know. I really don't need to see a place to tell about it. When I go into it, it sort of comes over me what sort of a place it is, and I just sit down and write it up as if I'd been all over. You might not think so to hear me talk. I'm not much on talking, same as business men who keep stenographers aren't much on writing. But I can write two articles about the same thing, and you'd never guess they were by the same person till you came to the name at the end."

I gazed at Henrietta with deepening interest.

"I hope you will send me your Venetian letters when they come out," I ventured.

"I will," declared she courteously.

She thereupon proceeded to ply me with questions the most diverse, the which for brevity's sake I forbear to transcribe. Each was more amazing than the last, and when finally I found myself escorting her to her hotel, I wondered whether, after all, the rôle of Bantling would suit me. Nevertheless, I had an extreme curiosity to hear

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her comments upon those aqueous aspects of Venice which had as yet remained concealed from her. I also took occasion to stop at Zanetti's and purchase a copy of Baedeker's "Northern Italy," which I begged of Henrietta to accept as a loan. I knew she would accept it on no other terms, and I assured her that she would find it invaluable in putting her notes into permanent form. She, thanking me warmly for my manifold kindnesses, declared that she would be delighted to accompany me in a gondola at three o'clock, when her letters would surely be ready for the post.

When I called for her at the time appointed, the porter informed me that the *signorina* had departed on the half-past-two train. In the face of my incredulity he then produced the new Baedeker and the following note:

DEAR SIR.

I must beg your pardon for giving you the slip in this way, especially after you had been so polite. But I finished my letters much sooner than I expected, thanks to your book, and after looking it over there really didn't seem to be much use in my staying on any longer. So, as I have already been away from my work too long, and as I found there was a train to Paris this afternoon, I decided to leave immediately.

Thanking you again, I am

Yours truly,

HENRIETTA C. STACKPOLE.

AT THE SIGN OF DEATH

By Place Hayward

I KNOW an inn, a tavern snug,
  Where Lazarus and Dives sit
A-tippling from a common mug.
  There empty dulness pledges wit;
Philosophy and Holy Writ
  May there touch elbows; Doubt and Faith
(And will they nill they) patron it:
  My tavern "At the Sign of Death."

Old Age and Youth, the Fool, the Sage,
  Hard-favored wives and maidens fair
Determine there their pilgrimage;
  And such poor folk as fardels bear
Have but to climb my tavern stair—
  Have but to quit Life's chary heath—
Their packs to lighten, but to share
  My lodging "At the Sign of Death."

No beacon lights across the moor;
  The landlard smiles no welcome here.
His name and coat above the door
  In sable, not in gold, appear.
The fare is dust, the bed a bier,
  Yet undismayed the Pilgrim saith:
"Ah, would that every hostel were
  The tavern 'At the Sign of Death.'"

L'ENVOY

Then haste thee, Time, for, sick and done,
  The burden of thy days beneath,
One window only tempts me on:
  Thy tavern "At the Sign of Death."

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THE SOLDIER OF THE VALLEY

BY NELSON LLOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

"WHO is Robert Weston?" I asked of Tim.

"If you can answer that question Theophilus Jones will give you a cigar," replied my brother. "He has tried to find out; he has cross-questioned every man, woman, and child that comes to his store, and he admits that he is beaten."

"When Theop can't find out, the mystery is impenetrable." I recalled our suave store-keeper and his gentle way of drawing from his customers their life secrets as he leaned blandly over the counter with his sole thought apparently to do their commands. Theophilus had known that I was going to enlist long before I had made up my own mind. He had told Tim that I was coming home before he had handed him the postal card on which I had scrawled a few lines announcing my return. So when I heard that Weston was still a puzzle to him I knew that Six Stars had a mystery. For Six Stars to have a mystery is unusual. Occasionally we are troubled with ghosts and such supernatural demonstrations, which cause us to keep at home at night, but we soon forget these things if we do not solve them. But for our village to number among its people a man whose whole history and whose family's history was not known was unheard of. For such a man to be here six weeks and not enlighten us was hardly to be dreamed of. Robert Weston had dared it. Even Tim regarded the matter as serious.

"It is suspicious," he said, shaking his head gravely.

He was cleaning up the supper dishes at the end of the table opposite me. By virtue of my recent return I had not fallen altogether into our household ways as yet, and sat smoking and watching him.

"It's mighty odd," he went on. "At noon one day, about six weeks ago, Weston rode up to the tavern on a bicycle and told Elmer Spiker he was going to stay to dinner. He loafed about all that afternoon, and stayed that day and the next, and ever since. First there came a trunk for him, and then a dog. You see him about all the time, for when he isn't walking, he's loafing around the tavern, or is over at the store, arguing with Henry Holmes or Isaac Bolum. Yet all we know about him is that he's undecided how long he'll stay and that he has lived in New York."

"Has no one asked him point-blank what he is doing here?"

"No. Isaac Bolum declares every day that he is going to, but when the time comes he breaks down. Every other means of finding out has been taken."

"Josiah Nummler told me to-day he believed Weston was a detective."

"That was Elmer Spiker's theory. But, as Theop says, who is he detecting?"

Theophilus settled that theory conclusively, in my mind, at least, for I knew every man, woman, and child in the valley; and taking a mental census, I could find no one who seemed to require watching by a hawkshaw.

"Perry Thomas guessed he was an embezzler," said Tim, putting the last dish in the cupboard and sitting down to his pipe. "Perry says Weston is the best-learned man he ever met, and that embezzlers are naturally educated or they would not be in places where they could embezzle."

"A truly Perryan argument," said I; "and after all, a reasonable one, for no one would think of looking here for a fugitive."

"That's just what Perry says," rejoined Tim. "But Theop has read every line in the paper for weeks, and he swears that no embezzlers are missing now."

"Perhaps his crime is still concealed," I ventured.

"That was just what Isaac Bolum thought," Tim answered. "But Henry Holmes says no missing criminal is likely

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to have a setter dog shipped to him. He says such a man might send for his clothes, but he would draw the line on dogs."

"Perhaps he has deserted his wife," I said, seeing at last a possible solution of the mystery.

"That's what Arnold Arker suggested just a few days ago," returned Tim; "but Tip Pulsifer allowed that no fellow would have to come so far to desert his wife."

"Tip ought to know," said I, "for he deserts his once a year, regularly."

"He always comes back the next day," retorted Tim stoutly.

My brother has always been Tip's champion in his matrimonial disagreements, and whenever Pulsifer flees across the mountain, swearing terrible oaths that he will never return, Tim goes straight to the clearing on the ridge and talks long and seriously to the deserted wife about her duty.

But there was reason in Tip's contention regarding Weston. Indeed, from Tim's account of events, I could see that the store had very thoroughly threshed out the whole case and that the problem was not one that could be solved by abstract reasoning. There was only one person to solve it, and that was Robert Weston himself.

I knew enough of the world to know that it was not an unheard-of thing for a man to settle for a time in an out-of-the-way village. I knew enough of men to understand that he might consider it nobody's business why he cared to live among us. I had enough sense of humor to see that he might find amusement in enveloping himself in mystery and sparring with the sly sages of the store and tavern. By right I should have stood by and watched the little game; I should have encouraged Isaac Bolum and Henry Holmes to apply the interrogating probe; I should have warned Weston of the plotting at the store to lay bare the secret of his life; I should have brought the contending parties together and enjoyed the duello. Instead, I had to admit to myself a curiosity as to the stranger's identity that equalled, if it did not surpass, that of Theophilus Jones. His was curiosity pure and simple; mine was something more. Weston had come quietly into my own castle, had taken complete possession of it for a moment, and then calmly walked away with the fairest thing it held—and all so quietly and with an air that in a thousand years of practice, I or none other in the valley could have simulated. The picture was still sharp in my mind as I sat there smoking and drawing Tim out; for when I had vented my anger on my pipe that morning I had hurried to the gate to watch my departing visitors as they swung down the village street. Weston, lanky and erect, moved with a masterful stride, not unlike the lean and keen-witted setter that flashed to and fro over the road before him. At his side was the girl, a slender body in drab, tossing her hat gayly about at the end of its long string. They passed the store and the mill, and at the bend were lost to my view. They seemed to find themselves such good company! Even Tim, so fine and big, had in this homely, lanky man a rival well worth watching.

And who was the quiet, lanky man? Over and over I asked myself the question, and when I touched its every phase I found that Henry Holmes or Isaac Bolum, some one of the store worthies, had met defeat there before me. At last I gave up, and by a sudden thought arose and pulled on my overcoat, and got my hat. Tim was surprised.

"You are not going out?" he said.

"I think I'll stroll down to the tavern and see this stranger," I replied carelessly. "No, you needn't come. I can find my way alone all right, for the moon will be up and it's only a step."

It did seem to me that Tim might insist on bearing me company, knowing as he did that I was still a bit rickety; but he saw fit to take my one refusal as final, and muttered something about reading. Then I left him.

It has been years since they have had a license at our tavern, so there was a solitary man in the bar-room when I entered. Elmer Spiker, mine host of the inn, was huddled close to the stove, and was reading by the light of a lamp. Pausing at the threshold before opening the door, the sonorous mumble sounding through the deal panels misled me. Believing the Spiker family at prayers, I stood reverently without until the service seemed to last too long to be one of devotion. Then I opened a crack and peeked in. Seeing a lone man at the distant end of the room, I entered. Elmer's back was toward me and my presence was unnoticed. His eyes were on the paper before him.

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"W. J. Mandelberger, of Martins Mills, was among us last Friday," he read, slowly, distinctly, measuring every word. "He paid his subscription for the year and informed us that Mrs. Mandelberger had just presented him with a bouncing baby boy. Congratulations, W. J."

I coughed apologetically, but Elmer rattled the paper just then, and did not notice me.

He went rumbling on: "William Arker, of Popolomus, and Miss Myrtle McGee, of Turkey Valley, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony on the sixth ultimo."

"Elmer," I said sharply, thumping the floor with a crutch.

Spiker turned slowly.

"Oh," he exclaimed, "is that you? Excuse me; I was reading the news. Everybody ought to keep up with what's happenin'. The higher up we gits on the ladder of human intelligence, the more news we have—we can see furder."

Having evolved this sage remark, Elmer twisted back to his old position and raised the paper.

"Now mind this," he said. "Jonas Parker and his wife and four of his children were——"

"See here," I cried, pounding the floor again. "I don't care for Jonas Parker and all of his children. Where is Mr. Weston?"

"Oh," said Elmer, "excuse me. I thought you had come to see me. It's Weston, eh? Well, his room's just there at the head of the stairs."

He pointed to the door which gave an entrance to the rear hall, but as I wished to be a bit formal in my call on the stranger, I suggested that Mr. Spiker might oblige me by seeing if the gentleman was at home. This seemed entirely unnecessary to mine host, and he wanted to argue the point. But I insisted, and he arose with a sigh, and taking the lamp in his hand, disappeared, leaving me in utter darkness. The door banged shut behind him and I heard him at the foot of the stairs roaring "Ho-ho-there-ho!"

No answer came from the floor above. Again sounded the stentorian tones.

"Mark says as if you are there, you're to come down; he wants to see you."

A last "Ho-there-ho"; a long silence; the door opened. There was light again and Elmer was before me.

"He ain't there, I guess," he said. "Still, if you want me to make sure, I'll go up."

Inasmuch as mine host's cries must still be echoing in the uttermost parts of the house, it seemed needless to compel him to take the climb. Spiker agreed with me. It was not surprising that Weston was out, for he was an odd one, always spooking around somewhere, investigating everything, and asking questions. His room was full of books in various languages, and when he wasn't wandering about the valley, he would be sitting reading far into the night—sometimes as late as half-past ten. There was a fellow named Goth, who seemed to be Weston's favorite writer. This Goth was a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and as Elmer's own ancestors were from Allentown, he thought he'd like to take up the language, so he'd borrowed from his guest a book called "The Sorrows of Werther." Of all the rubbish that was ever wrote, them "Sorrows" were the poorest. Elmer had only figured out a page and a half, but that gave him enough insight into their character to convince him that a man who could set reading them till half-past ten was—here mine host tapped his forehead and winked. Curious chap, Weston was. Elmer had seen a heap of men in his time and never met the like. There's no way to get to see men and understand them like keeping a hotel. When you've "kept" for about forty years, there's hardly a man comes along that you can't set right down in his particular class before he's even registered. But Weston had blocked him at every turn. Elmer knew no more of the man now than on the day he came. In fact, he was getting more and more tangled up about him all the time. For instance, why should one who could read Goth and understand the "Sorrows," want to set around the store and argue with such-like ignoramuses as Ike Bolum and Hen Holmes? Spiker was willing to bet that right now Weston was over the way trying to prove to them that two and two was four.

The suggestion seemed a likely one, so I interrupted the flow of Elmer's troubled thoughts to say good-night, and went out. I paused a moment on the porch. A lamp was blazing in the store and I could plainly see everyone gathered along the counter. Henry Holmes was standing with his back to the stove, one hand wagging up

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and down at the solemn line of figures on the bench. But Weston was not there. And in our valley, when a man is not at home o' night he should be at the store, else there is a mystery to be solved. To solve this one I stopped on the tavern steps, leaned against a pillar, and gazed through the dozing village.

At the head of the street where our house stood a bright light burned. There Tim was and there I should be also. A hundred times down South on my post at night, with my back on the rows and rows of white tents, I had sought to pierce the black gloom before me as if there I could see that same light—the home light. Often I fancied I saw it, and in its bright circle Tim was bending over his book. Here it was in truth, calling me, but I turned from it and looked away over the flats, where another light was winking on the hillside.

Behind that hill, on the eastward ridge, a great ball is glowing, fiery red. Higher and higher it rises, into the tree-tops, then over them; higher and higher, bathing the valley in soft, white light, uncovering the gray road that climbs the ridge-side; higher and higher, until the pines on the ridge-top stand out boldly, fringing into the sky; higher and higher, casting mysterious shadows over the meadows, touching with light the hillside, new-ploughed and naked; clear and white lies the road over the flats to the hill there—clear and white and smooth. On the hillside the light is burning. It is only a short half mile, and the way is easy. In the old house at the end of the street another light is blinking solemnly. Beneath it Tim is waiting. He misses me. He wonders why I am so long. Soon he will be coming. Base deserter, truly! But for once—this once—for the white road over the flat and up the hillside leads to the light!

VI

"WHY, Mark, but you did give me a start!" cried Luther Warden, laying down his book and hurrying forward to greet me.

It was not surprising that the good man should be taken back, for in all the years we had lived together in the valley this was my first evening visit. So unusual an occurrence required an explanation, so I said that I just happened to be taking a stroll and dropped in for a minute. I glanced at Mary to see if she understood my feeble subterfuge, but I met only a frank smile, as though, like her uncle, she believed that I was likely to go hobbling about on moonlight nights this way. Luther never doubted me.

"It's good of you to drop in," he said, after he had fixed me in his own comfortable chair and drawn up the settee for himself. "When I was livin' alone up here I often used to wish some of you young folks would come in of an evenin' and keep me company and join me in readin' the Good Book. It used to be lonely sometimes, but since I've got Mary it ain't so bad. But I hope her bein' here won't make no difference, and now as you've started you'll come just the same as if I was alone."

I assured him that I would come just the same. That made Mary laugh. She had been sitting in the lamp-lit circle, and now she rocked back into the shade, so, craning my neck, I could just see the dark outline of her face. She made some commonplace but kindly speech of welcome, and I was about to engage her, seeking to draw her from the shadow, when her uncle suddenly interposed himself between us and took a book from the table. Drawing the settee closer to the light, he opened the great volume across his knees and adjusted his spectacles. Throwing back his head and looking at me benignly from under his glasses, he said: "It's peculiarly fortunate you come to-night, Mark. When you knocked I was readin' aloud to Mary. We read together every night now, her and me, and most instructin' we find it."

I told Luther that it was too much for me to allow him to wear out his eyes reading to me; much as I should enjoy it, I could not hear of it, but I would ask him to let me have the volume when he had finished with it. It did seem that this should bring Mary into the light again, and that she would support my protests; but calmly and quietly she spoke from the darkness, like a voice from another world, "Go on, Uncle Luther; I want Mr. Hope to hear this."

Now had Mary Warden called me by my Christian name she would have followed the custom of our valley and it would have

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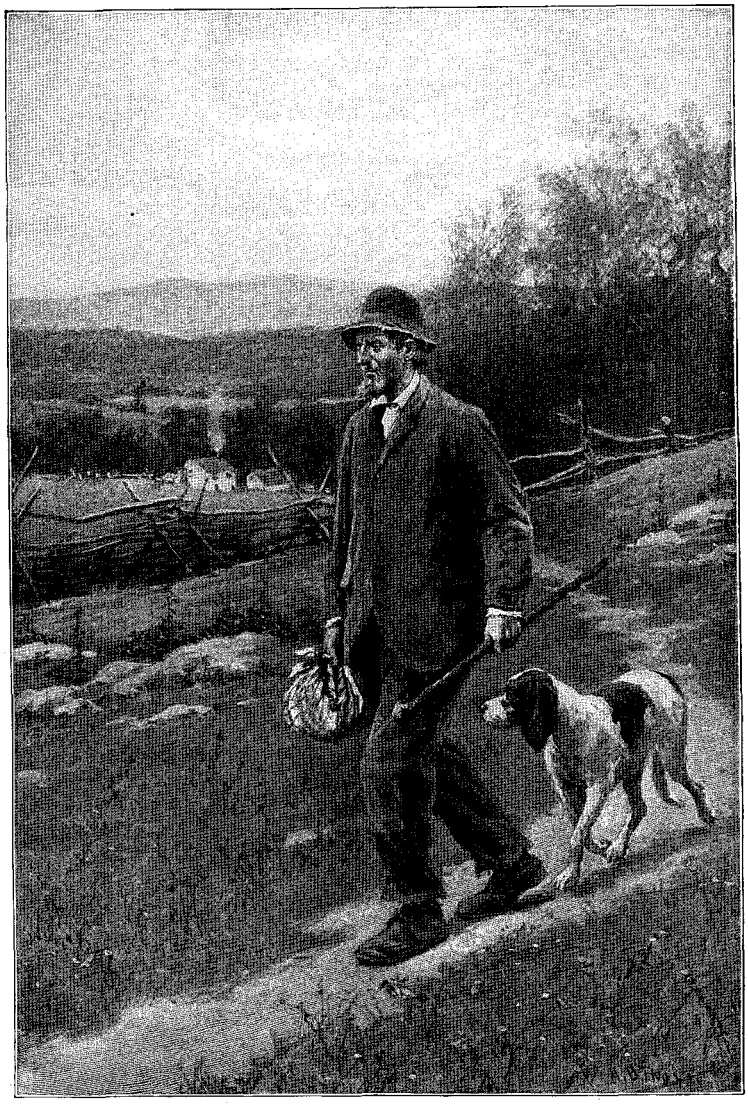

Swearing terrible oaths that he will never return.—Page 670.

passed unnoticed; but when she used that uncalled-for "Mister" her uncle looked around sharply. First he tried to pierce the shadows and see her, but she drew farther and farther into the darkness. So he gazed at me. He was beginning to suspect that after all I had not come to see him. Had Mark Hope become proud? Was Mary falling again into the ways of the wicked world from which he was striving so hard to wean her, that she should thus address one of the humblest of God's creatures, a mere man? Old Luther rubbed his spectacles very carefully and slowly, blowing on them and rubbing them again; finally adjusting them, he leaned forward and tried to study the girl's face, to find there some solution of the puzzle.

"Read to Mr. Hope," she said clearly, and with just a touch of defiance.

Had she used some endearing term the old man could not have frowned harder than when he turned on me then, and eyed me through his great spectacles.

"Yes, read to us, Luther," said I calmly. "Miss Warden and I will listen."

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"God has been very good to me," said the old man solemnly, "and I've not yet heard Him call me Mister Luther Warden. I s'pose with you and your kind, when He comes to you, He calls you Mister Mark Hope."

This rather took me back, and I stammered a feeble protest, but he did not heed me. Turning to Mary, he went on: "And you, Mary Warden, I s'pose at such times you are 'Miss.' What vanity! What vanity! Politeness, they calls it. Politeness? Well, in the great eternity, up above, where they speaks from the heart, you'll be just Mark and just Mary. But down yander—yander, mind ye—the folks will probably set more store by titles." The old preacher was pointing solemnly in the direction of the cellar.

There was a long pause, an interval of heavy silence. Then from Mary in the darkness came, "Well, Uncle, let us hope that when we reach that great eternity, Mark and I will be good enough friends to lay aside such vanities."

"Right!" cried Luther, smiling again, and speaking real heartily.

"Right," said I; "and we'll begin eternity to-day, won't we, Mary?"

"We will," said she.

And in my heart I blessed Luther Warden. Guilelessly, the old man, in a few words, had swept away the barrier Mary and I had raised between us. He had added years to our friendship. So had he stopped there it would have been wonderfully well; but he had to go floundering innocently on. He was laughing softly.

"Do you know, Mark," he said, rubbing his spectacles nervously, "she made me jealous of you when she talked that way. I thought she'd set her cap for you, I did. Whenever a man and woman gits polite, whenever they has to bow and scrape that way, a-misterin' and a-missin' one another, they're hiding somethin'; they ain't actin' open. So I was beginnin' to think mebbe she wanted to marry you and——"

"Go on reading—please read to us," pleaded Mary.

"Yes, do read to us," I echoed, for the position was a new one to me, and at best I am awkward and slow-witted where women are concerned. I could not adroitly turn the old man's wandering speculation into a general laugh as Weston would have done. My best was to break in rudely.

"Well—if I must," Luther said, opening the great book across his knees.

A long silence followed. I heard the solemn ticking of the clock on the mantel behind me; I heard Mary laughing softly in her retreat beyond the table; I heard Luther, now bending over his book, mumble to himself a few words of the text.

"It is about the faymine in Injy," he said at last, holding his place on the page with a long, thin forefinger, and looking up at me. "There are three volumes, and this is the second. The third is yit to come. I pay a dollar a year and every year I gits a new volume. It's a grand book, too, Mark. It was wrote by one of our brethren, Brother Matthias Pennel, who went to Injy in charge of a shipload of grain gathered by our people for the sufferin' heathen. The first volume tells all about the gittin' up of the subscription and the sailin' of the wessel. Brother Matthias is a grand writer, and he tells all about Injy and the heathen, and how the wessel reached the main place there—what's the place, Mary?—you're allus good on geography!"

"Calcutta," prompted Mary.

"Yes, I mind now—Calcutty. Well, from there Brother Matthias went up into the country called—I can't just mind the exact name—oh, here it is—B-a-l-l-e-r-r-a-d Ballerrad—e-r-a-d—Ballerraderad."

Luther paused and sighed. "Them names—them names!" he exclaimed. "If there is one thing that convinces me that the story of the Tower of Babel is true, it is the names of the towns in Injy."

It seemed to me that perhaps from the view-point of the East Indian, the same thing might be said of some of our "villes" and "burgs," and I was about to raise my voice in behalf of the maligned heathen, when my host resumed his discourse.

"When you come in, I was readin' about a poor missionary woman in Baller—Baller—Ballerraderad—whose Sunday-school had been largely eat up by taggers. Her name was Flora Martin, Brother Matthias says, and she was one of the saintliest women he ever seen. He tells how the month before he come to Baller—Baller—Baller-daddad—an extry large tagger had been sneakin' around the mission-house, a-watchin' for scholars, and how one day, when, according to Brother Matthias, this here Flora Martin, armed only with a rifle and girded

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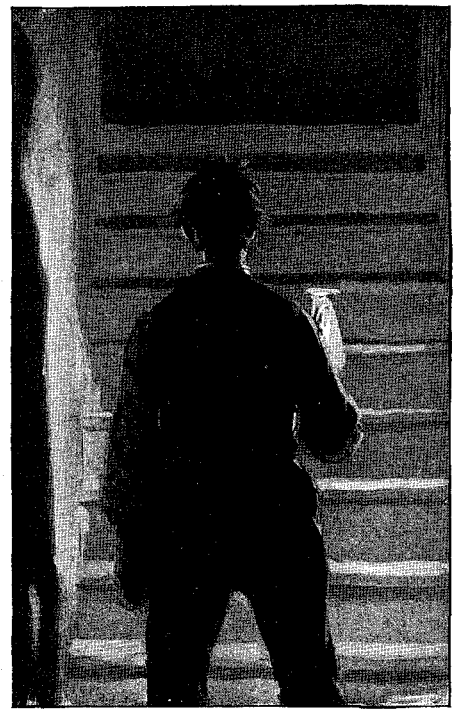
about with the heavenly sperrit—how this here Flora——"

There was a ponderous knock on the door, and then the knob began to rattle violently. The bolt had been shot, so Luther had to rise in haste to admit the new-comer, leaving Flora Martin with nothing but the rifle and the heavenly spirit.

Perry Thomas stepped in.

"I just happened to be passin' and thought I'd drop in for a spell," he said, with a profound bow to Mary, who arose to greet him.

This apology of Perry's was as absurd as mine had been, for he lived a mile on the other side of the village; and as the next house was over the ridge, a good three miles away, it was odd that he should be wandering aimlessly about thus. Beside, he had on his new Prince Albert, and there was a suspicion of a formal call in the smoothly oiled hair and tallowed boots. He carried his fiddle, too. There was to my mind every evidence that the visit had been preconceived, and to this point had been carried out with an eye on every detail. Had the contrary been true, there would have been no cause for Perry to glare at me as he did. The he-ro in blue was anything but welcome now. Indeed, it seemed that could Perry's wish have been complied with, I should have been back on the "lead-strewn fields of Cuby."



No answer came from the floor above.—Page 671.

Mary was most cordial. She seized his fiddle and his hat and stowed them carefully away together, while Luther, pushing the latest visitor to a place at his side on the settee, told him how fortunate he was to drop in just at that time, as he would hear a few interesting things about the famine in India.

Perry was positively ungrateful. He declared that he could only stay a minute at the most, and that it was really not worth Luther's while to begin reading. Mary said that she would not hear of him leaving. She had hidden his hat and would insist on his playing; that was, if I did not mind and her uncle gave his permission. Perry smiled. There was less fire in his eyes when I vowed that not till I had listened again to the song of his beloved violin would I stir from my chair. So he settled back to pay the price and hear the story of Flora Martin and the tiger.

Luther repeated his account of the book and the story of Brother Matthias Pennel. He told Perry of Sister Flora and her saintly character, and of the devastation by the fierce king of the Bengal jungle. He brought us again to where the frail little woman determined to fight death with death. And here, in low, rumbling tones, word by word, letter by letter, we took up the narrative of the adventurous Dunker brother.

"Thus armed with only a heavy elephant rifle, the property of the foreign missionary society, and clad only in grace, Flora Martin began her lonely vigil on the roof of the mission-house, which is used both as a dwelling and Sunday-school by those who are carrying light to the heathen in Ballerraderad, which, we must remember, is one of the most populous provinces in all Injy. This combined dwelling and church edifice stands at the far end of the little village, and as the lonely Indian moon was just rising above the horizon, Sister Flora heard a series of catlike footsteps along the veranda beneath her—for we must remember that

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in this part of our globe the nights are strangely still and the sounds therefore carry for a great distance. Breathlessly Flora Martin, mindful of the slumbering innocent charges sleeping below her, and over whom she was watching, leaned out over the roof, rifle in hand. The footsteps came nearer and nearer and——"

There was a gentle rat-tat-tat on the door. It was so gentle that Luther thought his ears were deceiving him, for while he stopped reading, he made no motion to rise, but sat listening. Again they came, three polite taps, seeming to say, "I should like to get in, but pray don't disturb yourself."

"Come in," shouted the old preacher, not even looking around, for he still seemed to doubt his sense of hearing.

The door opened quietly and Mr. Robert Weston appeared before us. Mary had slipped from her place to meet him, and in Weston's greeting to her I had my first lesson in what the world calls manner. How clumsy seemed my own excuses for coming at all, compared to his pleasure at finding her at home! He had been looking forward all afternoon to seeing her again. As he shook hands with Luther, he was so hearty that the old man took his guest by the shoulders and declared fervidly that he was rejoiced that he had come. Weston did not glare at Perry Thomas, nor at me either. We but added to his pleasure. Truly his cup of joy was overflowing! And the famine in India—indeed—indeed! The subject was one which interested him deeply, and if Mr. Warden cared for it, he would send him several books on the far East which he had in his library at home. He hoped that in return he might some time have the pleasure of reading carefully, cover to cover, the fat volume that Luther had spread across his knees. Meantime, he would insist on not interrupting. But Mary must be comfortably seated before he could take the place on the settee that Luther had arranged for him, and he must hear all over again the story of the book, of Brother Matthias Pennel and Sister Flora Martin. How I envied him! What must Perry and I seem beside this lanky man with his kindly, easy ways! Perry, of course, did not see it. He was smiling, for Weston was telling him that he had stood at the Thomas gate for a half hour the very evening before, listening to the strains of a violin. He hoped to hear that melody again, when Mr. Warden had finished the story of the brave missionary of Ballerraderad.

The Dunker preacher was beaming. He forgot the great doctrine of humility, and declared that "Mister" Weston should have the volume that very night. There was nothing better to give a clear view of the character of the work than Brother Matthias Pennel's account of the heroism of Sister Flora. So we composed ourselves again to hear of the battle to the death between the noble missionary woman and the mighty Bengal.

"Nearer and nearer came the footsteps," read Luther, pausing at each word to make sure of it. "Furder and furder out over the top of the mission-house leaned Sister Flora, and as she leaned she thought how much depended on her that night; for she must remember that there were sleeping within the walls of the mission-house forty-seven children, thirty of which were females under the age of eleven years, and seventeen males, of whom not one-half had reached the age of nine years. Next she saw a dark object crouching below her. She saw two fiery eyes; she saw the tiger gather himself preparatory to springing. She——"

Perry Thomas's knock had been ponderous, thunderous, and clumsy. Weston's had been self-assured, but polite. Now came a series of raps, now loud, now low, now quick, now slow, keeping time to a martial air. Evidently there was a rollicking fellow outside. No one moved. We sat there, all five of us, eyes wide open in surprise, trying to guess who this could be playing tunes on the door, and never seeking to solve the simple problem by turning the knob.

It was Tim. There was a sudden oppressive silence. Then he entered, gravely bowing.

"Good evening, Mr. Warden," he said mockingly. "You have a delightful way here of greeting the stranger at your gate, closing your ears to his appeals and letting him break in. And Miss Warden too—why, this is a surprise. I had supposed you'd be at a ball. And Mr. Weston—delighted—I'm sure——"

"What, Mark?" There was genuine surprise in Tim's voice as he saw me sitting

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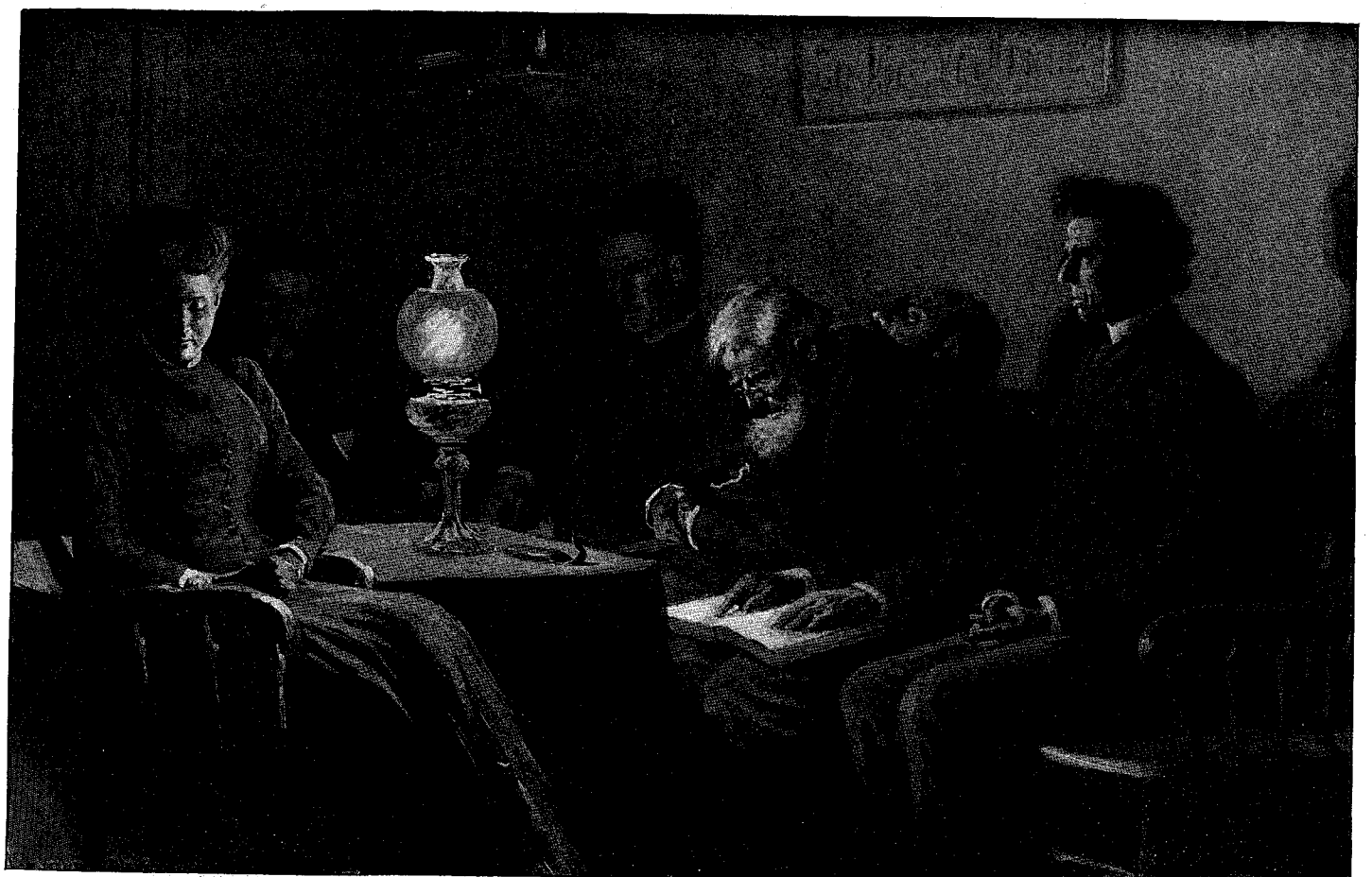

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

The Tiger Story.—Page 678.

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quietly in the shadow. His mock elegance disappeared, and he stood gaping at me. "I thought you'd gone to see Mr. Weston," he blurted out.

"He came to see me instead," said Mary laughing. "And so did Mr. Weston and Mr. Thomas, and so I hope you did. And if you sit down there by Uncle Luther and be quiet, you shall hear about the famine in India."

Tim just filled the settee. In my dark corner, in my comfortable chair, I could smile to myself as I watched his plight and that of his companions. I could not see Mary well, for the lamp and the long table separated us, but I fancied that in her retreat she, too, was laughing. Poor Tim had the end of the bench. He sat very erect, with his head up, his eyes on the wall before him, his folded hands resting on his knees, after the company manner of Black Log. Mr. Perry Thomas, at the other end, was his counterpart, only the orator drew his chin into his collar, furrowed his brow, and gazed wisely at the floor. He was where Mary could see him!

Weston had none of our stiff, formal ways, but was making himself as much at home as possible in such trying circumstances. He spread out all over the narrow space allotted him between Luther and my brother. But curiously enough, he really seemed interested. It was he who told, in greatest detail, to Tim the story of Brother Matthias Pennel and of the trials of the saintly Flora Martin. When he had recounted her adventures to the very instant she caught the gleam of the tiger's eyes, he calmly swung one lank leg over the knee of the other, slid down in his seat so he could hook his head on the hard back, and said, cheerily, "Now, Mr. Warden, go on reading and let no one interrupt."

Perry was coughing feebly, as he always does when he is plotting to speak.

"No, no," cried Weston in protest; "I insist, Mr. Thomas, that you stay and play the violin to us when we have heard the end of this interesting story."

It was with mingled feelings that I regarded Brother Matthias Pennel. As I had stood on the tavern porch that night, looking up the white road that led to Mary's home, I had dared to picture to myself a different scene from the one before me. From that scene Luther Warden had been removed entirely. Of Robert Weston, of Perry Thomas, of Tim, I had taken no account. They had not even been dreamed of, for Mary and I were to sit alone in the quiet of the evening. The flash of her eyes was to be for me—for me their softer glowing. At my calling the rich flames would blaze on her cheeks. I was to light those flames. I was to fan them this way and that way. I was to smother them, kindle them, quench them. Playing with the fire of a woman's face! Dangerous work, that! And up the white road I had hobbled to the fire, as a simple child crawls to it. But Luther Warden was there to guard me with Brother Matthias Pennel, and in my inmost heart I hated them both for it. Then Perry Thomas blundered in, and compared to him, old Luther and the learned brother were endurable. As to Robert Weston, I knew that beside him Matthias Pennel was my dearest friend. Then Tim came! and as I looked at the long settee where Luther was droning on and on through the story of Sister Flora, where Perry Thomas seemed to sit beneath the judgment seat, where Weston shifted wearily to and fro, where Tim was suffering the tortures of the thumb-screw, I cried to my inmost self, "Verily, Brother Matthias, thou art a mighty joker!"

It took a long time to kill that tiger. There was so much recalling to be done, so much remembering needed, and reviewing of statistics concerning the flora and the fauna of the far East, that when at last the rifle's cry rang out on the still night air, which, as we had learned, in India carries sound to a much greater distance than in our cold, Northern climes; when the mighty Bengal reeled and fell dying, and Sister Flora arose from her hiding place on the roof to sing a hymn of praise; when all this had been told, Luther Warden banged the book shut, arose, and looked at the clock.

"Mighty souls!" he cried. "It's long past bedtime. It's half-past nine."

Back over the white road we went, Weston and Perry, Tim and I.

"Good-night, boys!" called the strange man cheerily from the gloom of the tavern porch.

It was the first word he had spoken on our walk home.

"Is it two million five hundred and sixty thousand, or two hundred and fifty-six thousand persons that are bitten annually

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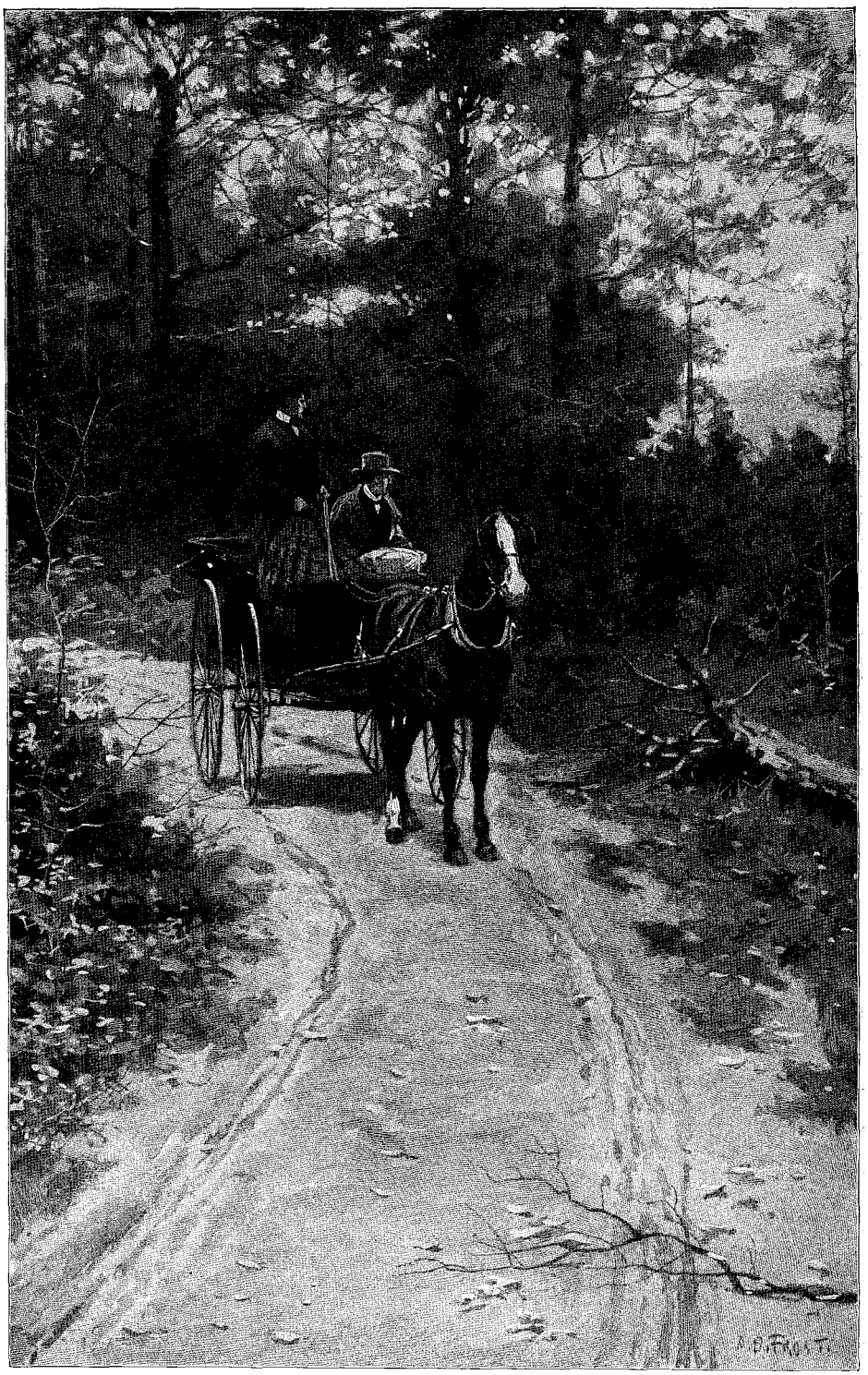

Drawn by A. B. Frost.

He had a last look at Black Log.—Page 681.

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"He pumped me dry."—Page 683.

by snakes in India?" cried Tim, suddenly awaking from his moody silence.

"You can go back to-morrow and find out," came from the porch.

"Good-night, Mr. Weston," returned my brother sharply.

Perry Thomas parted from us at the gate and we stood watching his retreating figure till we lost it at the bend. Then we went in.

Standing at the foot of the stairs, with a lighted candle in his hand, Tim turned suddenly to me and said, "I thought you were going to see Weston."

"I thought you were sitting at home waiting for me to get back," I retorted.

"Can I help you upstairs?" he said.

"No, I'm going to sit awhile and smoke," I answered jauntily, "and talk—to Captain."

VII

TIM was leaving the valley. We tied his tin trunk on the back of the buggy and he climbed to the seat beside me. Tip Pulsifer handed him a great cylindrical parcel, bound in a newspaper, and my brother held it reverently in his lap; for it was a chocolate cake, six layers high, that Mrs. Tip had baked from the

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scanty contents of the Pulsifer flour barrel. Tim was going to the city, and all the city people Mrs. Tip had ever seen were lean, quick-moving, and nervous, a condition which she concluded was induced by starvation. So she had done her best to provide Tim against want. Her mind was the mind of Six Stars. All the village was about the buggy. Josiah Nummler had rowed down from his hill-top, and the bulge in Tim's pocket was caused by the half dozen fine pippins the old man had brought as his farewell gift. Even Theophilus Jones left the store unguarded, and hurried over when the moment arrived that the village was to see the last of its favorite son. Mrs. Tip Pulsifer is always red about the eyes, and no way was left her to show her emotion but to toss her apron convulsively over her face and swing Cevery wildly to and fro, so that the infant's cries arose above the chorus of "good-bys" as we drove away.

"Farewell, comrade." We heard Aaron Kallaberger's stentorian tones as we clattered around the bend. "Head up—eyes front—for'a'd!"

Tim turned and waved his hat to the little company at the gate, to all the friends he had ever known, to the best he ever was to know; to Mrs. Bolum and her Isaac, feebly waving the hands that had so often helped him in time of boyish trouble; to Nanny Pulsifer and Tip; to all the worthies of the store.

Tim was off to war. He was going to take part in a greater battle than I had ever seen, for I had been one of thousands who had marched together on a common enemy. He was going forth as did Launcelot and Galahad, alone, to meet his enemies at every turn, to be sore pressed, and bruised and wounded; not to be as I was, a part of a machine, but to be the machine and the god in it, too. How I envied him! He was going forth to encounter many strange adventures, and while he was in the press, laying about him in all the glory of his strength, fighting his way against a mob, to fame and fortune, I should be dozing life away with Captain.

"Did it feel that way when you left?" said Tim. He spoke for the first time when we passed the tannery lane, and his voice was a wee bit husky.

"I suppose it's the same with everybody when they turn the bend," I answered.

"That's it exactly—at the turn in the road—when you can't see home any more—when you'd give all the world to turn back, but dare not." Tim had faced about and was looking over the valley as we climbed the long slope of the ridge. "It's just like being torn in two, isn't it?" he said.

"Naturally," said I. "Home and home people are as much a part of you as head and limbs. When I dragged you away, binding you here in the buggy with your tin trunk and your ambition, something had to snap."

"And it snapped at the bend," Tim said grimly; "when I saw the last of the house and the rambo tree at the end of the orchard."

My brother took to whistling. He started away bravely with a rollicking air, keeping time to the creaking of the buggy and the slow crunching of the horse's feet on the gravel road. Even that failed him. We were at the crest of the hill; we were turning another bend; we were in the woods, and through the trees he had a last look at Black Log. And it's such a little valley, too, that it would hardly seem worth looking back on when the rich fields of Kishikoquillos roll away before one! The lone pine on the stone cap of Gander Knob waved its farewell, and we clattered down the long slope into the great world.

"It's all over at last," said Tim, smiling, "and now I am glad I've come; for Black Log is a good place, but it's so little, after all."

"I'm afraid you will find it bigger than a desk in Weston's office and a tiny room on a cramped city street," said I.

My brother recovered his old spirit and refused to be discouraged by my pessimistic view of his expedition. He laughed gayly and pointed across the country where half a dozen spires of smoke were rising. There was the railroad. There was the great highway where his real journey was to start. There was the beginning of his great adventure. I was the last outpost of the friendly land, and he was going into the unknown. There we were to part! It was my turn to whistle and to watch the wheels as, mile by mile, they measured off the road to the last bend, where I should see no more of Tim.

. . . . . .

There was something strange in my brother's resolve to leave Six Stars and try his fortunes in the city. Just as I had settled down to the old easy ways which my

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absence had made doubly dear to me, when we should have been drawn closer to each other than ever, and my dependence on him was greatest, he announced his purpose. It was only yesterday. I returned from my accustomed afternoon visit to the Wardens to find him rummaging the house for a few of his more personal belongings and stowing them away in a small, blue tin trunk that a little while before had adorned the counter in the store.

"I am going to New York," he said, not giving me time to inquire into his strange proceeding.

I laughed. Tim was joking! This was some odd prank. He had borrowed the tin trunk and was giving me a travesty on Tip Pulsifer fleeing over the mountain from his petulant spouse: for last night Tim and I had had a little tiff. For the first time I had forgotten the post-prandial pipe, and undismayed by the horrors of the famine in India or the tribulations of Sister Flora Martin, journeyed up the road to sit at Mary's side.

"Over the mountain, eh, Tim?" I laughed. "And is Tip going?"

My brother caught my meaning, but he did not smile.

"Honest," he said. "I am going to New York."

"To New York!" I cried. My crutches clattered to the floor as I sank into my chair.

"Yes," said Tim, speaking so quietly that I knew it was the truth. "Mr. Weston has given me a position in his store. It's a tea importing concern, and he owns it, though he doesn't spend much time at his business."

"I didn't think you'd leave me alone." The words were hardly spoken till I regretted them. I had spoken in spite of my better self, for what right had I to stand between my brother and a broader life? When I had gone away to see the world, he had plodded on patiently in the narrow valley to keep a home for me. Now that I was back, it was justly his turn to go beyond the mountains and learn something more than the dull routine of the farm and the sleepy village.

"I hate to leave you, Mark," he said. "But you have felt as I feel about getting away and seeing something. Still, if you really want me to stay, I'll give it up. But you are a good deal to blame. You have told me of what you saw when you were in the army. You have showed me that there are bigger things in this world than plodding after a plough, and more exciting chases than those after foxes. I want to do more than sit on a nail-keg in the store and discuss big events. I want to have a little part in them myself—you understand."

"Nanny is likely to get one of her religious spells and quit work."—Page 684.

"Yes, Tim," said I, "you are right, and I'll get along first rate."

"That's the way to talk," he cried cheerfully, slapping me on the shoulder. "You won't be half as lonely here as I shall down there in a strange city; and when you clean away the supper dishes and light your pipe and think of me, I'll be lighting mine and thinking of you and——" He stopped. Captain had trotted in, and was sitting close by, looking first at one and then at the other of us quizzically. "You'll have Captain," added Tim, laughing, "and then by and by, when I am making money, you and Captain will come down to the city and we'll all smoke our pipes together—eh, Captain?"

The hound leaped up and Tim caught his fore paws and the two went dancing around the room until a long-drawn howl warned us that such bipedic capers were not to the dog's liking.

"Captain isn't going to leave home, Tim," I cried. "You mustn't expect him

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to take so active a part in your demonstrations of joy."

"It wasn't the delight at leaving home made me dance," returned the boy. "It was the contemplation of the time we'll have when we get together again."

"Then why go away at all?"

"There you are. A minute ago you agreed with me; you were right with me in my plan to do something in this world. Now you are using your cunning arguments to dissuade me. But you can't stop me, Mark. I've accepted the place. Mr. Weston has sent word that I am coming, and there you are. I must keep to my bargain."

"When did Weston arrange all this for you?"

"This morning. We were on Blue Gum Ridge hunting squirrels, and we got to talking over one thing and another. I guess I kind of opened up—for he's a clever man, Mark. Why, he pumped me dry. We hadn't sat there on a log very long till he knew the whole family history and about everything I had ever learned or thought of. He asked me if I intended to spend all my life here, and I said it looked that way, and then I told him how I wanted to go and do something and be somebody."

Tim stopped suddenly, and winked solemnly at Captain. "I told him I wanted to go away and see something as you had done, for I was weary of listening to your accounts of things you'd seen. It's awful to have to listen to another's travels. It must be fine to tell about your own."

"Well, is it my talking that's driving you away, or is it Weston's alluring offers?"

"Alluring?" Tim laughed. "I'll say for Weston, he is frank. He told me that to his mind business was worse than death. He was born to it. His father left it to him and he has to keep it going to live; but he lets his partner look after it mostly, and he is always worrying lest his partner should die and leave him with the whole thing on his hands. He told me I'd have to drudge in a dark office over books for ten hours a day, and that it would be years before I began to see any rewards. By that time I would probably decide that the old-fashioned scheme of having kings born to order was more sensible than making men wear their lives out trying to become rulers. A cow was contented, he said, because it was satisfied to stand under a tree and breathe the free air, and look up into the blue skies and over the green fields, and chew the cud. As long as the cow was satisfied with one cud it would be contented; but once the idea got abroad in the pasture that two cuds were required for a respectable cow, peace and happiness were gone forever."

"Our lanky stranger seems a wise man," said I. "In the face of all that, what did you say?"

"I told him I wasn't a cow," Tim answered.

There was no controverting such a reply, and though my sympathies were with the pessimistic Weston, I dared not raise my voice in defence of his logic as against this young brother. Tim seemed to think that the fact that he was not a cow turned from him all the force of Weston's philosophy, and insisted on going blindly on in search of another cud.

"He laughed when I said that," Tim continued, "and he said he guessed there was no sense in using figures of speech to me, but he was willing to bet that some time I would come to his way of thinking. I told him that perhaps I would when I had seen as much of men and things as he had; but now I looked about me with the mind and eye of a yokel. That was just what I wanted to escape. He was himself talking to me from a vantage point of superior knowledge, and the consciousness of my own inferiority was one of the main things to spur me on."

"At that he gave you up?" said I.

"He gave me up," Tim answered; "and after all, Mark, old Weston is a fine fellow. He said there was just one thing for me to do, and that was to see and learn for myself. So he wrote to his partner to-day, and I go in the morning."

"But must you go on a day's notice?"

"The quicker the better, Mark; and you see I haven't been letting any grass grow under my feet. When Weston and I reached our conclusion, I went to the store and got the trunk. In the interval of packing, I've gone over to Pulsifer's and arranged for Tip to work regularly for you this winter, looking after the farm. He wanted to go up to Snyder County and dig for gold. He knows where there's gold in Snyder County and you may have trouble there; but when you see any signs of a break you are to tell Mrs. Tip. She says she'll head him off all right. Nanny Pulsifer, by the way, will come every day and

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straighten up the house. I saw Mrs. Bolum, and she said she would keep an eye on Nanny Pulsifer, for Nanny is likely to get one of her religious spells and quit work. When you hear her singing hymns around the house, you are to tell Mrs. Bolum."

"Who will look after Mrs. Bolum? Who am I to appeal to when I see signs there?"

"When Mrs. Bolum fails you, Mark, write to me," Tim answered. "When you see signs of her neglecting you, drop me a line and I'll be home in three days."

"I may have to appeal to you to save me from my friends," I said, "if Tip Pulsifer goes digging gold and Nanny Pulsifer gets religion and old Mrs. Bolum belies her nature and forgets me. But anyway, if Captain and I sit here at night knee-deep in dust and cobwebs, at least we can swell our chests and talk about our brother in the city, who is making—how much?"

"Seven dollars a week!" cried Tim. "Think of it, Mark, seven dollars a week. That's more than you made as a soldier."

. . . . . .

We are near the last bend, Tim. Yes—I'll say good-by to Mary for you. I'll tell her that in the hurry you forgot her. And she will believe me! Why didn't you go up the hill last night, instead of sneaking off this way?—for you know you didn't forget her. That last smoke—that's right—you and Captain and I, and our pipes. I fear she did pass from our minds, but we had many things to talk over in those last hours. I promise you I will go up to-night and explain. Tell Weston about that fox on Gander Knob—of course I shall. School starts to-morrow, else I'd be after him myself; but on Saturday we'll hie to the mountain, Weston and Captain and I. You, Tim, shall have the skin, a memento of the valley. I'll say good-by to Captain again, and I'll keep the guns oiled, and Piney Carter shall have the rifle whenever he wants it—provided he cleans it every hunting night. And I'll tell old Mrs. Bolum—but the train is going to start. Are you sure you have your ticket, and your check, and your lunch? Yes, I'll say good-by to Mary for you—Good-by, Tim!

And Tim went around the bend.

(To be continued.)

THE QUARREL

By Marie van Vorst

"Oh, far apart!" he cried. "Yes . . . far,"
She answered. . . . Neither of them saw
Love was between them: not the law.
They could not lose their chart nor star.
Twin ships—each hid from each: the whiles
Mist was between them, but not miles.

. . . . . .

Morning rose red above the bar:
Twin prows in the sea's amethyst.
Naught was between them—and they kissed!

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NEWLY DISCOVERED PERSONAL RECORDS OF LEWIS AND CLARK

By Reuben Gold Thwaites

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE DOCUMENTS AND FROM FAMILY RELICS *

WITHIN the past few months there has been discovered in New York City a mass of manuscript material which throws much new light on what is generally regarded as the most romantic chapter in the records of American exploration—the transcontinental expedition made by Lewis and Clark in 1803–06. To convey an adequate idea of the significance of these documents, it will be necessary briefly to review the curious history of the official journals of that hardy enterprise.

The expedition was directly planned by President Jefferson. Always eager to extend the bounds of human knowledge, the Far West had for twenty years excited his curiosity, and an exploration toward the Pacific had been one of his favorite schemes. Three previous projects — with George Rogers Clark in 1783, John Ledyard in 1786, and André Michaux in 1793—had, from causes beyond his control, proved futile. He was now able, as chief executive, to induce Congress to grant the necessary aid. At first he sought, as head of the party, a scientist who had, in addition to his scholarly attainments, the necessary "courage, prudence, habits & health adapted to the woods, & some familiarity with the Indian character." Failing to discover such a person, the President recognized in his young friend and private secretary, Captain Meriwether Lewis, who had fought gallantly in the Western Indian campaigns of General Anthony Wayne, one who was "brave, prudent, habituated to the woods, & familiar with Indian manners and character. He is not regularly educated, but he possesses a great mass of accurate observation on all the subjects of nature which present themselves here, & will therefore readily select those only in his new route which shall be new."

Lewis was, in March, 1803, dispatched to Philadelphia to take a short course of study with the several scientific men resident there, and in due time "qualified himself for those observations of longitude & latitude necessary to fix the points of the line he will go over." His correspondence with Jefferson during this period abounds in allusions to scientific and practical details, showing him not only to be an apt pupil but already possessed of a large fund of information of the sort essential to the equipment of an explorer.

Early in the course of his preparations Lewis determined, with Jefferson's consent, to secure a companion who should share his honors and responsibilities. His choice fell upon William Clark, four years his senior, but who had been his boyhood friend in Virginia. The Clark family, preceded several years by the oldest son, George Rogers, moved to Kentucky in 1784, when Meriwether Lewis was ten years old and William Clark fourteen. Young Clark had entered upon military service in the West in his twenty-first year. As the result of exceptional valor, and the execution of several difficult missions which involved the exercise of considerable diplomacy, he won a captaincy under General Wayne—at one time being in command of a detachment in which his old friend Lewis served as ensign. The interesting correspondence which passed between these two fast friends, incident to the transcontinental expedition with which their names must always be linked, will be given below.

Jefferson, with the true instincts of the scholar, was extremely solicitous regarding the official records of the great enterprise which he had inaugurated. In his remarkable letter of instructions to Captain Lewis (June 20, 1803), the President desires that,

* The documents and illustrations in this article are published from the originals in the possession of Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhis and Miss Eleanor Glasgow Voorhis.

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"Beginning at the mouth of the Missouri, you will take observations of latitude & longitude, at all remarkable points on the river, & especially at the mouths of rivers, at rapids, at islands & other places & objects distinguished by such natural marks & characters of a durable kind, as that they may with certainty be recognized hereafter;" the courses of the river and variations of the compass are also to be noted "with great pains & accuracy;" as a "knolege of these people is important," a long and carefully enumerated variety of data are to be accumulated regarding the Indian tribes; also notes regarding the geology, fauna, flora, and meteorology of the region—all of which is particularly set forth by Jefferson, who, like Washington, had a rare genius for detail.

It was especially required that "several copies of . . . your notes should be made at leisure times & put into the care of the most trustworthy of your attendants, to guard by multiplying them, against the accidental losses to which they will be exposed." Lewis is reminded that "in the loss of yourselves, we should lose also the information you will have acquired;" and as a further precaution is required "to communicate to us, at reasonable intervals, a copy of your journal, notes & observations of every kind, putting into cypher whatever might do injury if betrayed"—for at the time of these instructions, the country to be explored and thus opened to the American fur-trade, was in the hands of the Spanish—for France had not yet resumed control of the trans-Mississippi, after the re-cession of 1800—and their suspicions must not be aroused. Formal news of the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon had not yet reached Washington; but that Jefferson had secretly obtained some inkling of this event, is evident from Lewis's letter to Clark, written the day before these instructions are dated, and given at length below. Possibly the instructions were actually written before Lewis's letter.

Lewis left Washington on the morning of July 5th, a few days after the receipt from Paris, of news of the Louisiana Purchase. This circumstance had in no way altered his arrangements, save that it was unnecessary further to maintain that secrecy as to the purpose of the exploration, which had hitherto been enjoined upon him. The story of the expedition—a military detachment of about thirty persons, beside several French-Canadian and half-breed hunters, interpreters, and boatmen—is in this centennial period doubtless familiar to all of our readers: The first winter camp, at River Dubois, in Illinois, opposite the mouth of the Missouri, where the men were rigorously drilled both as soldiers and frontiersmen; the long and painful upstream journey during the spring, summer, and autumn of 1804, followed by the winter among the Mandan Indians, near the present Bismarck, North Dakota; the toilsome journey, in 1805, to the head waters of the Missouri, over the rugged, snow-clad divide, and down the foaming rapids and cataracts of the Columbia, until the Pacific Coast was reached in November; the cold and dreary winter at Fort Clatsop, with the return journey in 1806, in which the party were for many weeks divided and took separate paths; and the final happy arrival at St. Louis, on September 23d, with the loss of but one man (Sergeant Floyd).

Throughout their long journey in the trans-Mississippi wilderness—two years, four months, and nine days—there is no room to doubt that each of the commanders kept his required diary with scrupulous fidelity; save that, during the few closing weeks of the expedition Lewis was disabled from a gunshot wound. There are now extant original note-books by Clark, covering all but ten days of the period; but, unfortunately, we lack four hundred days of Lewis's diaries, exclusive of the term of his invalidism. Pursuant to orders, the sergeants also wrote journals—Floyd, Gass, Ordway, and Pryor; while tradition says that at least three of the twenty-three privates were diarists. Gass's journal was published, Floyd's is soon to be printed,* and Ordway's and Pryor's were at one time the property of Clark—although their whereabouts is now unknown; but the only private's note-book we have encountered, is that of Joseph Whitehouse. Very naturally the French and half-breed interpreters and hunters kept no records.

It was the habit of the two captains, each night or while resting in the boats, to make rough notes in pocket field-books, many of whose pages bear rude outline maps, plans,

* It appeared, imperfectly transcribed, in the *Proceedings* of the American Antiquarian Society, April, 1894.

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and miscellaneous sketches. When encamped for a protracted period, these field-books were developed into more formal records; the note-books kept at Fort Mandan and Fort Clatsop were particularly well done, for here there was leisure to make exhaustive inquiries among Indian neighbors and to set forth the results with proper care.

When developing their field-notes into better form, each appears to have often borrowed freely from the other. Lewis, the more scholarly of the two, generally rewrote, in his own manner, the material obtained from Clark; but the latter not infrequently copied Lewis practically verbatim, although with phonetic spelling. Clark was, however, not only the better frontiersman, but served as the engineer of the detachment. Lacking formal instruction in draughtsmanship, he nevertheless made numerous and excellent maps, and upon the pages, both of his own and Lewis's note-books, drew sketches of birds, fish, leaves, native implements, and the like, with much exactness; some of his small colored maps would have been worthy of a skilled engineer. Upon arriving at St. Louis, the individual journals were for the most part transcribed by their authors into neat blank-books—bound in red morocco, with brass clasps, and gilt-edged—with the thought of preparing them for early publication. After this process, the original field-books must have been cast aside, and in large measure destroyed.

From the inception of the enterprise, it had been intended by Jefferson that the results should be published; but a curious chain of circumstances, needless to relate here in detail—although their recitation would make an entertaining chapter in bibliographical history—delayed this consummation until seven and a half years after the return. Gass's journal, originally rude notes, but moulded into presentable form by a West Virginia schoolmaster, had promptly appeared in 1807. In that year, urged by Jefferson, Lewis himself issued a prospectus announcing the speedy publication of the official narrative.

The first volume was to contain the "narrative of the voyage," the second to be devoted chiefly to an account of "the Indian nations distributed over that vast region," and the third "exclusively to scientific research." Apart from this, was to be published "Lewis and Clark's Map of North America, from longitude 9° west to the Pacific Ocean, and between 36° and 52° north latitude, with extensive marginal notes, dimensions five feet eight inches by three feet ten inches, embracing all their late discoveries, and that part of the continent heretofore the least known." Unfortunately for this project, the two captains had soon after their return received, together with commissions as generals, important government appointments—Lewis being made governor of Louisiana Territory, and Clark its Indian agent and brigadier-general of militia, their official residence being St. Louis. The onerous duties appertaining to these offices, in the new and vast territory through which they had explored, were necessarily absorbing; and neither being a literary man, the task of publication was under such circumstances easily deferred.

In October, 1809, Lewis, heeding Jefferson's continued nudging—for the great man was visibly fretting under the delay—was proceeding to Washington and Philadelphia, incidentally on government business, but chiefly to get this work under way, when he was either murdered or committed suicide in a little Tennessee tavern, some sixty miles southwest of Nashville. Clark, as the surviving commander, was at once approached by the indefatigable Jefferson, with the result that Nicholas Biddle, of Philadelphia—then well known as a young man of letters, a lawyer, and a publicist—was engaged to edit the journals. With the Lewis and Clark journals and maps before him, and further aided by the printed account of Gass and the manuscript journals of Ordway and Pryor, together with the verbal testimony of Clark and Private George Shannon, Biddle, at the close of a year, reported to Clark (July 8, 1811) that he had "completed the work according to our agreement," and was "ready to put it to the press." There was, however, considerable difficulty in procuring a publisher, for business was stagnant because of the War of 1812–15. Bradford and Inskeep were finally induced to undertake the responsibility; but before the work was issued (February, 1814) the publishers were in the bankruptcy court, the result being that less than 1,500 copies were actually

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sold; while the net profits were estimated at only $154.10, of which neither Clark nor Biddle appeared to have received a penny.

The amount of manuscript material handled by Biddle in the editing of the journals, must have aggregated about a million and a half words. From this he constructed a narrative of some three hundred and seventy thousand words. A large portion of the scientific matter had, however, been eliminated, an arrangement having been made by Clark for its editing and publication by Dr. Benjamin Smith Barton, an eminent Philadelphia scientist; but this plan fell through, owing to Barton's illness and subsequent death. Thus, while the Biddle narrative contains a popular account of some of the principal discoveries, very little of the great mass of scientific data so laboriously noted by Lewis and Clark has thus far been given to the world.

The narrative by Biddle is eminently readable, possessing both unity and a simple and forceful literary style. The first person plural is used, save where the captains are individually mentioned, and then we have the third person singular. So skilfully is the work done, that probably few readers have realized that they had not before them the veritable journals of the explorers themselves, written upon the spot. The result will remain one of the best-digested and most interesting books of American travel, comparable in many respects with "Astoria" and "Bonneville's Adventures"—of course, lacking Irving's charm of style; but possessing what Irving's two Western classics sometimes do not, the ring of truth, which never fails to appeal to those who love a tale of noble adventure in the cause of civilization.

But Jefferson, having impatiently awaited the publication of the records for nearly eight years after the return of the expedition, appears not unnaturally to have been dissatisfied with the result. That the scientific material should thus be laid aside, particularly annoyed him. His correspondence with learned friends in Europe was burdened with laments over the unfortunate literary finale to the expedition concerning which he had long cherished such high hopes.

In 1816 we find him instituting a search for the manuscript journals of the explorers, with a view of placing them in the archives of the American Philosophical Society, of which he had for several years been president. These had become widely scattered, and he was obliged to exercise great pressure in inducing Clark and Biddle to bestir themselves in the matter; indeed, he plainly threatened the intervention of the War Department, by which the expedition was sent forth, and insisted that the records were "the property of the government, the fruits of the expedition undertaken at such expence of money and risk of valuable lives. They contain exactly the whole of the information which it was our object to obtain for the benefit of our own country and of the world, but we were willing to give to Lewis and Clarke whatever pecuniary benefits might be derived from the publication, and therefore left the papers in their hands, taking for granted that their interests would produce a speedy publication, which would be better if done under their direction." But, "From the mortification of not haveing succeeded in giving to the world all the results of that expedition," he proposes now to place them where at least scholars can have access to them, and possibly some time arrange for their publication in full.

Convinced, at last, that he had found all he sought, or at least all that was obtainable, Jefferson arranged with Biddle (April 6, 1818) to deposit the documents with the American Philosophical Society. For nearly seventy-five years this important material remained unnoticed and forgotten in the vaults of the Society at Philadelphia, until, in December, 1892, Dr. Elliott Coues accidentally learned of its existence. He was at the time engaged in editing a reprint of the Biddle text, and enriched his notes with a number of citations from the originals—unfortunately freely modernized, as was his custom with the Western manuscripts which he edited. These modified excerpts but served to whet the appetites of historical students, and thus led to the project for their eventual publication *in extenso* and with literal accuracy.

In the spring of 1901 the American Philosophical Society arranged with a New York house for the publication of the Lewis and Clark journals, direct from the original manuscripts in their custody—the present writer being engaged as the editor of the work.

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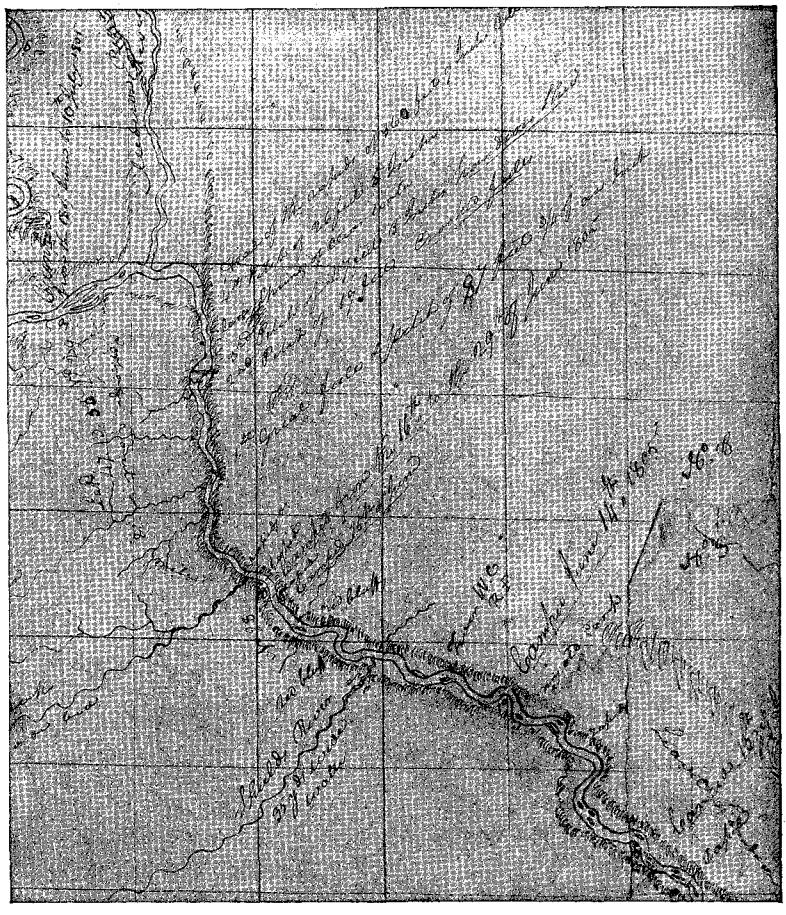

Section of a map made by Clark while on the expedition.—Page 692.
Joined sheets of paper, about eight feet in total length.

Biddle's letter accompanying the deposit of the note-books with the Philosophical Society, stated that the journal of Ordway was excepted, because Clark had asked for its return to him as his private property. As the journal of Floyd had been loaned by its owner, the Wisconsin Historical Society, for the purpose of insertion in this publication, and the publishers had secured the hitherto unknown journal of Whitehouse, it seemed desirable to add the Ordway journal, if in existence.

The several descendants of General William Clark were at once applied to, for permission to use the journal, in case it could be found among the family papers. As the result of protracted negotiations, an unexpected situation was revealed. The third son and fourth child of General Clark and his first wife, Julia Hancock, was George Rogers Hancock Clark, born at St. Louis in 1816. This son was his father's executor, and as such came into possession of the explorer's papers and numerous other family relics, many of which he appears to have arranged and labelled with some care. Upon his death, in 1858, they descended to his eldest child, now Mrs. Julia Clark Voorhis of New York City, whose proprietary rights are at present shared with her daughter, Miss Eleanor Glasgow Voorhis.

Some six or seven years ago, Mrs. Voorhis permitted the publishers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE to use certain of the Clark relics for illustrating an historical publication of the time, and had promised to the magazine the privilege of using such literary material in her collection as might be selected

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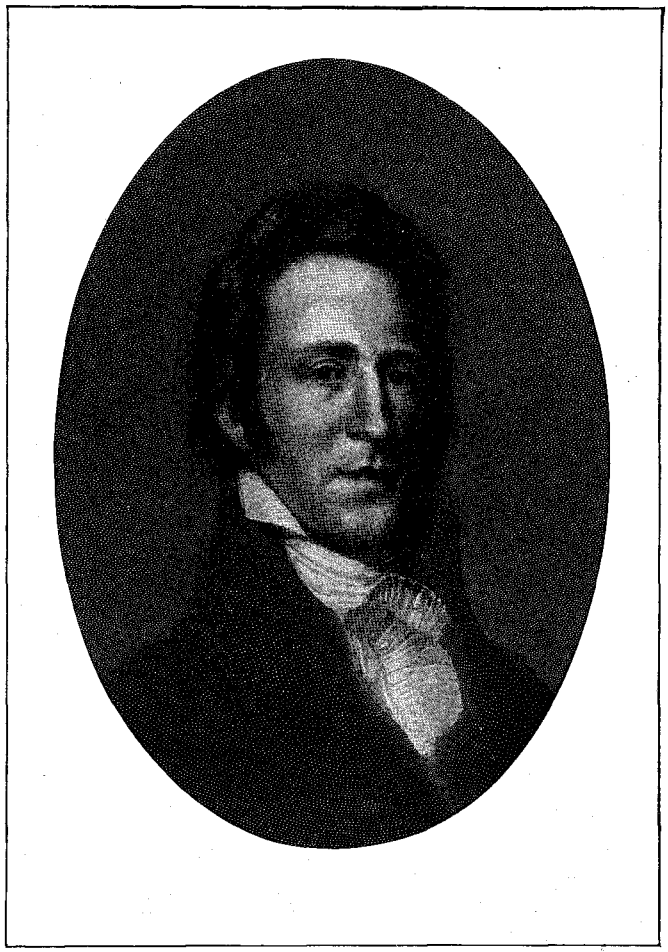

William Clark.

From the painting by Peale, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

for its pages. Later, Mrs. Voorhis began the selection, for a projected work of her own, of certain documents which appertained to the public careers of various members of the Clark family, particularly William and George Rogers.

Such was the situation when the present writer came upon the scene, with his application for the Ordway journal; unconscious of the other historical manuscripts which, still unknown to students of American history—although, as we have seen, a few publishers had general knowledge of it—lay in the possession of the Voorhis family. Indeed, the ladies themselves were as yet unaware of the full significance of their treasures, especially those appertaining to the great expedition. In the autumn of 1903 the writer was informed by Mrs. and Miss Voorhis that search for the Ordway journal, among the papers left by General Clark, while unsuccessful as to that document, had revealed the existence of other material presumably of interest in connection with the journey of Lewis and Clark. Several visits were made to New York, for the purpose of carefully examining the family papers thus suddenly revealed, at each of which fresh "finds" were made, of manuscript records, maps, and letters, mostly by Clark, much of which evidently had not been opened within the fifty years or more which had elapsed since George Rogers Hancock Clark, with filial

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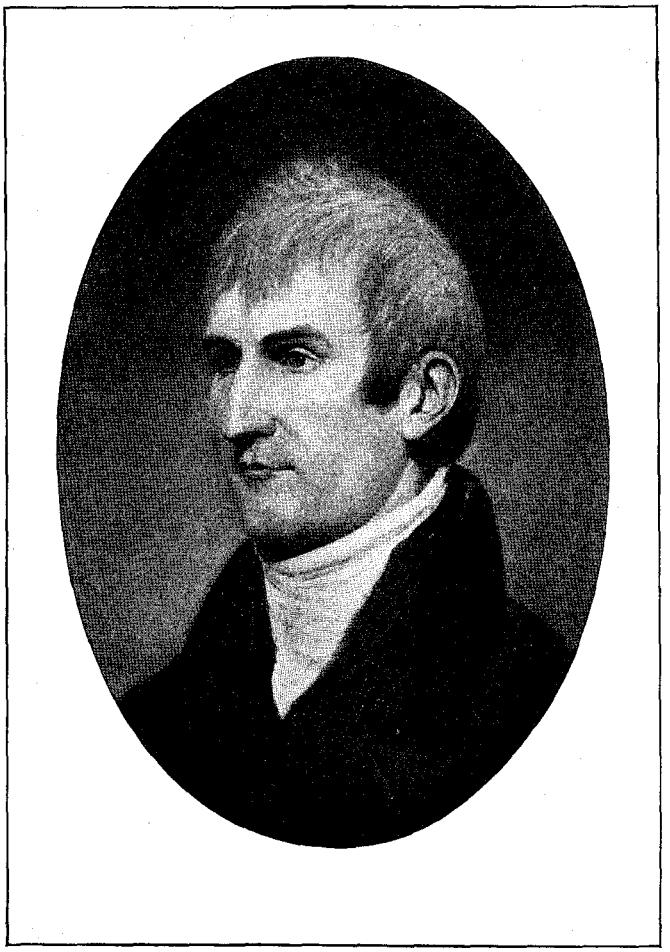

Meriwether Lewis.
From the painting by Peale, in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

regard, classified and labelled them. The Clark-Voorhis collection, as we may for convenience term it, is of surprising richness, and proves to be of the utmost importance in a study of the famous expedition whose centennial we are now observing.

There are, in this interesting collection, four red morocco note-books, written up in St. Louis after the return of the expedition, and similar to those in the collection of the American Philosophical Society; three of these are diaries by Clark, covering the dates April 7 to July 3, 1805, January 30 to April 3, 1806, and April 4 to June 6, 1806; the fourth is a brief record of weather, distances, and astronomical and ethnological data, together with four colored maps. There is also one of Clark's pocket field-books, with his diary for September 11 to December 31, 1805, amply illustrated by about twenty sketch-maps of the trail over the mountains, and two rude plans of Fort Clatsop, most of these interwoven with the badly-blurred text. This book consists of small sheets of paper rudely sewn together, being evidently made up en route, as necessity demanded, and wrapped about by a soft piece of elk-skin. It is the only actual field-book by the captains, now known to be in existence. Another valuable document is the detachment's orderly book, running from April 1 to October 13, 1804, with separate sheets covering a few earlier and later dates; as revealing the methods of

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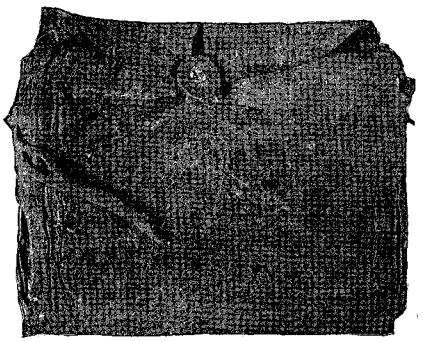
disciplining the party, these orders are of much value. There are ten letters (some of them drafts), exhibiting for the first time the relations between the two commanders —one of Lewis, offering Clark an equal partnership in the enterprise; Clark's letters of acceptance, addressed both to President Jefferson and to Lewis; Lewis to Clark, expressing gratification at the latter's decision, and others—all of them to be quoted either in full or in substance below. Among the miscellaneous letters and memoranda are the original copy of Jefferson's famous (but useless) letter of credit, which was carried by Lewis throughout the journey—Jefferson's copy being preserved at the State Department in Washington; Clark's various military commissions, issued before and after the expedition; fragmentary records of courses and distances, Indian tribes, weather data, and the like; and notes on the Assiniboin country, obtained from British traders at Fort Mandan. But still more important to the historian and the geographer—because, unlike the other papers, they are for the most part absolutely new material, not covered in any of the Philadelphia documents—are the sixty or more maps discovered in the Clark-Voorhis collection. These, all of them by Clark, vary in size from eight inches square to irregularly shaped charts consisting of sheets of letter-paper gummed together, in a few instances attaining a combined length of eight feet. Collectively, the maps illustrate the greater part of the journey both going and returning; and upon them are not only accurately noted the camping places, but occasionally there are interesting marginal comments on the country and the Indians, and references to some of the incidents of the day.



Deer-skin cover of the diary shown in illustration facing page 686.

A query arises in this connection: Why did not General Clark surrender this wealth of manuscripts either to the American Philosophical Society or to Jefferson, when the latter was eagerly searching for all the documents in the case, claiming them as the undoubted property of the government? The probable answer is, that Biddle found the four Clark morocco notebooks of no service to him; for practically all of the facts contained in them are noted either in Lewis's journals of similar dates, or in later drafts by Clark—as a rule, fuller, and in better form. He therefore probably returned the books to Clark, in the early stages of the work, keeping only those which later were placed in the Society's archives. It is probable, also, that the engraver having completed the few maps which he deemed necessary for the publication, all of the charts made upon the expedition were returned to Clark. As for the skin-bound field-book, this having already been transcribed into a red morocco notebook, very likely the original did not go to Biddle at all; the orderly book, the various fragments, the Lewis-Clark correspondence, and the letter of credit, were doubtless also kept at St. Louis as being deemed for Biddle's purpose of a popular narrative, unusable material.

On his part, it is possible that Clark had either forgotten the existence of these documents, or, like Biddle, considered them as of relatively slight historical value. His seemingly careless treatment of them would appear to bear out the last conclusion. In all events, they remained among his papers until arranged by his son and executor, George Rogers Hancock Clark. Thereafter, many were unopened until a full half-century later, when the ladies undertook to search among them for the missing journal of Ordway, which still eludes them.

For the first time since the return of the expedition in September, 1806, it has at last become possible, through the discovery of the Clark-Voorhis collection, to publish to the world practically all of the literary records now extant, of one of the most notable enterprises in the history of civilization. When published without elimination, as

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they bid fair to be within the present year, the original journals will create a new interest in the deeds of Lewis and Clark. Not only do they much more than quadruple the number of words in the Biddle narrative, and the voluminous scientific data—in botany, zoology, meteorology, geology, astronomy, and ethnology—constitute an almost entirely new contribution, but we obtain from the men's note-books, as written from day to day, and the allied manuscripts which are at last available, a far more vivid picture of the explorers and their life, than can be seen through the alembic of Biddle's impersonal condensation.

There is certainly nowhere obtainable a more charming picture of man's love for man, than is revealed both in the affectionate letters between Lewis and Clark prior to the expedition—and herewith published for the first time—and in the pages of their private manuscript journals which are soon to appear in book form. Although Lewis was chosen by Jefferson as the official leader, he persisted in selecting Clark not only as a companion, but in all respects his equal in rank. Dividing between them the control of the party through practically three years, and often confronted by situations in which the greatest possible tact was essential to the harmony of such a relation, we find the two friends true to the end: nowhere is there evident a single note of discord, and not infrequently do they exhibit in their diaries a mutual attachment of that tender sort seldom seen among men.

The following letter of Lewis, proposing the project to Clark, is from several points of view an interesting contribution to the history of the expedition:

WASHINGTON, June 19th, 1803.

DEAR CLARK,

Herewith inclosed you will receive the papers belonging to your brother Genl. Clark, which sometime since you requested me to procure and forward to you; pray excuse the delay which has taken place, it has really proceeded from causes which I could not control; Mr. Thompson Mason the gentleman in whose possession they were, is a member of the Virginia legislature, and was absent of course from his residence untill March, previous to his return I was compelled to leave this place on a matter of business, which has detained me in Lancaser & Philadelphia untill the day before yesterday and since my return having possessed myself of the papers I seize the first moment to forward them to you: In this claim I wish you success most sincerely.

From the long and uninterrupted friendship and confidence which has subsisted between us I feel no hesitation in making to you the following communication under the fulest impression that it will be held by you inviolably secret untill I see you, or you shall hear again from me.

During the last session of Congress a law was passed in conformity to a private message of the President of the United States, intiled "An Act making an appropriation for extending the external commerce of the United States." The object of this Act as understood by its framers was to give the sanction of the government to exploreing the interior of the continent of North America, or that part of it bordering on the Missourie & Columbia Rivers. This enterprise has been confided to me by the President, and in consequence since the begining of March I have been engaged in making the necessary preparations for the tour, these arrangements being now nearly completed, I shall set out for Pittsburgh (the intended point of embarcation) about the last of this month, and as soon after as from the state of the water you can reasonably expect me I shall be with you, say about the 10th of August. To aid me in this enterprise I have the most ample and hearty support that the government can give in every possible shape. I am armed with the authority of the Government of the U. States for my protection, so far as its authority or influence extends; in addition to which, the further aid has been given me of liberal pasports from the Ministers both of France and England: I am instructed to select from any corps in the army a number of noncommissioned officers and privates not exceeding 12, who may be disposed voluntarily to enter into this service; and am also authorized to engage any other men not soldiers that I may think usefull in promoting the objects or success of this expedition. I am likewise furnished with letters of credit, and authorized to draw on the government for any sum necessary for the comfort of myself or party. To all the persons engaged in this service I am authorized to offer the following rewards by way

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of inducement—1st the bounty (if not a soldier) but in both cases six months pay in advance; 2dly to discharge them from the service if they wish it, immediately on their return from the expedition giving them their arrears of pay clothing &c. & 3dly to secure to them a portion of land equal to that given by the United States to the officers and soldiers who served in the revolutionary army. This is a short view of means with which I am intrusted to carry this plan of the Government into effect. I will now give you a short sketch of my plan of operation: I shall embark at Pittsburgh with a party of recruits eight or nine in number, intended only to manage the boat and are not calculated on as a permanent part of my detatcment; when descending the Ohio it shall be my duty by enquiry to find out and engage some good hunters, stout, healthy, unmarried young men, accustomed to the woods, and capable of bearing bodily fatigue in a pretty considerable degree: should any young men answering this discription be found in your neighbourhood I would thank you to give information of them on my arrivall at the falls of the Ohio; and if possible learn the probability of their engaging in this service, this may be done perhaps by holding out the idea that the direction of this expedition is up the Mississippi to its source, and thence to the lake of the Woods, stating the probable period of absence at about 18 months; if they would engage themselves in a service of this discription there would be but little doubt that they would engage in the real design when it became necessary to make it known to them, which I should take care to do before I finaly engaged them:—The soldiers that will most probably answer this expedition best will be found in some of the companies stationed at Massac, Kaskaskias & Illinois: pardon this digression from the discription of my plan: it is to descend the Ohio in a keeled boat of about ten tons burthen, from Pittsburgh to it's mouth, thence up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Missourie, and up that river as far as it's navigation is practicable with a boat of this discription, there to prepare canoes of bark or raw-hides, and proceed to it's source, and if practicable pass over to the waters of the Columbia or Origan River and by descending it reach the Western Ocean; the mouth of this river lies about one hundred and forty miles South of Nootka-Sound, at which place there is a considerable European Trading establishment, and from which it will be easy to obtain a passage to the United States by way of the East-Indies in some of the tradeing vessels that visit Nootka Sound anually, provided it should be thought more expedient to do so, than to return by the rout I had pursued in my outward bound journey. The present season being already so far advanced, I do not calculate on geting further than two or three hundred miles up the Missourie before the commencement of the ensuing winter. At this point wherever it may be I shall make myself as comfortable as possible during the winter and resume my journey as early in the spring as the ice will permit:—should nothing take place to defeat my progress altogether I feel confident that my passage to the Western ocean can be effected by the end of the next Summer or the begining of Autumn. In order to subsist my party with some degree of comfort dureing the ensuing winter, I shall engage some French Traders at Illinois to attend me to my wintering ground with a sufficient quantity of flour, pork &c. to serve them plentifully during the winter, and thus be enabled to set out in the Spring with a healthy and vigorous party. So much for the great outlines of this scheem, permit me now to mention partially the objects which it has in view or those which it is desirable to effect through it's means, and then conclude this lengthy communication. You must know in the first place that very sanguine expectations are at this time formed by our Government that the whole of that immense country wartered by the Mississippi and it's tributary streams, Missourie inclusive, will be the property of the U. States in less than 12 Months from this date: but here let me again impress you with the necessity of keeping this matter a perfect secret.* In such a state of things therefore as we have every reason to hope, you will readily concieve the importance to the U. States of an early friendly and intimate acquaintance with the tribes that inhabit that country, that they should be early impressed with a

* An exceedingly interesting sentence, showing that Jefferson either had some knowledge of the Louisiana Purchase in advance of the actual signing of the treaty, or that his Commissioners had been given secret instructions to that effect, before starting for Paris.

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just idea of the rising importance of the U. States and of her friendly dispositions towards them, as also her desire to become usefull to them by furnishing them through her citizens with such articles by way of barter as may be desired by them or usefull to them. The other objects of this mission are scientific, and of course not less interresting to the U. States than to the world generally, such is the ascertaining by celestial observation the geography of the country through which I shall pass; the names of the nations who inhabit it, the extent and limitts of their several possessions, their relation with other tribes and nations; their language, traditions, and monuments; their ordinary occupations in fishing, hunting, war, arts, and the implements for their food, clothing and domestic accomodation; the diseases prevalent among them and the remidies they use; the articles of commerce they may need, or furnish, and to what extent; the soil and face of the country; it's growth and vegetable productions, its animals; the miniral productions of every discription; and in short to collect the best possible information relative to whatever the country may afford as a tribute to general science.

My Instruments for celestial observation are an excellent set and my supply of Indian presents is sufficiently ample.

Thus my friend you have so far as leasure will at this time permit me to give it you, a summary view of the plan, the means and the objects of this expedition, if therefore there is anything under those circumstances, in this enterprise, which would induce you to participate with me in it's fatiegues, it's dangers and it's honors, believe me there is no man on earth with whom I should feel equal pleasure in sharing them as with yourself; I make this communication to you with the privity of the President, who expresses an anxious wish that you would consent to join me in this enterprise; he has authorized me to say that in the event of your accepting this proposition he will grant you a Captain's commission which of course will intitle you to the pay and emoluments attached to that office and will equally with myself intitle you to such portion of land as was granted to off[ic]ers of similar rank for their Revolutionary services; the commission with which he proposes to furnish you is not to be considered temporary but permanent if you wish it; your situation if joined with me in this mission will in all respects be precisely such as my own. Pray write to me on this subject as early as possible and direct to me at Pittsburgh. Should you feel disposed not to attatch yourself to this party in an official character, and at the same time feel a disposition to accompany me as a friend any part of the way up the Missourie I should be extremely happy in your company, and will furnish you with every aid for your return from anypoint you might wish it.

With sincere and affectionate regard
your friend & Humb[l] sev[t].
MERIWETHER LEWIS.

We have not the original of Clark's reply; but he preserved this rough draft:

CLARKSVILLE 17th July 1803

DEAR LEWIS

I received by yesterday's Mail your letter of the 19[th] ulto; the contents of which I received with *much pleasure*. The enterprise & Mission is such as I have long anticipated & am much pleased with and as my situation in life will admit of my absence the length of time necessary to accomplish such an undertaking, I will chearfully join you in an "official character" as mentioned in your letter and partake of all the Dangers Difficulties & fatigues, and I anticipate the honors & rewards of the result of such an enterprise should we be successful in accomplishing it. This is an imense undertaking fraited with numerous dificulties, but my friend I can assure you that no man lives with whom I would prefer to undertake and share the Dificulties of such a trip than yourself. I reserve nothing from you that will add either to y[r] profit or satisfaction and shall arrange my matters as well as I can against your arrival here.

It may be necessary that you inform the president of my acceding to the proposals, so that I may be furnished with such credentials, as the nature of the Tour may require, which I suppose had best be forwarded to Louisville. The objects of this Plan of Government's are great and appear flattering the means with which we are furnished to carry it into effect, I think are sufficiently liberal. The plan of operation which you inform me you intended to pursue (with a small addition as to the outfit) I highly approve of.

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I shall endeavor to engage temporally such men as I think may answer our purpose but, holding out the Idea as stated in your letter—the subject of which has been mentioned in Louisville several weeks ago.

Pray write to me by every post, I shall be exceedingly anxious to know where you are and how you proceed.

With every assurance of sincerity in every respect, and with affⁿ yʳ fᵈ & H. Srv.

W. C.

Following is the rough draft of a memorandum by Clark, evidently the scheme of a letter to the President, under date of July 24th:

I had the Honor of receiving thro' Cap. Lewis an assurance of your approbation and wish that I would join him in a N. W. Enterprise.

Altho' a Tour of this kind is [two words illegible] dificulties and dangers I will chearfully join my F. Lewis in the accomplishment of them, and shall arrange my business so as to be in readiness to set out in a short time after he arrives here. May I request the favour of you to forward the inclosed letter to Cap. Lewis should he not be with you? May I have the pleasure of hering from you?

I am with respᵗ.

Interior mails moved slowly in 1803. Lewis had grown uneasy over Clark's delay in answering. Fearing that his friend could or would not go, he opened tentative negotiations with Lieutenant Moses Hooke, of his own regiment, who was then in charge of military stores at Pittsburg; a young man "about 26 years of age, endowed with a good constitution, possessing a sensible well-informed mind, is industrious, prudent and persevering and withall intrepid and enterprising," Lewis describes him in a letter to Jefferson (July 26). Lewis had, however, apparently once more written to Clark, and their letters had crossed. In the following, Clark reiterates his favorable reply, which we obtain from the rough draft:

Louisville 24th July 1803

Dear Lewis

I wrote you in answer to your letter of the 19th ulto: by the last Mail, the contents of which as I before informed you were truly pleasing to me and such as I heartily join you in. I am arranging my matters so as to detain but a short time after your arrival here, well convinced of the necessity of getting as far as possible up the ——— this fall to accomplish the object as laid down by yourself and which I highly approve of.

[Paragraph in draft, which was erased: "My friend I Join you with hand & Heart and anticipate advantages which will certainly accrue from the accomplishment of so vast, Hazidous & fatiguing enterprize. You no doubt will inform the president of my determination to Join you in an 'official Charactor' as mentioned in your letter. The Credentials necessary for me to be furnished with had best be forwarded to this place, and if we set out before their arrival, to Kaskaskies."]

I have temporally engaged some men for the enterprise of a discription calculated to work & go thro' those labours & fatigues which will be necessary. Several young men (gentlemen's sons) have applyed to accompany us. As they are not accustomed to labour and as that is a verry essential part of the services required of the party, I am cautious in giving them any encouragement. The newspaper accounts seem to confirm the report of war in Europe and the session of Louisiana to the United States and as I think it possible that a confirmation of the session of Louisiana may have detained you at the City longer than you expected, I have enclosed a letter to you under cover to Mr. Jefferson. Pray let me hear from you as often as possible.

Yr. W C.

Lewis's enthusiastic and almost boyish reply to his friend was written at Pittsburg, where he was impatiently waiting for dilatory boat-builders to complete the craft which they had promised to have ready by midsummer:

Pittsburgh August 3rd 1803

Dear Clark

Yours of the 19th & 24th Ulᵗ. have been duly received, and be assured I feel myself much gratifyed with your decision; for I could neither hope, wish, or expect from a union with any man on earth, more perfect support or further aid in the discharge of the several duties of my mission, than that, which I am confident I shall derive from being associated with yourself.

The articles of every discription forming my outfit for this expedition have arrived in good order; my boat only detains me, she is not yet compleated tho' the workman

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who contracted to build her promises that she shall be in readiness by the last of the next week. The water is low, this may retard, but shall not totally obstruct my progress being determined to proceed tho' I should not be able to make greater speed than a boat's length pr day.

I am pleased to heare that you have engaged some men for this service, your contract with them had better be with the condition of my approval, as by the time I shall arrive more will have offered themselves and a better scelection may of course be made; from the nature of this enterprise much must depend on a judicious scelection of our men; their qualifycations should be such as perfectly fit them for the service outherwise they will reather clog than further the objects in view; on this principle I am well pleased that you have not admitted or encouraged the young gentlemen you mention, we must set our faces against all such applications and get rid of them on the best terms we can, they will not answer our purposes; if a good hunter or two could be conditionally engaged I would think them an acquisition, they must however understand that they will not be employed for the purposes of hunting exclusively but must bear a portion of the labour in common with the party.

Sometime in the month of February last a young man by the name of John Conner residing among the Delleware Indians on White River offered himself, by letter, to accompany me in the capacity of Interpreter; I wrote him in answer accepting his services and giving him some instructions relative to the points at which I wished him to join me as also to engage one or two indian hunters for the service—of this letter I forwarded triplicates by different routs but have never received an answer: I am personally acquainted with this man and think that we could not get a person better qualifyed in every respect than he is, and that it will be advisable to spare no pains to get him. If you can not learn that Conner has gone on to Massac Kaskaskais or Illinois, (which are the places I appointed for his joining me) I think it will be best for you to hire a man to go to the Delleware Town and enquire after him, you may offer him 300 dollars a year and find him provisions and clothing—should he be at the Deleware town and be willing to engage on these terms he had better come on immediately and join us at Louisville. He is a trader among the Indians and I think he told me he lived on White River at the nearest Dellaware town to Fort Hamilton and distant from that place about 24 miles.

The session of Louisiana is now no [word illegible] on the 14th of July the President received the treaty from Paris, by which France has ceded to the U. States, Louisiana according to the bounds to which she had a wright, price 11¼ Millions of dollars, besides paying certan debts of France to our citizens which will be from one to four millions; the Western people may now estimate the value of their possessions.

I have been detained much longer than I expected but shall be with you by the last of this month.

Your sincere friend & Obt. Servt.

Note—Write & direct to me at Cincinnatti.

In the same collection of letters is one by Clark to John Conner (August 20), seeking to engage that person as Indian interpreter, and offering him "300 dollars a year and find you provision & clothing." But the negotiations with Conner fell through.

We next have a hurried note from Lewis to Clark, dated September 28th, notifying his friend, who was waiting for the flotilla at Louisville, that the expedition had reached Cincinnati "After a most tedious and laborious passage from Pittsburgh." It was delayed by "the unpardonable negligence and inattention of the boat builders who, unfortunately for me, were a set of most incorrigible drunkards, and whom, neither threats, intreaties nor any other mode of treatment which I could devise had any effect." He tells Clark that "your ideas in the subject of a judicious scelection of our party perfectly comport with my own;" and adds, "I do not much regret the loss of Mr. Connor for several reasons which I shall mention to you when we meet; he has deceived me very much."

A letter by Lewis, dated Cahokia, December 17th, addressed to Clark, who is drilling the men at Camp River Dubois, states that recruits are coming in. "Drewyer [Drouillard] arrived here last evening from Tennissee with eight men. I do not know how they may answer our experiment but I am a little disappointed, in finding

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them not possessed of more of the requisite qualifications; there is not a hunter among them." Suggestions are given relative to corn for the horses, and the building of huts for the party wintering "on Morrison's farm."

From Camp River Dubois (February 18, 1804), Lewis writes to Clark, who is at St. Louis, saying that he is "disappointed in getting down to the ball on the 14th," and giving news of the camp, which has been visited by "a principal Chief of the Kickapoo nation."

Another note from "M. Lewis in haist" to Clark, dated May 2, 1804—twelve days before the start—informs him of the shipment to camp of "19 small flaggs, 16 musquetoe nets and our shirts;" gives directions relative to the men's pay, which "will commence from the dates of their last inlistments;" and reports that "Mr. [Pierre] Chouteau has procured seven [French voyageurs] engaged to go as far as the Mandans —but they will not agree to go further."

These documents well exemplify the habits and characteristics of the two men—Clark expressing himself sententiously, with Doric simplicity and vigor of phrase; Lewis in more correct diction, inclined to expatiate on details, especially with regard to Indians and natural history, and frequently revealing a considerable fund of sentiment and humor. The following entries for July 4, 1805, are fairly characteristic—although not seldom Lewis gives us pages of interesting circumstances, where Clark turns off the incidents of the day with a blunt paragraph:

[Lewis:] our work being at an end this evening, we gave the men a drink of Sperits, it being the last of our stock, and some of them appeared a little sensible of it's effects the fiddle was plyed and they danced very merrily untill 9 in the evening when a heavy shower of rain put an end to that part of the amusement tho' they continued their mirth with songs and festive jokes and were extreemly merry untill late at night. we had a very comfortable dinner, of bacon, beans, suit dumplings & buffaloe beaf &c. in short we had no just cause to covet the sumptuous feasts of our countrymen on this day. one Elk and a beaver were all that was killed by the hunters today; the buffaloe seem to have withdrawn themselves from this neighbourhood; the men inform us that they are still abundant about the falls.

[Clark:] A fine morning, a heavy dew last night; all hands employed in Completeing the leather boat, gave the Party a dram which made several verry lively, a black Cloud came up from the S. W., and rained a fiew drops I employ my Self drawing a Copy of the river to be left at this place for fear of Some accident in advance, I have left buried below the falls a Map of the Countrey below Fort Mandan with Sundery private papers, The party amused themselves danceing untill late when a shower of rain broke up the amusement, all lively and Chearfull, one Elk and a beaver kill'd to day.

Here is a graphic picture by Clark (April 9, 1806), who dwells upon the incident at unwonted length:

last night at a late hour the old amsiated Indian who was detected in stealing a Spoon yesterday crept upon his belley with his hands and feet, with a view as I suppose to take some of our baggage which was in several defferent parcels on the bank. the Sentinal observed the motions of this old amcinated retch untill he got with[in] a fiew feet of the baggage at [which] he hailed him and approached with his gun in a possion as if going to shote which allarmed the old retch in such a manner that he ran with all his powers tumbleing over bush and every thing in his way.

The following account of Christmas at Fort Clatsop (1805), from the Clark field-book, shows the poor fellows seeking to make a brave show under doleful conditions:

Some rain at different times last night and showers of hail with intervales of fair starrlight, This morning at day we were saluted by all our party under our winders, a Shout and a Song after brackfast we divided our tobacco which amounted to 2 Carrots, one half we gave to the party who used Tobacco those who did not we gave a Handkerchief as a present, The day proved showery all day, the Inds. left us this evening. all our party moved into their huts. we dried some of our wet goods. I rcved a present of a Fleeshe Hoserey [fleece hosiery] vest draws & socks of Capt Lewis pr Mockersons of Whitehouse, a small Indian basket of Guterich [Goodrich], & 2 Doz weasels tales of the Squar

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of Shabono, & some black roots of the Indians Our Diner to day consisted of pore Elk boiled, spilt fish & some roots, a bad Christmass diner worm day

"Ticks and musquiters" are "verry troublesom" through much of the journey; on the upper Missouri, "eye knats and prickley pears, equal any three curses that ever poor Egypt laiboured under, except the Mahometant yoke." Grizzly bears greatly annoy them east of the mountains; Lewis gives many thrilling experiences with this bulky and ferocious beast, and writes: "I find that the curiossity of our party is pretty well satisfyed with rispect to this anamal . . . he has staggered the resolution of several of them . . . I confess I do not like the gentlemen and had reather fight two Indians than one bear." One has frequent glimpses, on the deeply gullied plains, of buffalo herds, often embracing several thousands, and antelopes, deer, bighorns, and other game in astonishing numbers. In crossing the divide, we are closely in touch with a sad dearth of food; and upon the Columbia and at Fort Clatsop find the adventurers obliged to exist on horses, dogs, dried fish, and roots, until the human system sometimes revolts—Clark never could accustom himself to dog flesh; although Lewis, in several facetious references, professes to regard it as equal to beaver-tail. Storms by day and night, the shelving banks of the Missouri, the toil of towing line and kedge anchor, the misery of wading rapids, the dangers of crossing snow-clad mountains, constant peril from prowling grizzlies, buffalo stampedes, or crafty Indians whose machinations require the equal exercise of diplomacy and courage—incidents like these, although often but casually alluded to, are sufficient to give us a vivid conception of the sore trials which beset the path-finders, and the wide range of qualifications necessary to the leadership of an expedition which was to overcome both untamed nature and savage men.

By means of the diaries we also constantly obtain side-lights on the personnel of the party, other than the captains, which Biddle's literary paraphrase quite neglects. Beside the volunteers from Ohio River garrisons, were several young Kentucky woodsmen and mechanics, also a small group of French Canadians who served as interpreters, hunters, and boatmen. The Kentucky wood-rovers were at first restive under the strict discipline which Lewis and Clark found it essential to maintain. The orderly book, already alluded to, reveals numerous instances wherein corporal punishment—in one case, four hundred lashes on the bare back—was administered to refractory privates; while a case of mutiny during the first summer, resulted in the two culprits being drummed out of camp, after the usual flogging, and then kept imprisoned until the following spring, when they were sent back in irons to St. Louis.

The four sergeants appear to have been equally trusted, and not infrequently receive commendation in the journals. Floyd's death (August 20th, 1804) calls forth especial praise from Clark: "This Man at all times gave us proofs of his firmness and Determined resolution to doe Service to his Countrey and honor to himself." Ordway was first sergeant, and his penmanship appears frequently in the orderly book. Pryor, in particular, was on several occasions given the care of difficult special enterprises. Among the privates, Joseph and Reuben Fields, as hunters for the party, receive frequent mention, Clark thinking them remarkable shots; but his highest praise in this regard is for the Frenchman Drouillard (Drewyer, as the journals phonetically spell his name), who is a mighty hunter and abundant in resource.

There were many times upon the journey when it was necessary to entertain their numerous savage visitors, concerning whose intentions the captains had good reason to be suspicious. Lewis's air-gun, which would discharge a dozen or more shots without reloading, was a never-ending source of wonder to the simple natives; so, also, the sagacious dog which accompanied him throughout the expedition, and whose simple tricks immensely pleased the tribesmen. Clark's compass and magnet were in frequent demand, also his spy-glass—magic, in the truest sense of the word. Kentuckians and voyageurs fiddled, sang, and danced, often until sheer exhaustion caused them to desist; sometimes they served in relays, to keep their guests continually amused. On such occasions, we read much of the acrobatic performances of Clark's burly and good-natured negro ser-

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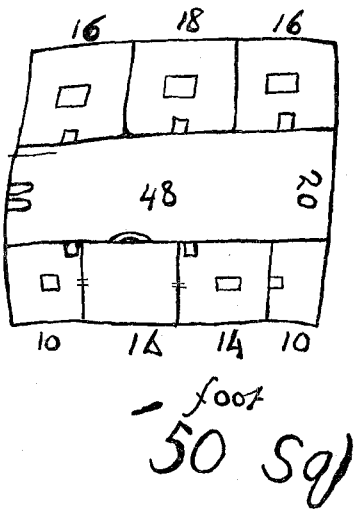
vant, York, whose facial and bodily contortions occasionally so alarmed the Indians that his master would cause him to stop "making himself too Terribull."

Prominent among the party were Charbonneau, one of the French interpreters—a loutish, brutal fellow, whose loyalty was more than once suspected—and his squaw, Sacajawea (or Sahcahgarweah), the only woman in the party. Sacajawea was a young Shoshoni who had, five years previous, been captured near the Three Forks of the Missouri, by a band of Minitaree, and carried to the lower reaches of the Missouri, where, on regaining her freedom, she fell in and consorted with Charbonneau. A son was born to her on the journey, and, with the pappoose strapped on her back, she accompanied the expedition to the Pacific and back again to Fort Mandan. As the only member of the detachment who had been up the Missouri to the mountains, and who knew the native dialects of the Far West, her presence was deemed invaluable; many of Charbonneau's shortcomings were on this account forgiven. Once, when the principal boat was nearly upset by a squall on the Missouri, Sacajawea's coolness alone saved valuable instruments and papers, the loss of which might, the captains tell us, have necessitated the return of the expedition. Nearing the mountains, the river frequently forked, and her memory of geographical points, while apparently weak, nevertheless materially assisted in decisions as to the proper stream to follow; and when at last it was necessary to *cache* the canoes, and seek Indian horses with which to cross the far-stretching divide, the village chief who finally assisted them with men and beasts was Sacajawea's brother, Cameawhait. Lewis had once complained of the woman's indifference to sentiment, saying, "If she has enough to eat and a few trinkets to wear I believe she would be perfectly content anywhere." But her meeting with Cameawhait he declares to have been "really affecting." The women of Oregon are preparing to erect a bronze statue to Sacajawea, in the capacity of guide to the expedition, and propose to unveil it during the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in Portland, in 1905.



Plan of Fort Clatsop.

This sketch-plan of the fort on the Pacific Coast, wherein the Lewis and Clark expedition spent the winter of 1805-06, was traced by Clark upon the rough elk-skin cover of his field-book. In the original it is much faded, and the lines have been pulled out of shape by a fold in the skin; no doubt, when drawn, the walls of the fort were straight. Apparently the stockade was 50 feet square, with a log cabin of three rooms, each with a central fireplace, ranged along the upper wall; and four cabins, two of them with central fireplaces and one with an outside chimney, along the lower wall; the gates are to the left, and the parade ground is 20x48 feet.

But the limitations of space forbid further description of this newly found mine of documentary material. Enough has been written to show that the pages of these manuscript journals are aglow with human interest. The quiet, even temper of the camp; the loving consideration that each of the two leaders felt for the other; the magnanimity of Lewis, officially the leader, in equally dividing every honor with his friend and making no move without the latter's consent; the poetic temperament of Lewis, who loved flowers and animals, and in his notes discoursed like a philosopher who enjoyed the exercise of writing; the rugged character of Clark, who wrote in brief, pointed phrase, spelled phonetically, capitalized chaotically, and occasionally slipped in his grammar—all these and more are evident on every page; causing the reader deeply to admire the men, and to follow them in their often thrilling adventures with the keenest sympathy and anticipation. We shall hereafter know Lewis and Clark and their bronzed companions as we never knew them before.

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THE MOUSE AND THE LION

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Illustrations by E. M. Ashe

IT is not given to many to become famous at a single bound, as Jeannette did after the publication of "The Little Person." Of course, it was not her first story. For several years she had been taking a quiet place in the various magazines, as well as adding to the pile of travel-worn manuscripts in her desk; but no one had seemed to notice or care particularly, and she had worked happily by herself, giving as little thought to the public as it did to her. "The Little Person" had grown out of a period of stress and had made her hands tremble and her cheeks burn as she wrote; but after sending it off she had concluded that it was probably not so good as it felt, and had thought no more about it, except for a gasp of wonder at the size of her check.

Then it appeared, running in three numbers, and in a moment she was famous. Out of her ignorance she had achieved what the knowing might vainly try for all their lives. Editors called it "heart interest."

If Jeannette had striven more consciously for fame, if the joys of being a personage had been a tangible part of her dreams and ambitions, perhaps the results would have been different. It was the breathless surprise that made all the trouble. What people called—at mildest—inflation was really her humility: a ceaseless wonder that she, little Jeannette, should be so noticed. A more conceited person would have taken it as her due and so carried it better. But Jeannette constantly pinched herself to see if she were not dreaming, and in her innocence betrayed all her excitement over the little glories that were fluttering about her. And of course no one was clever or kind enough to realize that this was from an undervaluation of her due, rather than the insolence of success.

And so it came about in the course of a few months that she was very generally disliked or laughed at, according to the temperament of the other person; and went about in a little fool's paradise, selling her old verse and stories at high rates, and supposing all the world as ingenuously rejoiced at her success as she was. To be sure, she did not for a moment believe the beautiful things that were said to her; but she never suspected that the speakers themselves did not believe them.

Under the stimulus she did good work, and one shining day it reached her that Stirling, Stirling himself, had been heard to commend a tale of hers. Cora Lederle, who had been privileged to sketch him in charcoal, had heard him with her own ears. There were no more heights to climb—Stirling, the master, was aware of her, little Jeannette! This was the miracle. She walked on air, repeating the praise right and left, in her humble joy, until hers was pronounced the most virulent case of "big head" on record. And she never dreamed it until a certain enlightening Saturday afternoon.

Cora had sent her a last-moment invitation to a studio tea, planned hastily, for some important reason not distinct over the telephone. Jeannette was used to being a guest of honor now, and being introduced by her whole name, Jeannette Millington Keith, that the stranger might not miss the full significance of the meeting, and went gayly to take her honors, elated and secretly marvelling at the little stir that greeted her entrance. There were smiles, hands stretched out, fervent introductions. How could she help believing that they were all as glad of her fame as she was?

"I have wanted to meet you so much!" said a breathless young girl.

"We were just talking of you, Jeannette," said Cora. "Someone insisted on quoting your poetical works, and quoted them wrong. How does that troubadour thing begin?"

Jeannette gave the first two lines.

"Oh, say it all. I don't know that one," urged the young girl.

"Ah, do," said several polite voices; and

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so Jeannette said it, leaning against a table, her cheeks flushing with the thrill of the moment. The quiet spread through the room, reaching distant groups, who paused and looked about. There was a covert exchange of glances and smiles and eyebrow liftings. It would have been a pleasing poem, read quietly by oneself, with no counter-currents of feeling in the air.

"We heard only the end; do say it over again," complained someone at the other end of the room, pinching the hand of the girl next her; and poor Jeannette did, standing happily before them all, her heart big with love of her lines and of these dear people who loved them too. They had drawn back, leaving a cleared space between her and a keen-faced, spectacled man of about forty who sat in the centre of a group, all now intent on her.

"Do say something else," suggested another; and how could Jeannette hear the irony in her voice, with the young girl's eager "Oh, do!" close beside her? So she went on generously, glad to do it, since it pleased them so much. She gave them "Red Roses," then "Revelation" and "The Hour." She saw the keen man in spectacles whisper a question in an interlude of applause, and averted her eyes that she might not seem to know that she was being explained to him. And so she did not see the muffled laughter of his informer, or the grave, sensitive frown of the man.

"More, please," they chorused. One had a watch out and was making a whispered bet. Jeannette would have gone on, but the man in spectacles rose.

"I protest; I am sure she is tired," he put in. "We have worked her hard enough." He came down the room to Jeannette and leaned against the table beside her, with a shrewd glance for her brilliant eyes and tremulous hands.

"I am not tired at all," she assured him. "There is such stimulation in things you have written yourself. Every little word means so much to you—even if it is quite ordinary to everyone else."

"Yes, that is true," he assented.

"Oh, do you write, too?" She spoke in pleased surprise. There was a murmur of laughter from the group about them.

"Why, this is Mr. Stirling!" half a dozen voices cried, and then the laughter, let loose, ran through the whole room.

Jeannette stared at him in sudden, sick dismay. Of course she recognized him now—the face of the portraits, only still more keen, more lined, under the rough gray hair. Stirling, the master—and she had been offering up her foolish little poems, thrusting on one of the greatest writers of the age her childish attempts at literature, her trivial personality. And they had led her on, let her make a spectacle of herself. She turned in quick reproach to the others, still not dreaming that they had been anything but inadvertent; but in that revealing instant she saw and understood. They were shaking with laughter, trying to stifle it back, laughing with pinched hands and significant eyes, whispering comments. They had not wanted the poems—only her confusion. They did not rejoice with her, but found her ridiculous for taking her toy fame seriously, and were contemptuous and resentful. And she had been a fool. In the drawing of a breath she had read their faces, and knew that she stood alone. She lifted her eyes to the man beside her.

"I didn't know it was—you," she faltered. "You must have thought me a—presump——. It was a horrible thing to do anyway. I—didn't realize it before."

He frowned with a nervous jerk of his shoulders, as though to be near such palpable suffering were intolerable to him.

"Oh, don't mind. Nothing is worth it," he muttered vaguely. Then he pulled himself together with a sharp breath.

"I am jealous," he said to the others. "Why don't you ask me to recite something? I can't let a young woman take all the glory."

They were about him in an instant, amazed and excited. It was well known that Stirling had never been induced to read or recite his own works, in spite of besieging hostesses and bribing lecture bureaus.

"Oh, Mr. Stirling! If you would! We couldn't dare—we thought you never did!"

He set his teeth at the chorus, and began instantly on the succeeding quiet, a light and swinging sea ballad of no great importance. Jeannette alone realized just why he had done it, and why he sat beside her afterward, and the kindness stung her pride more than the laughter had. And yet she could have died for him in her gratitude.

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The affair left inevitable echoes. A weekly paper published a cruelly amusing paragraph about a young literary light who had been invited to hear a great lion recite, but had insisted on spouting her own works with such fluency that the lion had no chance to open his lips. People told it with laughter, or to justify their impatience of the modern young woman. Yet on the whole, Stirling's endorsement of her more than counterbalanced the ridicule. By publicly taking her seriously, he had made all who looked on eager to prove that they, too, were appreciative, and this brought tangible results. But nothing could help Jeannette, who had been made a fool of, and knew it. She refused all invitations and kept to herself as much as possible, learning in a few weeks lessons that as a rule are mercifully spread over years. She attained sophistication, as she had fame, at one bound.

II

JEANNETTE went swiftly down the quiet street toward the telegraph office, her cheeks blazing, the letter clenched in her hand. "There is a tide in the affairs of men—" kept beating exultantly through her thoughts. Here was her chance. That this giant among magazines was kind to her work had always seemed a breathless wonder to her incurable humility; the three years had taught her to assume the proper tone of deprecating indifference about her success, but she could never lose the inner sense of being in some way an impostor—she was really so little, if they could only know! And now the giant needed her, Jeannette; was ready to intrust her with an important mission. There would be months in the Orient, months of fascinating work, honor and glory—and the good money. A serious illness and the succeeding months of idleness under the burning blue of the California sky made that prospect a delicious relief. She was wholly well now, ready and eager for work. And the letter breathed haste: in a week she would be on the ocean. Oh, life was good!

A man came out of a great garden, jealously walled with an eighteen-foot evergreen hedge, and paused to smile at her.

"You're the most blooming patient I have, Miss Keith, a walking advertisement for me," he said. Jeannette started, then put out her hand.

"Oh, Dr. Scott! Indeed, I *am* well. I am going to work again."

"Glad to hear it. You've a confrère in there—" he nodded back toward the hedge —"who'd like to be in your shoes. Stirling may be a great writer, but as a patient——"

"Stirling!" Jeannette's heart gave a swift throb. "Stirling here!"

"Yes. It seems he has been hiding in Mintern's studio, driving at a big piece of work—and fed through a hole in the wall, I fancy. The Minterns all look rather exhausted. Then yesterday they persuaded him to take some exercise, and he was brought home with a sprained wrist—right wrist at that. He's sitting there cursing and trying to write with his left hand, poor fellow!"

"Why doesn't he just rest for a while?" asked Jeannette, with averted eyes.

"Oh, he's tied up with a big contract; the book has to be done in three months, or heaven knows what happens. Well, he can't do it, that's all," said the doctor comfortably, and went on his way.

Jeannette walked more and more slowly, the letter in her hand forgotten. Stirling here, and in trouble! She had never seen him since that day three years before—she could not laugh at it, even yet; but the terrible, aching gratitude had never relaxed. Her life had been strangely pervaded by him: his picture on her wall and his books on her table were only the outer signs. And now he needed help himself, this great man who had once understood and been sorry for a little fool. She stood irresolute before the telegraph office for some minutes, then thrust the letter into the front of her white linen shirt and turned back.

The evergreen hedge loomed forbiddingly. In one corner an arch had been cut for the little green gate that led direct to the studio, a diminutive stucco building with a red-tiled roof, buried in a corner of the garden. Trembling with the audacity of her errand, Jeannette pushed open the gate and crept past tall rows of standard roses, like brilliant birds resting on one slim leg, until she stood at the wire screen door that opened into the studio. At the table in the centre sat a man with one arm in a sling, trying doggedly to write with his left hand. As she

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watched the keen, worn face under the rough gray hair all Jeannette's fear suddenly fell away from her. He was helpless and pathetic, "poor boy" to the quick tenderness of the discovery. She could have laughed and cried over him, her lion struggling like a child with his first copybook. She knocked lightly and walked in.

Stirling looked up with a frown. "Well?" he demanded irritably. There was no glimmer of recognition.

"I have come to see if I can't help you," said Jeannette.

"Ah! Christian Science?" His smile was not pleasant.

"No, type-writer;" Jeannette's was. His face relaxed a little. "Couldn't you dictate to me, Mr. Stirling?" she went on. "I am quick and intelligent."

"So I see;" there was malice in that, but she waited unperturbed. "Well, then," he went on, "for one thing, I can't think in the same room with one of those jabbering machines."

"But I can use a pencil, and copy at home."

"For another thing, a dozen poor devils have tried to take dictation from me. The women all cried in the first half hour."

"I won't cry," said Jeannette.

"Oh, yes, you will. I am the most patient and reasonable of men when I am not writing;" he eyed her shrewdly, as though to see if she had heard otherwise: "but when I am at work I am apt to be—irritable. Perhaps even impolite."

"I dare say," said Jeannette. "Shall I come in the morning?" He stared at her.

"I wonder if you could help me out," he exclaimed, half to himself. "I am in a bad hole. If there is any human way that the book can be finished——" he broke off to frown at the uncertain scrawling in front of him. "What is your name?" he added abruptly.

"Smith—Jane Smith," said Jeannette.

"Well, Jane Smith, come at nine in the morning, and bring two pocket-handkerchiefs; also a big brother to avenge the slights put upon your understanding."

"Very well," and she turned to go. He stopped her at the door.

"How about price? What do you want for being bullied by the day?" For the first time she winced.

"Oh, wait and see what I am worth," she said hastily, and made her escape.

The last sunlight slanting under the sycamores spread a golden haze down the quiet street, and from every garden came the breath of violets, purple, white, and light blue. Life was very big and sweet, when one could pay great debts. Jeannette's eyes were luminous as she went to her own room and bent her face to the heliotrope that thrust its heavy blossoms to her window ledge. Something rustled in the front of her shirt waist, and with a start she drew out the letter. Again before her lay all the adventure of the Orient, work and fame and the good money she so needed. "Taken at the flood——" A realization of what this was costing her sent a quick rush of tears to her eyes, but she did not let them fall.

"I am glad of it, glad and grateful," she said clearly.

. . . . . .

"Well, Jane Smith, here are three weeks gone, and you haven't cried yet. Are you a remarkable young woman, or have I been uncommonly forbearing?"

"I think I must be a remarkable young woman," said Jeannette demurely.

"Oh, you do!" He shot an amused glance at her. "You don't know what I can be. The last young woman said I threw a book at her."

"She probably deserved it."

"She deserved a hatchet!" He paused in front of her, eying her with a quizzical intentness that always made her uneasy. "Seriously, Jane Smith, you are too good for this sort of thing. Why don't you earn your living in some bigger way? Did you ever try to write?"

"Oh, perhaps—a little." Jeannette was busy with her notes.

"Bring me something you have written. I will tell you whether it is any good or not." She gathered up her papers and rose.

"No, thank you," she said.

"Why not?" He was openly surprised. "I don't wish to sound complacent, but, my dear young woman, don't you realize that this is the chance of your life? Bring anything—poem, story, fashion article. I am curious to see what you would do."

"No," said Jeannette.

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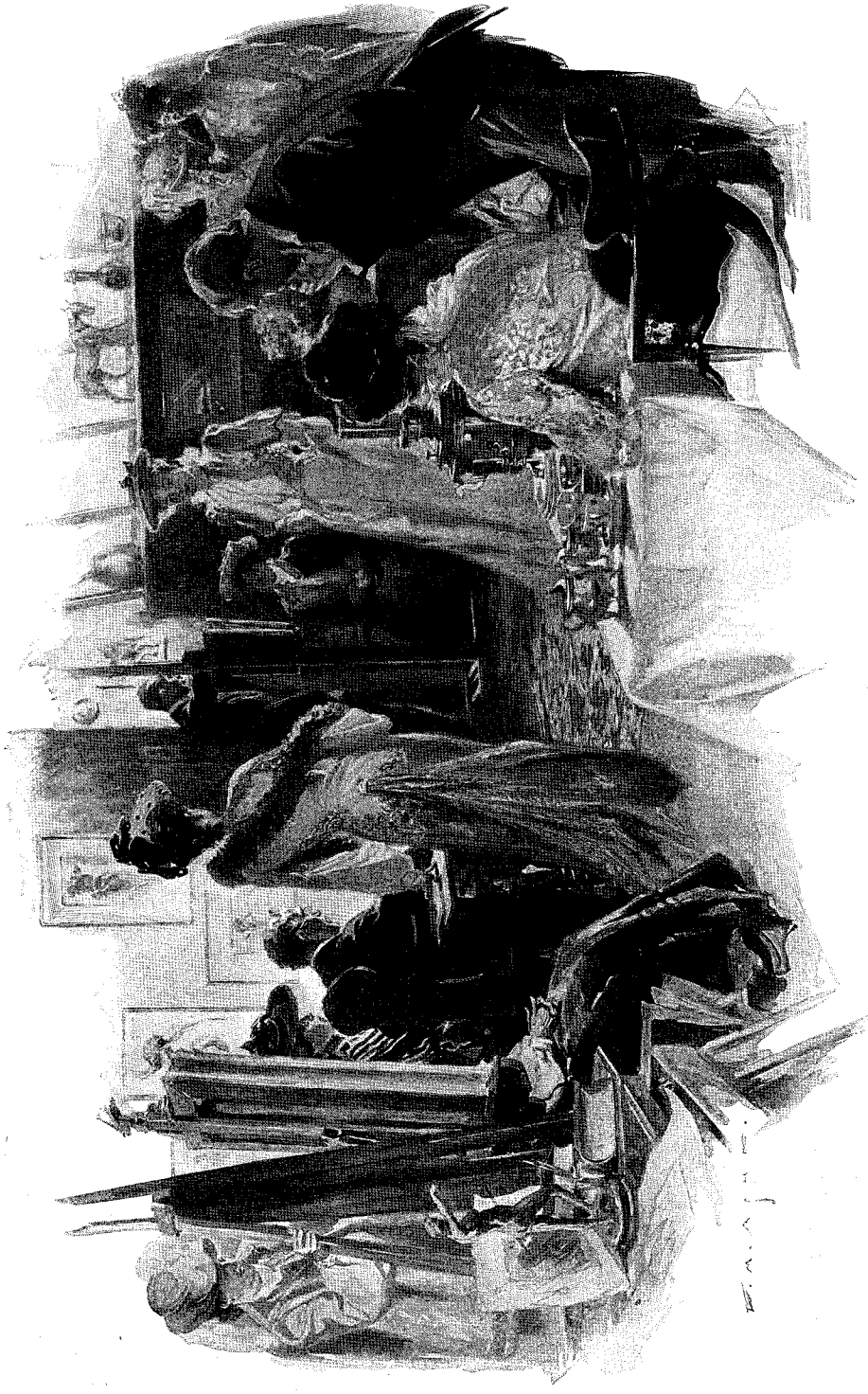

"More, please," they chorused.—Page 702.

Drawn by E. M. Ashe.

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"Very well, then, don't!" And he turned his back on her, refusing to answer her good-by. Jeannette laughed softly to herself all the way to the gate. What a little boy he could be on occasion, this lion!

It was a week before Stirling again betrayed a gleam of personal interest in his amanuensis. The work progressed wonderfully, and on the whole peacefully, for Jeannette was quick to learn what irritated him and to acquire the proper degree of unobtrusiveness, while the fervor of her unspoken enthusiasm was an unconfessed stimulus. But there came a day when everything went wrong. Stirling mumbled his words; then, meekly requested to repeat, did so with unnecessary and exasperating loudness. A passage that would not shape itself to suit him set him tramping wrathfully about the studio, stumbling at intervals over the stuffed head of a bear-skin rug. At the third encounter he kicked the rug violently into a corner, with a rush of smothered words.

"I didn't catch that last," murmured Jeannette, not without malice. He faced her with a glare of angry spectacles.

"I said I wished I had the use of my right hand, and needn't depend on any deaf and dumb she-blockhead that came my way!"

In her heart Jeannette had nothing but laughter, but she felt that the time had come for discipline. Very deliberately she gathered up pencil, knife, and papers.

"Ah! Now you're going to cry. I thought it was about time," snapped Stirling, watching her with furtive uneasiness.

"No; but I am going home," she said severely. "I think you need a day's rest."

"You are not here to think, Jane Smith!" But the bravado was very thin, and the dismay so palpable that Jeannette suddenly laughed.

"Oh, you don't really feel as savage as you think, my master," she said, the little name slipping out before she knew. "Walk about the garden for half an hour, and then we will go on." His face relaxed into instant amiability.

"It is you who bully me," he complained. "Come out with me and smell the roses—it will be good for your wicked temper." And so they went out together into the splendor of the garden, little Jeannette and the great Stirling. "If this be I, as I suppose it be!" she thought, with a gasp of realization. A fleeting vision of the Orient and fame and money only made her smile.

"What is it, Jane Smith? Let me smile, too," said Stirling, shuffling his feet contentedly in the warm gravel.

"Well—I was thinking how my knees shook the first time I came in that gate. I was terribly in awe of you, Mr. Stirling!"

"And aren't you now?"

She laughed. "You can't be afraid of a man who has called you a she-blockhead."

"Don't! Did I really?" He looked distressed. "I beg your pardon, Jane Smith. You are not a she-blockhead. You are—" he broke off and stooped to test the softness of a little golden orange—"a nice, intelligent, self-respecting young working girl," he added presently. "Why were you in awe of me?"

"Didn't you ever tremble before great authors when you were a young nobody?"

"But I wrote, too—respect was natural; you don't, you know." The penetrating glance was on her, and to her dismay she felt the color rise in her cheeks. She looked at him appealingly, leaning against the back of a bench. He started.

"Jane Smith, where have I seen you before?" he demanded. She turned hastily away. Surely he was not going to remember—she could not bear that! She took advantage of the postman's coming to ignore the question, and busied herself slitting open his letters for him; but she was still conscious of his glance, uneasy with some vague recollection, as they dropped down on the bench under the fig-tree.

"And so you don't look up to me any more," he went on presently; "I suppose now I am just any cross old party who gives you work." Jeannette smiled to herself.

"Yes—just any cross old party," she assented.

"And you took the job because you're a hateful little Puritan and have to do the most disagreeable work you can find, if you want to sleep in peace," he added, openly irritated.

"I took it to pay a debt," said Jeannette soberly.

"Oh, I dare say you are earning medicines and comforts for your dying grandmother—it would be like you;" and he frankly turned his back on her. She laughed and waited contentedly while he went through

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"You're the most blooming patient I have, Miss Keith."—Page 703.

his letters. Presently he turned with a triumphant "There!" holding up a sheet in a feminine handwriting.

"There's a young woman whom I set on her literary feet; and distinctly good, able feet they were. And now Dunning has sent her out to the far East to do a series of articles for the magazine. See what you might come to, in time, but for your infernal pride and obstinacy! She can write, that woman; and this is a big chance for her."

"Yes, it must be," said Jeannette, with an unexpected pang. She did not often remember that she had paid a price for her service. Stirling turned the page and paused to stare abstractedly into space; then he shot a swift look at the downcast profile beside him.

"Oh, no—impossible!" he muttered. Jeanette started and moved restlessly under the disquieting stare.

"Shall we go back to work?" He roused himself with a puzzled sigh.

"Yes, Jane Smith, let us go back to work."

Stirling's wrist healed rapidly. A week later it was out of its sling, and care and massage rapidly brought it back to its normal powers. Then Jeannette faced the knowledge that she must leave her enchanted garden. Not but what writing

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down Stirling's living words seemed a far more valuable labor than the creation of her own little tales; but the salary of even a well-paid amanuensis is not large, and her bank account was alarmingly low, while on her desk were orders for work that could not be disregarded. The day he boasted that his wrist was as good as new, she told him.

"Go? Leave me?" He spoke with such blank dismay that she stumbled on the one explanation that she must not offer.

"But I have to get to work!"

"Get to work! Aren't you working here? Heavens and earth! What harder or more unpleasant task has your everlasting conscience dug up? Why, woman, we'll have the book done in four weeks, at this rate. I never worked better in my life. Why, you can't leave me now!"

Quick tears rose in Jeannette's eyes.

"Oh, my master, I don't want to leave you!" she cried impulsively. "But you can get along now, and I must." Stirling stood staring down at the floor in silence. Then he threw himself into a chair with a long sigh.

"Well, you know best, Jane Smith," he said, gently.

So Jeannette went sadly out past the standard roses and closed the little green gate for the last time. The debt was paid. She opened her desk and fell to work, doggedly, drearily, her heart heavy for her reluctant lion and her own loneliness. At the close of the tenth day she carried a thick envelope of manuscript to the post-office. The late sunlight was slanting under the sycamores, but there was no golden haze down the quiet street, and the violets pinned to her blouse only doubled her burden. While her manuscript was being weighed she stared listlessly at the announcements pinned up beside the window—a dog lost, a bunch of keys found. Suddenly a little laugh broke from her, and she put out an impulsive hand. In the rack for unclaimed letters was one to "Jane Smith, Literary Amanuensis."

"My dear lion!" she murmured with shining eyes as she tore it open. It was dated three days before.

DEAR, GOOD AND KIND JANE SMITH:

Please, please come back to the cross old party. He can't do without you. The book has all gone to pot. It has been a hell of a week. My wrist can write, but it won't. You helped me, Jane Smith, as no one else ever did or could. I have hunted the town over for you this week—looked behind every bush and under every hedge. I know you want to come back (for I made you cry once, Jane Smith!), but you think the work is not hard and disagreeable enough. I will throw books at you daily, if that will help. Don't leave me in the lurch like this, there's a good girl. I need you. S.

She stood at the wire screen door that opened into the studio. —Page 703.

When Jeannette came into the street again the air was living gold-dust, and the warm breath of her violets made her heart beat heavily as she opened the little green gate in the hedge.

Stirling was at the table where she had first seen him, slouched dejected-

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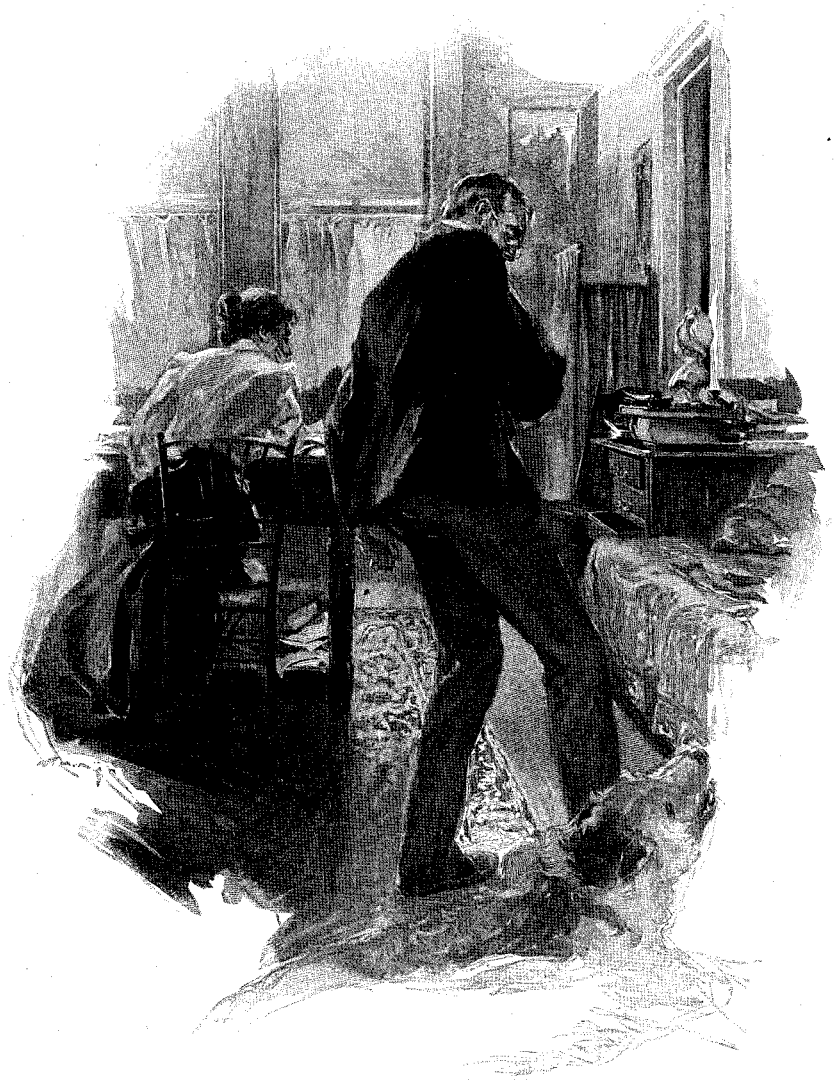

He kicked the rug violently into a corner.—Page 706.

ly down in his chair, idle hands sunk in his pockets. His face seemed to Jeannette very worn and lined. A little sound of compassion rose in her throat. She opened the door and stood before him, smiling tremulously.

"I got your letter," she said.

"Jane Smith!" he had both her hands, his face transfigured. "Oh, dear, good, kind Jane Smith! You've come back."

"I had to." She drew away her hands, flushing, and turned nervously to his papers. "What have you written—have you gone very far?"

"I have gone all over this town with a microscope. Where do you live, that nobody knows you, mysterious woman?"

"But your wrist was quite well. Surely you didn't need me as badly as that!"

"My wrist didn't, perhaps. Tell me about yourself," he urged. "How do you come to be you, living in this little town? Where did you get it all? I have thought and thought about it till I can't sleep nights. I can't explain you. Who are you, Jane Smith?"

For a moment she was sorely tempted;

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but the memory of that miserable afternoon three years before quenched the impulse.

"Oh, I am just an intelligent, self-respecting young working girl," she said. "I want to hear about the book."

"Bother the book! I haven't touched it since you left. You took the whole garden with you, Jane Smith; there hasn't been a rose or a bird or a ray of sunlight, or even a little orange tree. I don't see how you got them all in your pocket—one small woman. Have you brought them back with you? Turn out your pocket and let me see!"

He had come very close to her and the color throbbed in her cheeks; but she could not believe, for she was only Jeannette, while he was Stirling.

"I brought some," she said with bright courage, turning to the door. "The orange tree is back—I knew you would miss that. Can you wait till morning for the rest?"

"You are not going away—oh, I don't dare let you!" His dismay made her laugh. "What if you should disappear again?"

"I promise not to."

"Tell me at least where you live, or I shan't be able to sleep!"

She shook her head. "No; you must have faith. If you ask me that, a swan will come and carry me off."

"Anyway, you came back, Jane Smith!"

"Oh, if you care to boast about it——! Good-night."

"I shall follow you to the gate and see which way you go."

"Very well; you won't learn anything." They went out past the little orange tree, laughing light-heartedly. She closed the green gate firmly between them.

"Oh, I shan't follow, but I shall watch," declared Stirling, planting his elbows on the top. "You came back, Jane Smith!" he called after her exultingly. She went down the street smiling to herself. Dr. Scott, passing her, called a jovial greeting, but she nodded without seeing him. She had flung away the facts of life and was conscious only of her enchanted garden.

In the morning she came back with a very chorus of singing birds under her fresh white shirt; but Stirling's face chilled them to scared silence. He looked grave and old and very tired, and he made no answer to her greeting. She took her place and pretended to sharpen her pencil, waiting breathlessly. At last it came:

"Miss Keith, why didn't you accept that commission Dunning offered you? You must have realized what an opportunity it was."

When the silence had grown unendurable, Jeannette forced a stammered answer:

"I had something else I—wanted to do."

"I knew from a letter that Dunning had first offered the work to Jeannette Millington Keith and she had refused it," he went on. "We were sitting under the fig-tree when I read it, and the name startled me, made me look at you. But it seemed too fantastic. Then last night as you went away Dr. Scott stopped and spoke of you—as Miss Keith. I can't make out why you have done it. I have been thinking about it all night," he added wearily.

"But Jane Smith could help you so simply, without explanations," she urged. "Besides," and her eyes fell, "I hated to have you remember—that little fool. It was so dreadful! And you came and helped me out." Her voice broke. "Oh, my master, I have waited all this time for a chance to help you! I wanted it more than anything on earth. Don't be angry because I found it!"

"And you gave up all that——!"

The silence that followed seemed to supply the sequence. When he spoke, it was as though it had all been said.

"Jane Smith had nothing to lose, don't you see? But you have your work, your own career; it isn't right that you should be swallowed whole in mine. And you would be; I know you, Jane Smith! I should try to be unselfish, but you would frustrate me always, and I should learn to accept it. Oh, everything is spoiled!" He flung himself into a chair, his hand across his eyes. She came and stood beside him.

"Was it Jane Smith, Literary Amanuensis, that you wanted?" she whispered.

"No." He had turned his head away, but she laid her hands on his arm.

"Then don't be—unselfish for me!" she pleaded. "What is my little work compared to helping yours! My master, I—I want to be swallowed whole!" She was on her knees now, her cheek against his shoulder. "There isn't anything else in the whole world."

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"It's wrong—it's unfair," he muttered, but he turned his head. Then their eyes met, and the shadows fled away. "I know—you think this is the hardest and most unpleasant task of all; that's why you want it," he complained, to cover his yielding.

"But—you're glad?"

He pressed her palms against his coat, where they could feel the beating of his heart.

"Oh, Jane Smith, you have brought back the whole garden!"

"It's wrong—it's unfair," he muttered.

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Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

The quarter-deck of the *Java* before the surrender

The *Constitution* is in the background firing the last broadside. The ensign of the *Java* was flying on the stump of the mizzen mast.
—Page 715.

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THE WAR OF 1812

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. REUTERDAHL, CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, AND STANLEY M. ARTHURS

VI

THE WINTER OF 1812–1813*

Bainbridge's Squadron: Actions between *Constitution* and *Java*, *Hornet* and *Peacock*.—Increasing pressure on Atlantic Coast.—American plans of campaign on lake frontier, 1813.

WE come now to the fortunes of the squadron under Commodore William Bainbridge, the third which sailed from the United States in October, 1812. It consisted of the *Constitution* and sloop-of-war *Hornet*, then in Boston, and of the *Essex*, the only 32-gun frigate in the Navy, fitting for sea in the Delaware. The original armament of the latter, from which she derived her rate, had been changed to forty 32-pounder carronades and six long twelves; total, forty-six guns. It is noticeable that this battery, which ultimately contributed not merely to her capture, but to her almost helplessness under the fire of an enemy able to maintain his distance out of carronade range, was strongly objected to by Captain Porter. On October 14th he applied to be transferred to the *Adams*, giving as reasons "my insuperable dislike to carronades, and the bad sailing of the *Essex*, which render her, in my opinion, the worst frigate in the service." The request was not granted, and Porter sailed in command of the ship on October 28th, the two other vessels having left Boston on the 26th.

In order to facilitate a junction, Bainbridge had sent Porter full details of his intended movements. The substance of these, in brief, will give his views as to a well-planned commerce-destroying cruise. Starting about October 25th, he would steer first a course not differing greatly from the general direction taken by Rodgers and Decatur, to the Cape Verde Islands, where he would fill with water, and by November 27th sail for the island Fernando de Noronha, two hundred and fifty miles south of the Equator, and two hundred miles from the mainland of Brazil, then a Portuguese colony, of which the island was a dependency. The trade winds being fair for this passage, he hoped to leave there by December 15th, and to cruise south along the Brazilian coast as far as Rio de Janeiro, until January 15th. Actually, the meeting of the *Constitution* with the *Java* cut short her proceedings at this point; but Bainbridge had purposed to stay yet another month along the Brazilian coast, between Rio and St. Catherine's, three hundred miles south. Thence he would cross the South Atlantic to the neighborhood of St. Helena, remaining just beyond sight of it, to intercept returning British Indiamen, which frequently stopped there. Porter failed to overtake the other vessels, on account of the bad sailing of the *Essex*. He arrived at Fernando de Noronha, December 14th, one day before that fixed by Bainbridge as his last there; but the *Constitution* and *Hornet* had already gone on to Bahia, on the Brazilian mainland, seven hundred miles to the southwest, leaving a letter for him to proceed off Cape Frio, sixty miles from the entrance of Rio. He reached this rendezvous on the 25th, but saw nothing of Bainbridge, who had been detained off Bahia by conditions there. The result was that the *Essex* never found her consorts, and in the end struck out a career for herself, which belongs rather to a subsequent period of the war. We therefore leave her spending her Christmas off Cape Frio.

The two other vessels had arrived off Bahia on December 13th. Here was lying a British sloop-of-war, the *Bonne Citoyenne*, understood to have on board a very large amount of specie for England. The American vessels blockaded her for some days, and then Captain Lawrence chal-

*A map showing the place of the naval actions mentioned in this article is to be found in the March number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, page 343.

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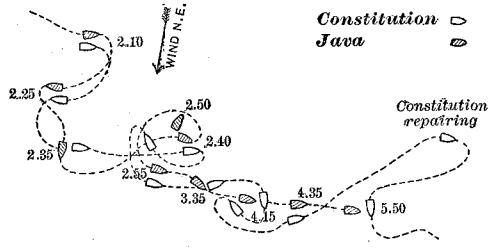
lenged her to single combat; Bainbridge acquiescing, and pledging his honor that the *Constitution* should remain out of the way, or at least not interfere. The British captain, properly enough, declined. That



From Naval Chronicle, Vol. XXIX, p. 405

Plan of the engagement between *Constitution* and *Java*.

his ship and her reported value were detaining two American vessels from wider depredations was a reason more important than any fighting-cock glory to be had from an arranged encounter on equal terms, and should have sufficed him without expressing a doubt as to Bainbridge's good faith. On the 26th the Commodore, leaving Lawrence alone to watch the British sloop, stood out to sea with the *Constitution*, cruising well off shore; and thus on the 29th, at 9 A.M., being then five miles south of the port, and some miles from land, discovered two strange sail, which were the British frigate *Java*, Captain Henry Lambert, with an American ship, prize to her, going to Bahia for water.

Upon seeing the *Constitution* in the south-southwest, the British captain shaped his course for her, directing the prize to enter the harbor. Bainbridge, watching these movements, now tacked his ship, and at 11.30 A.M. steered away southeast under all plain sail, to draw the enemy well away from neutral waters; the Portuguese authorities having shown some sensitiveness on that score. The *Java* followed, running full ten miles an hour, a great speed in those days, and gaining rapidly. At 1.30, being now as far off shore as desired, Bainbridge went about and stood toward the enemy, who kept away with a view to rake, which the *Constitution* avoided by the usual means of wearing, resuming her course southeast, but under canvas much reduced. At 2.10, the *Java* having closed to a half mile, the *Constitution* fired one gun ahead of her; whereupon the British ship hoisted her colors, and the American then fired two broadsides. The *Java* now took up a position to windward of the *Constitution*, on her left—port—side, a little forward; "within pistol shot," according to the minutes submitted by the officer who succeeded to the command; "much further than I wished," by Bainbridge's journal. It is not possible entirely to reconcile the pretty full details of further movements given by each; but it may be said generally that this battle was not mainly an artillery duel, like those of the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*, the *Wasp* and *Frolic*, nor yet one in which a principal manœuvre, by its decisive effect upon the use of artillery, played the determining part, as was the case with the *United States* and *Macedonian*. Here it was a combination of the two factors, a succession of evolutions resembling the changes of position, the retreats and advances, of a fencing or boxing match, in which the opponents work round the ring; accompanied by a continual play of the guns, answering to the thrusts and blows of individual encounter. In this game of manœuvres the *Constitution* was somewhat handicapped by her wheel being shot away at 2.30. The rudder remained unharmed; but working a ship by relieving tackles, the substitute for the wheel, is for several reasons neither as quick nor as accurate.

Certain salient incidents stand out in both accounts, marking the progress of the engagement. Shortly before three o' clock the head of the *Java's* bowsprit was shot away, and with it went the jib-boom. At this time, the fore and mainmasts of the British frigate being badly wounded, with all the rigging cut to pieces, Captain Lambert looked upon the day as lost unless he could board. The sailing master having been sent below wounded, the first lieutenant, whose account is here followed, was directed to run the ship alongside the enemy; but the helm was hardly put up when the foremast went overboard, at five minutes past three, a time in which both accounts agree. The British narrative states that the stump of their bowsprit caught in the mizzen rigging of the *Constitution*. This Bainbridge does not mention; but, if correct, the contact did not last long, for the *Constitution* immediately wore across the *Java's* bow, and the latter's maintop-mast

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followed the foremast at 3.15. The British frigate was now a ship beaten beyond recovery; nevertheless the flag was kept flying, and it was after this that Captain Lambert fell, mortally wounded. Resistance was continued until 4.05 by the American accounts, till 4.35 by the British. Then, the enemy's mizzen-mast having fallen, and nothing left standing but the main lower mast, the *Constitution* shot ahead to repair damages. There was no more firing, but the *Java's* colors remained up till 5.25—5.50 by the British times—when they were hauled down as the *Constitution* returned. The American loss was nine killed and twenty-five wounded; that of the British, by their official accounts, twenty-two killed, one hundred and two wounded.

The superiority in broadside weight of fire of the *Constitution* over the *Java* was about the same as over the *Guerrière*—fifty per cent. The *Java's* crew was stronger in number than that of the *Guerrière*, mustering about four hundred, owing to having on board a hundred supernumeraries for the East India station, to which the ship was ultimately destined. On the other hand, the material of the ship's company is credibly stated to have been extremely inferior, a condition frequently complained of by British officers at this late period of the Napoleonic wars. It has also been said, in apparent extenuation of her defeat, that although six weeks out from England, having sailed November 12th, and greater part of that time necessarily in the trade winds, with their usual good weather, the men had never been exercised firing the guns until December 28th, the day before meeting the *Constitution*, when six broadsides of blank cartridges were discharged. Whatever excuse may exist in the individual instance for such neglect, it is scarcely receivable in bar of judgment when disaster follows. No particular reason is given, except "the many services of a newly fitted ship, lumbered with stores;" for in such latitudes the other allegation, "a succession of gales of wind since the day of departure,"* is incredible. On broad general grounds the *Java* needed no apology for being beaten by a ship so much heavier; and the *Constitution's* loss in killed and wounded was over double that suffered from the *Guerrière* four months before, when the American ship had substantially the same crew.† Further, Bainbridge, having landed his prisoners under parole in Bahia, relieving him of the encumbrance which took Hull back to Boston, reported to his government that "the damage received in the action, but more especially the decayed state of the *Constitution*, made it necessary to return to the United States for repairs." Although Lieutenant Chads, who succeeded Lambert, was mistaken in supposing the American ship bound to the East Indies, he was evidently justified in claiming that the stout resistance of the *Java* had broken up the enemy's cruise, thus contributing to the protection of the British commerce.

The *Java* was considered by Bainbridge too much injured to be worth taking to the United States. She was therefore set on fire December 31st, and the *Constitution* returned to Bahia. Thence she sailed for home January 6, 1813; reaching Boston February 27th. Before his departure the Commodore gave orders to Captain Lawrence, leaving him to blockade Bahia as long as seemed advisable, but to beware of a British seventy-four, said to be on the coast. When it became expedient, he was to quit the position and move northward; first off Pernambuco, and thence to the coast of Cayenne, Surinam, and Demerara, a favorite cruising ground for American commerce-destroyers. The *Hornet* was to be in Boston in the first fortnight of April.

In pursuance of these discretionary orders Lawrence remained off Bahia for eighteen days, till January 24th, when the expected seventy-four, the *Montagu*, appeared, forcing him into the harbor; but the same night he came out, giving her the slip, and proceeded on his cruise. On February 24th, off the Demerara River, he encountered the British brig-of-war *Peacock*, a vessel of the same class as the *Frolic*, which was captured a few months before by the *Wasp*, sister ship to the *Hornet*. There was no substantial difference in size between these two approaching antagonists; but, unfortunately for the equality of the contest, the *Peacock* carried 24-pounder carronades, instead of the 32's which were her proper armament. Her battery power was therefore but two-thirds that of the *Hornet*.

* James's Naval History, Edition 1824, Vol. V, p. 313.

† Bainbridge in a private letter speaks of the men looking forward to prize money for the *Guerrière* on their return.

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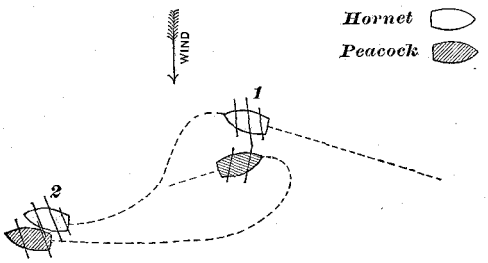
The vessels crossed on opposite tacks, exchanging broadsides within half pistol-shot, the *Hornet* to windward. The *Peacock* then wore; observing which, Lawrence kept off at once for her and ran on board her starboard quarter—right hand, aft. In this position the engagement was hot for about fifteen minutes, when the *Peacock* surrendered, hoisting a flag union down, in signal



Plan of engagement between *Hornet* and *Peacock*.

of distress. She had already six feet of water in her hold. Being on soundings, in less than six fathoms, both anchored, and every effort was made to save the British vessel; but she sank, carrying down nine of her own crew and three of the *Hornet's*. Her loss in action was her commander and four men killed, and twenty-nine wounded, of whom three died; that of the American vessel, one killed and two wounded. The inequality in armament detracts inevitably from glory in achievement; but the credit of readiness and efficiency is established for Lawrence and his crew by prompt action and decisive results. So, also, defeat is not inglorious under such odds; but it remains to the discredit of the British commander that his ship did no more execution, when well within the most effective range of her guns. In commenting upon this engagement, after noticing the dandy neatness of the *Peacock*, James says, "neglect to exercise the ship's company at the guns prevailed then over two-thirds of the British navy; to which the Admiralty, by their sparing allowance of powder and shot for practice, were in some degree instrumental."

With the survivors of the *Peacock* and prisoners from other prizes, Captain Lawrence found himself now with 277 souls on board and only thirty-four hundred gallons of water. There was at hand no friendly port where to deposit his captives, and provisions were running short. He therefore steered for the United States, and arrived at Holmes's Hole on the 19th of March.

The capture of the *Peacock* was the last of five naval duels, three between frigates and two between sloops, all favorable in issue to the United States, which took place in what may justly be considered the first of the three periods into which the War of 1812 obviously divides. Great Britain, long reluctant to accept the fact of war as irreversible, did not begin to put forth her strength, or to exercise the measures of repression open to her, until the winter of 1812–13 was drawing to a close. On the 13th of October, satisfied that the mere news of the revocation of the Orders in Council would not induce any change in the American determination, the hitherto deferred authority for general reprisals was given; but accompanying them was an express provision that they were not to be understood as recalling the declaration which Warren had been commissioned to make, in order to effect a suspension of hostilities. On the 27th of November, however, hopes from this source having apparently disappeared, directions were sent the admiral to institute a rigorous commercial blockade of Delaware and Chesapeake Bays; the usual public notification of the fact to neutral Powers, for the information of their shipping affected by it, being issued December 26th, three days before the action between the *Constitution* and *Java*. On the 21st of February, three days before the *Hornet* sank the *Peacock*, Warren wrote that in compliance with the orders of November 27th this blockade had been put in force. The ship *Emily*, from Baltimore for Lisbon, under a British license, with a cargo of flour, was turned back when attempting to put to sea from the Chesapeake, about February 5th; Warren endorsing on her papers that the bay had been placed under rigorous blockade the day before. Captain Stewart, the senior United States officer at Norfolk, notified his government of the facts on February 10th. Soon after, by an Order in Council dated March 30th, the measure was extended to New York, Charleston, Port Royal, Savannah, and the Mississippi River. Later in the year Warren, by a sweeping proclamation, dated November 6th, widened its scope to cover Long Island Sound, inside of Montauk and Black Point, on the Connecticut shore eight miles west of New London; and

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from thence to apply not only to the ports named, but to all inlets whatsoever, southward, as far as the Florida boundary. Newport and the rest of New England remained still exempt.

These restrictions, together with the increase of Warren's force and the operations of 1813 in the Chesapeake, may be considered as initiating the second stage of the war, when Great Britain no longer cherished hopes of any other solution than by the sword, but still was restrained in the exercise of her power by the conflict with Napoleon. With the downfall of the latter, in April, 1814, began the third and final act, when she was at liberty to let loose all her strength, to terminate a conflict at once weakening and exasperating. It is not without significance that the treaty of peace with the restored Bourbon government of France was signed May 30th, 1814, and that on May 31st was issued a proclamation placing under strict and rigorous blockade, not merely specified places, but "all the ports, harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, inlets, outlets, islands, and sea coasts of United States," from the border of New Brunswick to that of Florida. In form, this was, indeed, only the public notification of a measure already instituted by Warren's successor, Cochrane, embracing Newport, Boston, and the East under restrictions heretofore limited to New York—including Long Island Sound—and the coast southward; but it was not merely the assertion of a stringent resolution. It was a clear defiance, in the assurance of conscious power, of a principal contention of the United States, that the measure of blockades against neutrals was not legitimately applicable to whole coasts, but only to specified ports closely watched by a naval force competent to its avowed purpose.

Despite the gathering of the storm, the full force of which was to be expected in the spring, the United States ships-of-war that reached port in the early and middle winter of 1812–13 remained. There is, perhaps, an unrecognized element of "hindsight" in the surprise felt at this fact by a seaman of to-day, knowing the views and wishes of the prominent officers of the Navy at that period. Decatur, with the *United States*, reached New York in December, accompanied by the *Macedonian*. Neither of these vessels got to sea again during the war. By the time they were ready to sail, both outlets to the port were effectually blocked. Rodgers, with the *President* and *Congress*, entered Boston December 31st, but did not leave again until April 23d. The *Constellation*, Captain Stewart, is reported, perhaps erroneously, as nearly ready for sea at Washington, November 26th; waiting only for a few additional hands. Later in the winter she went to Annapolis, to examine her powder, leaving there for Hampton Roads February 1st, on account of the ice. On the 4th, approaching her destination, she discovered two ships-of-the-line, three frigates, and two smaller British vessels, working up from the Capes for the Roads. There was nothing to do in the face of such a force, but to escape up to Norfolk, where she remained effectually shut up for the rest of the war. Bainbridge, as already known, brought the *Constitution* back for repairs in February. Even from Boston she was unable to escape till the following December.

That there were satisfactory reasons for this seeming dilatoriness is assured by the character of the officers. Probably the difficulty of keeping up the ship's companies, in competition with the superior attractions of privateering, and the very high wages offered by the merchants for their hazardous but remunerative commercial voyages, accounted for much. The merchants fitting out their vessels, wrote Hull from New York, October 29th, give such high wages that it is difficult to get either seamen or workmen. Privateering has always tended to injure the regular naval service, where no system of forced enrollment—conscription or impressment—is permitted. Though unquestionably capable of being put by owners on a business basis, as a commercial undertaking, with the individual seaman the appeal of privateering has always been to the elements of chance and gain, which prove so attractive in the lottery. Stewart, an officer of great intelligence and experience in his profession, found a further cause in the heavy ships of the enemy. In the hostilities with France in 1798-1800, he said, "we had nearly four thousand able seamen in the Navy. We could frequently man a frigate in a week. One reason was because the enemy we were then contending with had not afloat (with very few exceptions) vessels superior in rate to frigates. The enemy we are fighting now have ships-of-the-line, and our sailors know the great difference be-

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tween them and frigates, and cannot but feel a degree of reluctance at entering the service from the disparity of force." The reason seems to prove too much; pressed to an extreme, no navy would be able to use light vessels, because the enemy had heavier which might—or might not—be encountered. Certain it is, however, that when the government in the following winter, in order to stop the license trade with the enemy, embargoed all vessels in our ports, much less difficulty was experienced in getting seamen for the Navy.

Whatever the reasons, the only frigates at sea during the first four months of 1813 were the *Essex* and the *Chesapeake*. The former, under Captain Porter, after failing to meet Bainbridge, struck off boldly on her commander's own motion for the Pacific Ocean; and on March 15, 1813, anchored at Valparaiso, preparatory to entering on a very successful career of a year's duration in those seas. The *Chesapeake* had sailed from Boston December 17th, making for the Cape Verde Islands. In their neighborhood she captured two of a British convoy, which, thinking themselves beyond danger, had dispersed for South American destinations. The frigate then proceeded to her cruising ground near the equator, between longitudes 24° and 30° west, where she remained for about a month, taking only one other merchantman. Leaving this position, she was off the coast of Surinam from March 2d to 6th, when she returned to the United States; passing sixty miles east of the Caribbean islands and thence north of Porto Rico and Santo Domingo, as far west as longitude 75, whence she ran parallel to the American coast, reaching Boston April 9th. Having seen nothing between February 5th and March 19th, she then began to meet vessels; speaking eight between the latter date and her arrival. Most of these were Americans, homeward bound from the Spanish Peninsula; the others neutral. The conclusion is evident, that the British were keeping their trade well shepherded in convoys. If a ship like the *Chesapeake* struck one of them, she would probably have to fight the escorting vessel, as the *Wasp* did the *Frolic*, while the merchantmen escaped; but the chances were against her seeing anything. Another evident conclusion, corresponding to the export returns already quoted, is that the enemy had not yet shut down upon the access of American merchant ships to their own coast.

This process was gradual, but steady. It is necessary to keep in mind the distinction between a blockade, in the loose use of the term, which closes a port only to the ships of its own nation, and the commercial blockade which forbids neutrals as well. The former may be intermittent, for the mere fact of war authorizes the capture of the belligerent's shipping, wherever found; hence to intercept them at the mouths of their own harbors is merely a more effectual method of carrying out the measure. A blockade against neutrals requires the permanent presence, before the blockaded port, of a force adequate to make the attempt to enter or leave dangerous. For this many more ships are needed. The British ministry, desirous chiefly to compel the United States to peace, and embarrassed by the gigantic continental strife in which it was engaged, sought at the outset to inflict such harassment on the American coast as would cost the least diversion of strength from the European contest. An ordinary blockade might be tightened or relaxed as convenience demanded; and, moreover, there were as yet, in comparison with American shipping, few neutral vessels to be restrained. Normally, American shipping was adequate to American commerce. The first move, therefore, was to gather upon the coast of the United States all cruisers that could be spared from the Halifax and West India stations; and to dispose along the approaches to the principal ports those that were not needed to repress the privateers in the Bay of Fundy and the waters of Nova Scotia. The action of these privateers, strictly offensive in character, and the course of Commodore Rodgers in sailing with a large squadron, before explained, illustrate exactly how offensive operations promote defensive security. With numbers scanty for their work, and obliged to concentrate instead of scattering, the British, prior to Warren's arrival, had not disposable the cruisers with which greatly to harass even the hostile commerce, still less to institute a commercial blockade. The wish to stock the Spanish Peninsula and the West Indies with provisions contributed further to mitigate the pressure.

These restraining considerations gradually disappeared. Reënforcements arrived.

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Rodgers's squadron returned and could be watched, its position being known. The license trade filled up Lisbon, Cadiz, and the West Indies. Hopes of a change of mind in the American Government lessened. Napoleon's disaster in Russia reversed the outlook in European politics. Step by step the altered conditions were reflected in the measures of the British ministry and navy. For months, only the maritime centres of the Middle States were molested. The senior naval officer at Charleston, South Carolina, wrote on October 14th, four months after war was declared, "Till to-day this coast has been clear of enemy's cruisers; now Charleston is blockaded by three brigs, two very large, and they have captured nine sail within three miles of the bar." The number was increased shortly; and two months later, December 17th, in view of the defenceless state of the inland navigation behind the sea islands, he expressed surprise that it had not been destroyed. In January, 1813, the mouth of the Chesapeake was watched by a ship-of-the-line, two frigates, and a sloop; the commercial blockade not having been yet established. The hostile divisions still remained outside, and American vessels continued to go out and in with comparative facility, both there and at Charleston. A lively trade had sprung up with France by letters of marque; that is, by vessels whose primary object is commerce, and which therefore carry cargoes, but have also guns and are empowered to make prizes, by a commission from the Government. Without such authorization capture is piracy. By February 12th conditions grow worse. The blockaders have entered the Chesapeake, the commercial blockade has been proclaimed, vessels under neutral flags, Spanish and Swedish, are being turned away, and two fine letter-of-marque schooners have been captured inside, one of them after a gallant struggle in which her captain was killed. Nautical misadventures of that kind became frequent. On April 3d three letters of marque and a privateer, which had entered the Rappahannock, were attacked at anchor by boats from Warren's fleet. The letters of marque, with smaller crews, offered little resistance to boarding; but the privateer, having near a hundred men, made a sharp resistance. The Americans lost six killed and ten wounded; the enemy, two killed and eleven wounded.

In like manner the lower Delaware was occupied by one or more ships-of-the-line. Supported thus by a heavy squadron, hostile operations were pushed to the upper waters of both bays, and in various directions; the extensive water communications of the region offering great facilities for depredation. Consternation and incessant disquietude spread through all quarters of the water-side. Light cruisers make their way above Reedy Island, fifty miles from the Capes of the Delaware; coasting vessels are chased into the Severn River, over a hundred miles above Hampton Roads; and a detachment appears even at the mouth of the Patapsco, twelve miles from Baltimore. The destruction of bay craft, and interruption of water traffic, show their effects in the rise of marketing and fuel to double their usual prices. By May 1st, all intercourse by water was stopped, and Philadelphia was also cut off from the lower Delaware. Both Philadelphia and Baltimore were now severed from the sea, and their commerce destroyed, not to revive till after the peace; while alarms, which the near future was to justify, were felt for the land road which connected them. As this crossed the head waters of the Chesapeake, it was open to attack from ships, which was further invited by deposits of goods in transit at Elkton and Frenchtown. Fears for the safety of Norfolk were felt by Captain Stewart, senior naval officer there. "When the means and force of the enemy are considered, and the state of this place for defence, it presents but a gloomy prospect for security." Commodore Murray from Philadelphia reports serious apprehensions, consternation among the citizens, a situation daily more critical, and inadequate provisions for resistance. There, as everywhere, the impotence of the General Government has to be supplemented by local subscription and local energy.

At the same time, both northward and southward of these two great estuaries, the approach of spring brought ever-increasing enemies, big and little, vexing the coasting trade; upon which, then as now, depended largely the exchange of products between different sections of the country. What it meant at that day to be reduced to communication by land may be realized from a contemporary quotation: "Four wagons loaded with dry goods passed to-day through

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Georgetown, South Carolina, for Charleston, *forty-six days* from Philadelphia." "The enemy has commenced his depredations on the coasting trade of the Eastern States on a very extensive scale, by several ships and sloops-of-war, and five or six active privateers. The United States brig *Argus* cruises at the entrance of Long Island Sound for the protection of trade, latterly jeopardized;" a position from which she was soon driven by an overwhelming force. Hull, now commanding at Portsmouth, reports April 9th, "several privateers on the eastern coast, which have been successful in cutting coasters out of several harbors east." May 7th: "A small force is indeed needed here; the enemy appear off the harbor nearly every day. A few days since, a little east of this, they burnt twelve coasters and chased several into this port." The town is defenceless. The Governor of Rhode Island laments to the Legislature "the critical and exposed situation of our fellow-citizens in Newport, who are frequently menaced by the ships and vessels about Point Judith"; mentioning beside, "the burning of vessels in Narragansett Bay, and the destruction of our coasting trade, which deprives us of the usual and very necessary supplies of bread stuffs from other States." The ship *Maddox*, blockaded for two or three months in the Chesapeake, escaped in May, and reached Newport with five thousand barrels of flour. This is said to have reduced the price by $2.50 in Boston, where it was ranging at $17 to $18; while at Cadiz and Lisbon, thanks to British licenses, it stood at $12 to $13. The arrival at Machias of a captured British vessel, laden with wheat, was hailed "as a seasonable supply for the starving inhabitants of the eastward."

Ships returning from abroad necessarily had to pass through the cruisers which interrupted the coasting trade. "Many valuable vessels arrive, making at times hairbreadth escapes." The trade of Baltimore and Philadelphia is thrown back upon New York and Boston; but both of these, and the eastern entrance of Long Island Sound, have hostile squadrons before them. The letter-of-marque schooner "*Ned*" has transmitted an experience doubtless undergone by many. Bound to Baltimore, she arrived off the Chesapeake April 18th, and was chased away; tried to get into the Delaware on the 19th, but was headed off; made for Sandy Hook, and was again chased. Finally, she tried the east end of the Sound, and there made her way through four or five ships-of-war, reaching New York April 24th. Of course, under such circumstances trade rapidly dwindled. Only very fast and weatherly vessels, of which the conspicuous type was the Baltimore schooner, which also had not too many eggs in one basket, could hope to cope with the difficulties. In the general deprivation of commerce a lucky voyage was proportionately remunerative; but the high prices of the successful venture were but the complement and reflection of suffering in the community. The harbors, even of New York, became crowded with unemployed shipping.

This condition of things coastwise, supplemented by the activity of American privateers, induced abnormal conditions of navigation in the western Atlantic. The scanty success of Rodgers, Bainbridge, and the *Chesapeake* have been noted; and it may be observed that there was a great similarity in the directions taken in these and other instances. The Cape Verdes, the equator between 24° and 30° west, the Guiana coast, the eastern West Indies, Bermuda to Halifax, indicate a general line of cruising; with which coincides substantially a project submitted by Stewart, March 2, 1813, for cruise by the *Constellation*. These plans were conceived with intelligent reference to known British trade-routes; but being met by the enemy with a rigid convoy system, the result was that it was often hard to find a sail. The scattered American traders were rapidly diminishing in numbers, retained in port as they arrived; and we find noted that a British division of four vessels, returning to Halifax after a four months' cruise between the Banks of Newfoundland and Bermuda, have captured only one American. An American privateer, arriving at Providence after an absence of nearly four months, "vexing the whole Atlantic," reports not seeing a single enemy's merchant ship. Niles's return of prizes to American cruisers, national as well as privateers, gives 305 as the total for the first six months of the war; of which 79 only seem to have been taken distant from our own shores. For the second six months, to June 30, 1813, the aggregate has fallen to 159, of which, as far as can be probably inferred, 91 were captured in remote waters. Comparing with the preced-

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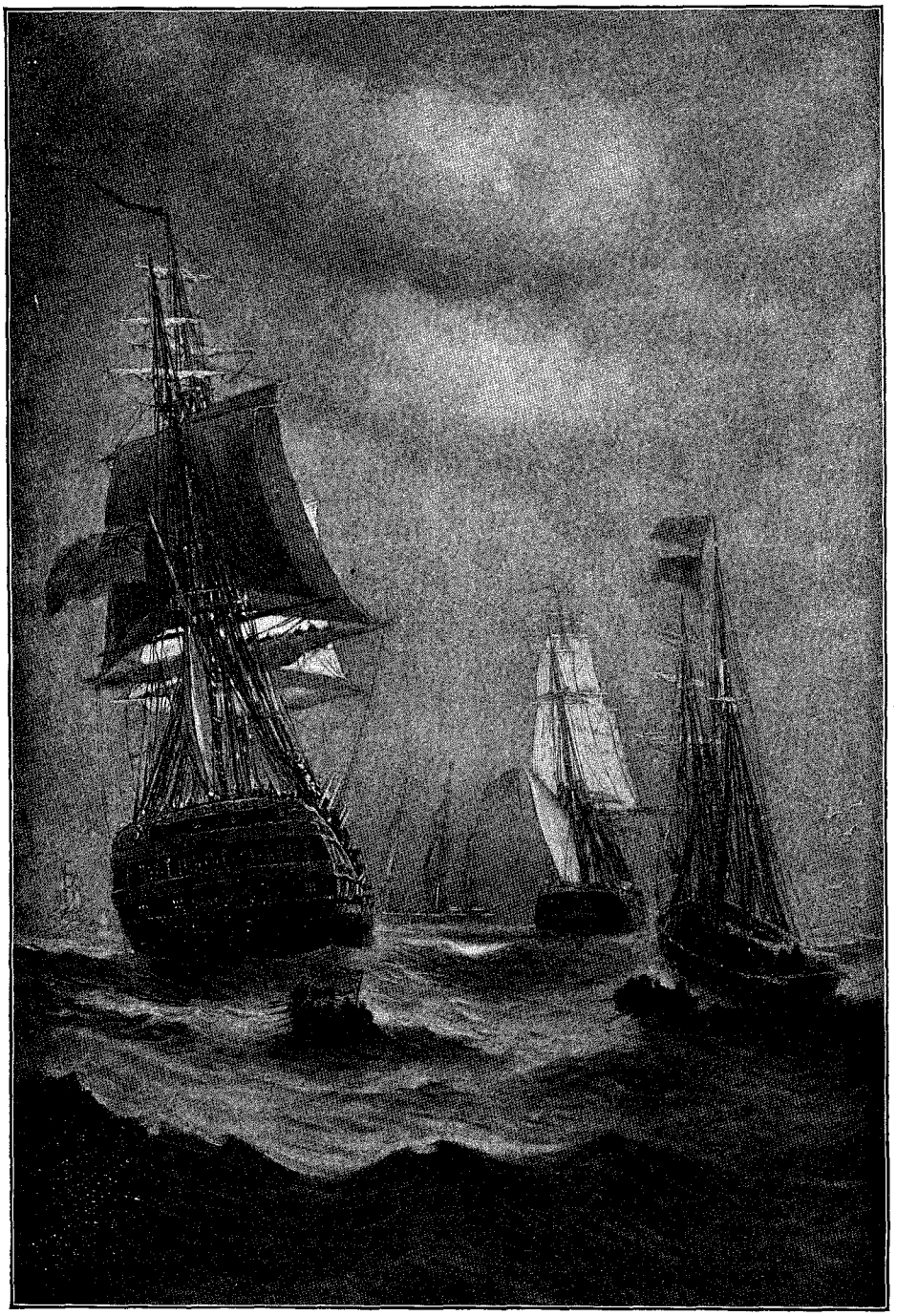

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman.

English ships blockading the Chesapeake.

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ing and subsequent periods, we find here evidently a time of transition, when American enterprise had not yet aroused to the fact that British precaution in the Western Hemisphere had made it necessary to seek prizes farther afield.

In view of the incompleteness of the data it is difficult to state more than broad conclusions. It seems fairly safe, however, to say that after the winter of 1812–13 American commerce dwindled very rapidly, till in 1814 it was practically annihilated; but that, prior to Napoleon's downfall, the necessities of the British Government, and the importunity of the British mercantile community, promoted a certain collusive intercourse by licenses, or by neutrals, real or feigned, between the enemy and the Eastern States of the Union, for the exportation of American produce. This trade, from the reasons which prompted it, was of course exempt from British capture. Subsidiary to it, as a partial relief to the loss of the American market, was fostered an import smuggling trade from Great Britain, by way of Halifax and Montreal, which conduced greatly to the prosperity of both these places during the war, as it had during the preceding periods of commercial restriction. It was to maintain this contraband traffic, as well as to foster disaffection in an important section of the Union, that the first extension of the commercial blockade, issued by Warren from Bermuda, May 26, 1813, stopped short of Newport; while the distinction thus drawn was emphasized, by turning back even vessels with British licenses seeking to sail from the Chesapeake. By this insidious action the commercial prosperity of the country, so far as any existed, was centred about the Eastern States. It was, however, almost purely local. Little relief reached the middle and south, which besides, as before mentioned, were thus drained of specie, while their products lay idle in their stores.

As regards relative captures made by the two belligerents, exact numbers cannot be affirmed; but from the lists transmitted a fairly correct estimate can be formed as to the comparative injury done in this way. It must be remembered that such losses, however grievous in themselves, and productive of individual suffering, have by no means the decisive effect produced by the stoppage of commerce, even though such cessation involves no more than the retention in harbor of the belligerent's ships, as with ours after 1812, or as had been the case during Jefferson's Embargo of 1808. Failing, as that measure and its congeners did, in their object of bringing Great Britain to our terms, by deprivation of our commerce, the pecuniary harm done ourselves was much greater than that which we as a nation had suffered from her arbitrary action in the previous years. She had seized from us, we alleged, as many as 917 vessels, many of which were condemned contrary to law, while the remainder suffered loss from detention and attendant expenses; but despite all this our commercial prosperity was such that the commercial classes were averse to resenting the insults and injury. It was the agricultural sections of the country, not the commercial, which forced on the war.

Niles' Register has transmitted a careful contemporary compilation of American captures, in closing which the editor affirmed that in the course of the war he had examined not less than ten, and perhaps twelve, thousand columns of ship news, rejecting all prizes not accounted for by arrival or destruction. It is unlikely that data complete as he used are now attainable by us, even if an increase of accuracy in this point were worth the trouble of the search. Up to May 1, 1813, he records 411 captures, in which are included the British ships-of-war as well as merchantmen; not a very material addition. The British Naval Chronicle gives the prize lists of the various British admirals. From these may be inferred in the same period at least three hundred captures of American merchant vessels. Among these are a good many Chesapeake Bay craft, very small. This excludes privateers, but not letters of marque, which are properly cargo ships. Both figures are almost certainly underestimates; but not improbably the proportion of four to three is nearly correct. Granting, however, that the Americans had seized four British ships for every three lost by themselves, what does the fact establish as regards the effect upon the commerce of the two peoples? Take the simple announcement of a British periodical in the same month of May, 1813: "We are happy to announce the arrival of a valuable fleet from the West Indies, consisting of 226 sail, under convoy of the *Cumberland*, 74, and three other ships-of-war." This one

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Drawn by Stanley M. Arthurs.

Overland traffic during the blockade.

While the blockade was in effect the exchange of products between different sections of the country was carried on by land instead of by sea.

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fleet among many, safely entering port, numbers more than half of their total losses in the twelvemonth. Contrast this relative security with that of the *Ned*, cited a few pages back, hunted from headland to headland on her home coast, and slipping in—a single ship by dexterous management—past foes from whom no countryman can pretend to shield her.

Even more mortifying to Americans, because under their very eyes, in sharp contrast to their sufferings, was the prosperity of Halifax and Canada. Vexed though British commerce was by the daring activity of American cruisers, the main streams continued to flow; diminished in volume, but not interrupted. The closure of American harbors threw upon the two ports named the business of supplying the British forces, the British West Indies, and in measure Great Britain itself, with American products. The same reason centred in them the deposit of British goods, to be illicitly conveyed into the United States by the smuggling that went on actively along our northern seacoast and land frontier. This underground traffic was of course wholly inadequate to compensate for that lost by the war and the blockade; but it was quite sufficient to add immensely to the prosperity of these places, the communications of which with the sea were held open and free by the British Navy, and in which centred what was left from one of the most important branches of British trade in the days when peace prevailed. Halifax, from its position on the sea, was the chief gainer. The effects of the war on it were very marked. Trade was active. Prices rose. Provisions were in great demand, to the profit of agriculture and fisheries. Rents doubled and trebled. The frequent arrival of prizes, and of ships-of-war going and coming, added to the transactions, and made money plentiful.

Recalling the generalization already made, that the seacoast of the United States was strictly a defensive frontier, it will be recognized that the successive institution of the commercial blockades, first of the Chesapeake and Delaware in March, and afterward of the whole coast south of Newport, in May, were the offensive operations with which the British initiated the campaign of 1813. These blockades were supported, and their effects sustained and intensified, by an accumulation of naval force entirely beyond the competition of the American Navy. In view of such overwhelming numbers, it was no longer possible, as in 1812, by assembling a squadron, to impose some measure of concentration upon the enemy, and thus to facilitate egress and ingress to our harbors. The enemy's movements had passed wholly beyond control. The British admiral was free to dispose his vessels as he would, having care only not to expose a detachment weaker than that in the port watched. This was a condition perfectly easy of fulfilment with the numbers under his command. As a matter of fact, the British vessels were distributed over the entire seacoast; and at every point, with the possible exception of Boston, the division stationed was so strong that escape was only possible by evasion, under cover of severe weather conditions.

The larger the ship the more difficult for her to get out, under such circumstances. As early as the middle of April, Captain Jones, formerly of the *Wasp*, and now commanding the *Macedonian* in New York, reports that "both outlets are at present strongly blocked, but I believe at dark of the moon we shall be able to pass without much risk." May 22d, when a moon had come and gone, Decatur, still on board the *United States*, in company with which the *Macedonian* was to sail, thinks it will be better to try the Sound route. "The last gale, which promised the fairest opportunity for us to get out, ended in light southerly winds, which continued till the blockading ships had regained their stations." A few days later, the attempt by the Sound resulted in the two being driven into New London, where they remained to the close of the war. The only offensive operation by sea open to the United States, the destruction of the enemy's commerce, fell therefore to the smaller cruisers and privateers, the size and numbers of which combined to make it impossible to restrain them all.

For defensive measures the seaboard depended upon such fortifications as existed, everywhere inadequate, but which either the laxness or the policy of the British commander did not attempt to overcome in the case of the seaports, narrowly so-called. The wide-mouthed estuaries of the Chesapeake and Delaware, entrance to which could not thus be barred, bore, therefore, the full brunt of hostile occupation and

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wide-spread harassment. In this there may have been deliberate intention, as well as easy adoption of the readiest means of annoyance. The war, though fairly supported in the middle section of the Union, was essentially a Southern measure; and although its most strenuous fomenters came from the South and West, the administration was Virginian, while the President himself had been identified with the entire course of Jefferson's commercial retaliation, and general policy toward Great Britain during twelve years past. It is impossible for land forces alone to defend against naval aggression a region like the Chesapeake, with its several great, and numerous small, streams penetrating the country in every direction; and matters are not helped when the defendants are loosely organized militia. The water in such a case offers a great central position, with interior lines, in the hands of a power to which belongs the initiative, with an overpowering mobile force, and which therefore is able at any moment to appear where it will in superior strength.

No wonder then that the local journals of the day speak of continual watchfulness, which from the present organization of the militia is exceedingly toilsome, and of no little derangement to the private affairs of the people. The enemy spreads in every direction; and, although the alarm caused much exceeds the injury done, disquietude is extreme and universal. "Applications from various quarters are constantly pouring in upon us," wrote a Governor of Maryland to the Secretary of War; "and as far as our very limited means will enable us we are endeavoring to afford protection. But we have not arms and ammunition to supply the demands of every section of the State; the unavoidable expense of calling out the militia for its protection would greatly exceed the ability of the State government. The capital of the State (which is three miles from the bay, on a navigable river) has not sufficient force for its protection. By the Constitution of the United States, the common defence is committed to the National Government, which is to protect each State against invasion, and to defray all necessary expenses of a national war; and to us it is a most painful reflection that after every effort we have made, or can make, for the security of our fellow-citizens and of their property, they have little to rely on but the possible forbearance of the enemy." The process of reaping what has been sowed is at times extremely unpleasant.

On the land frontier of the north and west, in April, 1813, no substantial change had taken place in the conditions which gave the power of the offensive to the United States. Such modification as Chauncey's energy had effected was to strengthen superiority, by promising ultimate control of the upper and lower lakes. The British had not been idle; but the greater natural difficulties under which they labored, from less numerous population and less advanced development of the country and its communications, together with a greater severity of climate, had not been compensated by a naval direction similar to that exercised by the American commodore and his efficient second, Perry. Sir John Warren had been ordered to pay attention to the lakes, the naval service of which was placed under his charge. This added to his responsibilities, and to the drain upon his resources of men and materials; but with an oversight already extending from Halifax to Jamaica and Barbadoes, he could do little for the lakes, beyond meeting requisitions of the local authorities and furnishing a draft of officers. Among those sent from his fleet was Captain Barclay, who commanded the British squadron in Perry's action.

The Admiralty, meantime, had awaked to the necessity of placing preparations and operations under competent naval guidance, if command of the water was to be secured. For that purpose they selected Captain Sir James Yeo, a young officer of much distinction, just turned thirty, who was appointed to the general charge of the lake service, under Warren. Leaving England in March, accompanied by a body of officers and seamen, Yeo did not reach Kingston until May 15, 1813, when the campaign was already well under way; having been begun by Dearborn and Chauncey April 24th. His impressions on arrival were discouraging. He found the ships and vessels in a weak state, and the enemy's squadron superior in fact and in promise. They had just succeeded in burning at York a British vessel intended for thirty guns, and they had, besides, vessels building at Sackett's Harbor. He had set to work, however, getting his force ready for

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action, and would go out as soon as possible to contest the control of Ontario; for upon that depended the tenure of Upper Canada. Barclay, upon the arrival of his superior, was sent on to Amherstburg, to fulfil upon Erie the same relation to Yeo that Perry did to Chauncey.

It had been clearly recognized by the American authorities that any further movement for the recapture of Detroit and invasion of Canada would depend upon the command of Lake Erie; and that that in turn would depend largely upon mastery of Ontario. In fact, the farther toward the sea control of the water communications could be established, the more radical and far-reaching the effect produced. For this reason, Montreal was the true objective of American effort, but the Government's attention from the first had centred upon the northwestern territory; upon the extremity of the enemy's power, instead of upon its heart. Under this prepossession, despite adequate warning, it had persisted, in the course of which Hull's disaster was the outcome; and now, though aroused by this stunning humiliation, its understanding of conditions embraced nothing beyond the Great Lakes. The clearest indication of this narrow outlook is to be found in the conditions on Lake Champlain, the natural highway to Canada. Only the scantiest mention is to be found of naval preparation there, because actually little was being done; and although the American force was momentarily superior, it was so simply because the British, being in Canada wholly on the defensive, and therefore obliged to conform to American initiative, contemplated no use of this lake, the mastery of which, nevertheless, a singularly unfortunate occurrence soon afterward threw into their hands.

Dearborn, who still remained in chief command of the armies on the New York frontier, was therefore directed to concentrate his effort upon Ontario, starting from Sackett's Harbor as a base. Chauncey, whose charge extended no farther than the upper rapids of the St. Lawrence, had of course no other interest. His first plan, transmitted to the Navy Department January 21, 1813, had been to proceed immediately upon the opening of navigation, with the fleet and a land force of a thousand picked troops, against Kingston, the capture of which, if effected, would solve at a single stroke every difficulty in the upper territory. No other harbor was tenable as a naval station; with its fall, and the destruction of shipping and forts, would go the control of the lake, even if the place itself were not permanently held. Deprived thus of the water communications, the enemy could retain no position to the westward, because neither reënforcements nor supplies could reach them. To quote Chauncey's own words, "I have no doubt we should succeed in taking or destroying their ships and forts, and, of course, preserve our ascendency on this lake."

This remark, though perfectly sound, was narrow in scope; for it failed to recognize, what was perfectly knowable, that the British support of the Lake Erie stations and the upper country depended on their power to control, or at worst to contest, Ontario. Of this they themselves were perfectly conscious, as the words of Yeo and Brock alike testify. The new American Secretary of War, Armstrong, who was a man of correct strategical judgment and considerable military information, entered heartily into this view; and in a letter dated February 10th communicated to Dearborn the orders of the President for his operations, based upon the Secretary's recommendation. Four thousand men were to be assembled at Sackett's, and three thousand at Buffalo. The former, under convoy of the fleet, was to proceed first against Kingston, then against York (Toronto). After this the two corps should co-operate in an attack to be made upon the British Niagara frontier, along the Niagara River, which rested upon Fort George on the Ontario shore, and Fort Erie upon Lake Erie.

This plan was adopted upon the assumption, which was probably correct, that the enemy's entire military force upon Ontario did not exceed twenty-one hundred regular troops, of whom six hundred were at Kingston and twelve hundred at Niagara. Armstrong, who recognized the paramount importance of Montreal, had received the exaggerated impression that there might be in that neighborhood ten to twelve thousand regulars. There were not yet nearly that number in all Canada; but he was perhaps correct in thinking that the provision for the offensive, which he found upon taking office a few weeks before, was insufficient for an advance in that quarter. Dearborn

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very soon discovered objections to proceeding against Kingston, in his own estimates of the enemy's numbers, based upon remarkable reports received from sources "entitled to full credit." On March 3d he was satisfied that from six to eight thousand men had been assembled there from Quebec, Montreal, and Upper Canada; while the presence of Sir George Prevost, the Governor-General, and commander-in-chief in Canada, who had seized an opportunity to make a hurried visit to Kingston to assure himself as to the progress of the ships building, convinced the American general that an attack upon Sackett's was contemplated.

From that time forward Dearborn realized in his own person the process of making pictures to one's self concerning a military situation, against which Napoleon uttered a warning. Chauncey was more sceptical, although he could not very well avoid attention to the reports brought in. He expresses himself as believing that a considerable number of men had been assembled in Kingston, but that their real object was to proceed against Harrison in the Far West. There seems to have been no foundation for any of these alarms. Prevost was a soldier of good reputation, but lamentably wanting in initiative, audacity, and resolution, as the current war was to prove. His presence at Kingston at this moment was simply one incident in a rapid official visit to the upper military posts, extending as far as Niagara, and accomplished in four weeks; for, leaving Quebec February 17th, he was again writing from there on the 17th of March. As far as can be deduced from his correspondence, four companies of regulars had preceded him from Montreal to Kingston, and there may very well have been a gathering of local forces for inspection or otherwise; but no reënforcements of regulars, other than that just mentioned, reached Kingston from down the river before May. Dearborn never renounced his belief in the meditated attack, though finally satisfied that it was abandoned; and his positive reports as to the enemy's numbers wrung from Armstrong acquiescence in a change of plan, by which York was to be the first object of the campaign.

Chauncey, who had some sound military ideas, as his first plan showed, was also brought round to this conclusion by a process of reasoning which he developed in a second plan of operations, submitted March 18th, but evidently long since matured. It apparently antedates, and is not affected by, Dearborn's apprehensions though the two worked together to a common mistaken decision. The commodore's letter presents an interesting study, in its demonstration of how an erroneous first conception works out to false conclusions, and in the particular instance to ultimate military disaster. The capture of Kingston, his first plan, and its retention, which Armstrong purposed, would have settled the whole campaign and affected decisively the issue of the war. Chauncey's new project is dominated throughout by the view, which was that of the Government, that the great object of the war was to control the northwestern territory by local operations, instead of striking at the source of British power in its communication with the sea. At this moment, the end of March, the British naval force on Ontario was divided between York and Kingston; in each were vessels afloat and vessels building. An attack upon Kingston, Chauncey said, no doubt would be finally successful—an initial statement which gave away his case; but as the opposing force would be considerable, it would protract the general operations of the campaign—the reduction of the northwest—longer than would be advisable, particularly as large reënforcements would probably arrive at Quebec in the course of two months. On the other hand, to proceed against York, which probably could be carried immediately, would result in destroying at once a large fraction of the British fleet, greatly weakening the whole body. Thence the combined Americans would turn against Fort George and the Niagara line. If successful here, the abandonment of Fort Erie by the British would release the American vessels, which by its guns were confined at Black Rock. They would sail forth and join their consorts at Erie; which done, Chauncey, leaving his Ontario fleet to blockade Yeo at Kingston, would go to the upper lake, carry against the British the squadron now concentrated there, co-operating with the army under General Harrison, recovering Detroit, capturing Malden, and making Lake Erie and its surroundings an American holding. After this, it would be but a step to reconquer Michilimackinac, thereby acquiring such an influence over the Indians

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as, in conjunction with military and naval preponderance, would compel the enemy to forsake the upper country altogether and concentrate his forces about Kingston and Montreal.

It is interesting to see an elaborate piece of serious reasoning gradually culminate in a *reductio ad absurdum;* and Chauncey's reasoning ends in a military absurdity. The importance of Kingston is conceded by him, and the probability of capturing it at the first is admitted. Thereupon follows a long project of operation, which ends in compelling the enemy to concentrate all his strength at the very points—Kingston and Montreal—which it is most important for the Americans to gain; away from which, therefore, they should seek to keep the enemy, and not to drive him in upon them. But this all comes from the bias of the government, and of the particular officer, regarding the northwestern territory as the means whereby success was to be accomplished, instead of merely the end to be attained. To make the western territory and control of the Indians the object of the campaign was a political and military motive perfectly allowable, and probably, in view of recent history, extremely necessary; but to make these things the objective of operations, was to invert the order of proceedings, as one who, desiring to cut down a tree, should procure a ladder and begin cutting off the outermost branches, instead of striking at the trunk by the ground.

Eighteen months later Chauncey wrote some very wise words in this spirit. "It has always been my opinion that the best means to conquer Canada was to cut off supplies from Lower to Upper by taking and maintaining some position on the St. Lawrence. That would be killing the tree by girdling; the branches, dependent on ordinary supplies, die of necessity. But it is now attempted to kill the tree by lopping off branches" (he is speaking of the Niagara campaign of 1814); "the body becomes invigorated by reducing the demands on its resources." By this time Chauncey had been chastened by experience. He had seen his anticipated glory reaped on Lake Erie by his junior. He had seen the control of Ontario contested, and finally wrung from him, by vessels built at Kingston, the place which he had failed to take when he thought it possible. He had been blockaded during critical months by a superior squadron; and at the moment of writing, November 5, 1814, Sir James Yeo was moving, irresistible, back and forth over the waters of Ontario, with his flag flying in a ship of 102 guns, built at Kingston. In short, the Canadian tree was rooted in the ocean, where it was fed by the sea power of Great Britain. To destroy it, failing the ocean navy, which the United States had not, the trunk had to be severed; the nearer the root the better.

Demonstration of these truths was not long in coming, and will be supplied by the narrative of events.

(To be continued.)

SONG

By Sophie Jewett

My heart is as a dim grass-hidden nest,
O lark, thy song is for the sky, the sky!
Wilt thou droop softly down to me and rest,
Song-wearied, by and by?

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THE LUCK OF SMALLEY

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. GARDNER SOPER

MR. JEROME PONSONBY SMALLEY stood at the end of the long jetty and surveyed his recent purchase with the complacent pride felt only by the landsman when for the first time he finds himself the happy owner of a rakish vessel. Out in the harbor the brand-new fin-keel twenty-one-footer rode gracefully at her mooring, her gleaming hull of polished mahogany flashing brightly in the summer sunshine. To her elated owner she seemed a living thing of form divine and glorious enigmas, and he awaited with impatience the arrival of her newly engaged sailing-master, who was that morning to give him his maiden lesson in the gentle art of navigation.

Voices at the shore end of the jetty arousing him from his ecstatic revery, he turned to behold, in joyful surprise, one before whose obvious charm the beauties of his vessel were as dross. Whence she had come Mr. Smalley was in no fault to conjecture, as he knew that she had friends in that section of Long Island at whose house she was wont to visit.

He turned on his heel, and with a swing in his step suggestive of the heaving deep, made his way along the jetty, at the same time smoothing the bosom of his blue serge coat and setting his resplendent yachting cap at a more jaunty angle. As he drew near, the group looked up expectantly.

"Why, Mr. Smalley!" exclaimed the girl in a tone of glad surprise that increased the rate of Mr. Smalley's pulse by several beats to the minute. "I did not know that you were here. When did you arrive? Are you stopping at the hotel? You know papa and Jack, and let me present the Rev. Mr. Wynges."

Mr. Smalley bowed gracefully and murmured a few felicitations, glancing, however, somewhat darkly at the Rev. Mr. Wynges, whose name a garrulous society was beginning to whisper in connection with that of the lady, Miss Felicia Vaugn, the beautiful daughter of General Horatius Vaugn, Retired, of the Army.

"We are *so* disappointed," said Miss Vaugn plaintively. "It is Regatta Day over at the Sachem Harbor Yacht Club—across the Sound, you know—and we had planned to charter a launch and run across; but we find that everything is taken except this nasty little sail-boat!"

Mr. Smalley stifled an exclamation of delight. It seemed to him that Fortune had deliberately bestowed upon him all the honors of a heart trump hand.

"Do you particularly wish to go in a launch?" he asked, throwing into his voice as much casualty as the situation would allow him.

"By no means!" replied the General. "I detest the smelly contraptions. Give me a roaring breeze with a wet sea and a flowing sheet——"

"And a wind that follows fast," quoted the clergyman sepulchrally.

"Right you are," pursued the General heartily. "Then put her on the starboard tack with the spray flying over the port-quarter and let her go free! That's the way *I* like to sail!"

Mr. Smalley listened to this peroration with an admiration not unmixed with envy. Although he had carefully perused "Every Man His Own Skipper," and "The Small Boat Sailer," according to the text of which there appeared to be some discrepancy in running free on the starboard tack, he was nevertheless impressed with the fact that the General's words possessed the true nautical swing, and decided that at some time in the elder gentleman's career he must have had much to do with affairs maritime.

"The reason for my asking," he continued, with a mighty effort to hide his exultation, "is that I am just about to take a spin across the Sound in my new yacht, and nothing could give me more pleasure than to put her at your disposal for the day.

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You will find her fast, able, and comfortable," he concluded, quoting the words of the advertisement which had first attracted his interest in the vessel.

There was a chorus of gratified surprise from the group.

"Why, have *you* a yacht, Mr. Smalley?" exclaimed Miss Vaugn, her pretty face aglow with interest and delight.

"There she lies—off the jetty," answered Mr. Smalley indifferently, indicating his recent purchase.

"A rakish-looking clipper!" exclaimed the General largely.

"A beautiful vessel!" exclaimed the Rev. Wynges; "but don't you think that she looks a trifle—eh—tippy?"

"A perfect darling!" cried Miss Vaugn. "Isn't she, Jack?"

"She's a peach!" observed Jack critically; "bully lines. Got a fin, hasn't she? Twenty-one-foot water-line?"

"You know Jack is a sailor-man like yourself, Mr. Smalley," observed Miss Vaugn. "He sailed all of last summer with Mr. Winthrop, on his racing-boat."

"Yes?" replied Mr. Smalley indulgently. "Well," he continued, with a rare and beautiful modesty, "I don't pretend to be a crack, Miss Vaugn. Of course, I know the topping-lift from the fore-stay and the lazareet from the fore-peak and a few things like that——"

"I'll bet you do!" exclaimed the General admiringly. "I can tell a sailor-man by the cut of his jib."

"Or the cut of his jeans," suggested Jack, a bit satirically.

"I'd trust myself with you anywhere," began Miss Vaugn, regarding the faultless yachting garb with a look of such respect as opera-boxes and automobiles had never been able to produce.

"Did I understand you to say that you were expecting your sailing-master?" inquired the Rev. Wynges anxiously.

"What do you want of a sailing-master?" demanded Jack, with the ill-timed insistence of youth.

"I like to carry a man to pull and haul," said Mr. Smalley. "Besides, I have not yet become very well acquainted with these waters, and with a deep-draught boat one must have a good local knowledge of rocks and shoals."

The Rev. Wynges nodded approvingly.

"A very sensible view—very sensible indeed," he observed.

"Hadn't we better be getting aboard?" suggested the General. "It really is tremendously good of you to ask us, Smalley; and as to the pleasure of a trip in a beautiful sailing yacht like that and one of these chugging sea-skunks——"

"Papa!" exclaimed his daughter, reprovingly.

"If you will be so good as to excuse me for a few minutes," said Mr. Smalley, "I will jump in the dinghy and pull off aboard to see whether we have everything that we need—ice, you know, and a small bottle or two——"

"Yes, yes; certainly—in case we should get chilled," assented the General approvingly. "The air is quite fresh to-day."

Mr. Smalley, to whom there had come an idea of such brilliance that he was fairly dazzled, strode quickly down to the landing and stepping into the dinghy pulled swiftly off to his yacht. Making the painter fast to the traveller, he unlocked the lazarette and after a minute's search produced a hammer, a chisel, and a piece of sandpaper. Stepping back into the dinghy, he passed himself under the stern, and with a few muscular efforts neatly removed the letters G-U-L-L, which had hitherto spelled the name upon the narrow stern. Next, with his sandpaper he quickly effaced all traces of the lettering. This simple task accomplished, he pulled strongly back to the landing.

"I think that we have everything necessary," he announced. "Has my sailing-master put in an appearance?"

"Not yet," replied the General. "Don't you think that we can get along without him? It is growing late."

"Oh, it is still quite early!" exclaimed the Rev. Wynges hastily. "I think that it would be much more prudent to wait for the sailing-master!"

While heartily agreeing with his rival, Mr. Smalley did not see fit to give utterance to the sentiment.

"You've got a fair wind over," remarked Jack; "and there'll be lots of it when you get clear of the shore," he added with gusto.

"I think that perhaps I had better walk up the street and see if I can find my man," remarked Mr. Smalley, into whose heart a chill doubt had suddenly struck, a good

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deal as might the first sight of a "black hand" dismay the bridge-player whose partner had made the trump a heart.

Followed by cheerful admonitions to hurry, from all but the Rev. Wynges, who was noting the freshening breeze with keen misgiving, Mr. Smalley strode rapidly up the road in the direction of the village tavern, where some cold psychic wave told him that he might find the delinquent. As he was about to enter, a squat-figured individual, with a face that would have blanched a tropic sunset, cannoned heavily through the swinging door, colliding against Mr. Smalley with a force that almost knocked him from his feet. With wrath in his heart he confronted his convivial sailing-master.

The expressions that rippled from the patrician lips of the irate owner, while in generous vogue upon the heaving main, were not to be found among the nautical terms which he had recently acquired from his study of "The Small Boat Sailer." Nevertheless, they were of a force and fluency to arouse the unbounded admiration of their innocent source.

"D'ye hear that?" he cried triumphantly, to the admiring and interested group of loungers who had followed in his wake. "I take it all back, fren's—that what I said about his bein' a light-draught, paint-slick, over-canvassed land-lubber! He ain't no short chop, *he* ain't! He's a ground swell—that's what *he* is! Why, he's my owner!"

Mr. Smalley indignantly and with some heat repudiated all proprietorship to such an undesirable craft as the one before him. Whatever he might be at sea, ashore at least he was thoroughly the master of such diction as might serve to give point and fluency to his views; moreover, while æsthetic in his tastes, he was of a size of frame which seemed to render contradiction ill-advised, especially when, as on the present occasion, he appeared to court it.

After the first shock of pained surprise, the sailing-master subsided miserably upon an upturned skiff, where he made frequent mention of his widowed mother and bitterly complained against the injustice of being always misunderstood.

Thoroughly disgusted, Mr. Smalley turned upon his heel and retraced his steps to the landing, where his guests were eagerly awaiting his return.

"Did you find him?" inquired the Rev. Wynges, with eagerness.

"Unfortunately I did," replied Mr. Smalley; "but I do not think that we will wait for him. His—eh—condition was not such as made me wish to entrust him with such a valuable cargo. I think that, under the circumstances, we will endeavor to do without him."

"I—eh—trust," began the Rev. Wynges, "that you are—eh—experienced——"

It needed but this insinuation to confirm the rash purpose already forming in Mr. Smalley's mind. He had observed, on walking to the landing, that the wind was blowing directly toward their destination; also, as it seemed to his slight experience, sheltered as was the cove from the high sand hills to windward, that it was not unduly strong. With two men to help him, and a boy who had had some experience in boat-handling, it did not appear a difficult feat to sail his twenty-one-footer across the Sound. Should the wind fail, or still be ahead upon their return, he could secure a launch through the Club, of which he had lately become a member, or at least obtain a man to sail them back again.

"If I did not feel that I was competent to sail my boat across the Sound——" he began with dignity, when Miss Vaugn interrupted him.

"Have I not already told you that I would trust you?" she asked, with a ravishing smile. "Let us go aboard. It is much nicer, anyway, just to have ourselves. Come on; let's go out. Oh, what a duck of a little boat!"

As they stepped down into the dinghy, Jack remained upon the jetty.

"Come on!" called Mr. Smalley, seeing that he hesitated.

"Oh, Jack's not going with us!" cried Miss Vaugn. "He just came down to see us off. He's got a baseball game this afternoon—besides, he's got to take the horses back."

Mr. Smalley's heart sank with the weight of a five-hundred-pound mushroom anchor. He felt like a general whose staff-officers are falling one by one. Seeing, however, that it was too late for an orderly retreat, he stuck manfully to his guns.

"That is too bad!" he managed to say. "Well, good-by!"

He picked up the oars and began to row out to the boat with a heavy heart, but de-

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riving much consolation from the recollection that the builders of the boat had guaranteed her practically impossible to sink or capsize. As they rounded under the stern Miss Vaugn uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, Mr. Smalley, your boat has no name!"

"No," he replied easily. "The builders gave her a name when she was launched, but I did not like it. It was a fancy of mine to call her after the first lady to come aboard when she was in my possession—with her permission, of course," he added gallantly.

"Who was she?" inquired Miss Vaugn demurely.

"She is just in the act of coming aboard," replied Mr. Smalley, as, stepping out of the dinghy, he reached out his hand to assist the lady over the side.

Miss Vaugn dimpled delightfully. "Why, how perfectly charming! then you will christen her 'Felicia'?" she exclaimed, with rapture.

"If you will permit me. I can think of no more charming name!"

"I'm afraid that there will hardly be room for so long a name," observed the Rev. Wynges. "Her end is very narrow."

"Then I will have the over-hang cut down to *make* room!" said Mr. Smalley, with heat. "That has got to be her name!"

"'Felicia,' that means 'Good luck,'" said the Rev. Wynges thoughtfully. "Let us hope that she may never lack an equivalent good management."

"*Touché!*" gurgled the General, nudging Mr. Smalley. "Not bad for a sky-pilot, eh, Smalley?" he whispered aside to that gentleman.

"As I remember the Latin derivation, the word means 'happiness,'" said Mr. Smalley. "In that case it is most appropriate!"

"Well, let's hoist the main-sheet!" cried the General heartily, grabbing at the starboard topping-lift, which was the nearest rope at hand. "Heave-ho, my lads!"

Mr. Smalley, whose nautical literary research had not been entirely without avail, especially upon a boat at anchor, cast off the gaskets which secured the canvas, and, after a short search, discovering the main-sail halliards, the creamy sail was soon hoisted. The jib was a somewhat more complicated problem, there appearing to be no end of lines which interfered with setting it; but by persistent effort he finally succeeded in getting it clear and running it up. As the boat was lying head to wind with the main sheet hauled aft and belayed, the hoisting of the jib caused the bow to swing off sufficiently to fill the main-sail, whereupon the craft began to slowly forge ahead. Mr. Smalley, seeing that they had already started, although a little sooner than he had anticipated, quickly let go the buoyed mooring-line and they were off.

"Why, we're going the wrong way!" exclaimed Miss Vaugn in surprise.

"She'll turn in a minute!" he replied, jamming the tiller hard up and at the same time easing the main-sheet.

"That front sail is loose!" cried the Rev. Wynges, noting in some alarm the flapping of the jib.

"Just haul on that rope beside you," commanded Mr. Smalley. "No—that is the painter of the dinghy—the other one!"

The Rev. Wynges by a happy accident grabbing the jib-sheet, the boat swung swiftly off until the light breeze was almost astern.

"Duck!" yelled the General, whose strategic eye was following the evolutions of the main-boom.

The others instinctively obeyed the order, and none too soon, as just at that moment the main-sail jibed. The Rev. Wynges, belonging to a somewhat stiff-necked persuasion, failed to sufficiently humble himself before the all-compelling forces of the elements, with the result that, although his head escaped, his hat was sent spinning over the side.

"W-w-what was that?" he inquired, raising a pale face cautiously above the cock-pit rail.

"I jibed her over to save time," replied Mr. Smalley nonchalantly. "I'm sorry we can't pick up your hat, but with the breeze in this quarter it is impossible—unless you want me to jibe again."

"Oh, never mind the hat!" exclaimed the clergyman hurriedly. "That is part of the fun; besides, it is an old one."

The wind being now on the port quarter, and steadily freshening as they sped swiftly down the bay, Mr. Smalley slacked off the sheet to what he considered the proper limit,

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He passed himself under the stern.—Page 730.

after which there was nothing to do but direct the boat's course. Far across the ten-mile sweep of dark blue water they saw the snowy specks of myriad sails, as they darted back and forth about the starting line, and as they swept swiftly onward their tall sail caught the freshening breeze until their speed became appalling. Outside the bay, a coasting schooner was beating to the westward under reefed canvas, and soon they overtook and quickly passed a large oyster-sloop with a party of picnickers aboard, who cheered them admiringly as they dashed gallantly through the rising sea.

"This is glorious! glorious!" cried the General exultantly. "Ho, for a life on the ocean wave! eh, Dominie?"

"G-g-glorious!" replied the bare-headed clergyman, whose somewhat ascetic face betrayed a growing pallor with each drop of the long stern into the trough of the following sea.

"Magnificent!" cried the General. "But it strikes me that there is a certain chill in the air."

"It is down below, in the first locker on the starboard side," observed Mr. Smalley, who was having some difficulty in meeting the swing of each succeeding plunge.

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"Right you are!" replied the General, filled with admiration for the perspicuity of his host. "Come along, Dominie, it will do you good! Nothing like knowing the right time for a little stimulant."

"Thank you," replied the clammy Rev. Wynges, "but the air up here is very bracing and it is rather stuffy in the cabin. Don't you think that it would be well to haul down that front sail, Mr. Smalley? We don't want to have this fine sail over too quickly."

"We want to get over in time to see the start of the race," replied Mr. Smalley, who was beginning to feel that the "fine sail" could be over none too quickly for him. "Besides, I don't like to leave the tiller."

"*Pull* for the shore, sailor, *pull* for the shore!" chanted the General, who was pulling at something else in the cabin.

Miss Vaugn, her pink cheeks aglow, and big blue eyes sparkling with excitement, gazed admiringly at her host, whose athletic arms were wrestling manfully with the kick of the tiller.

"I never knew that you were such a splendid sailor, Mr. Smalley," she exclaimed brightly. "You never say anything about it."

"I don't like to hear a man brag about his accomplishments," modestly replied her host, who was beginning to wonder how he was going to stop the boat when their destination should be reached.

"Aren't you enjoying it, Mr. Wynges?" asked Miss Vaugn. "Don't you think it's simply thrilling?"

"D-d-d-d-delightful!" replied the Rev. Wynges, whose fac'al expression belied the word. "B-b-but I r-regret to say that the g-glare has given me a sick headache. I f-fear that something which I ate for breakfast has disagreed with me."

His following performance gave an air of simple honesty to the words.

"'Tis better to have eaten and lost, than never to have eaten at all," said Mr. Smalley softly.

"Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum," chanted the General, emerging from the cabin.

"I think that I will go down stairs and get out of the glare," remarked the Rev. Wynges.

The wind was blowing in humming blasts from the sou'west, and soon the new-named *Felicia* was half way across the Sound. The close-hauled coasting schooner had shaved them close, but, although feeling that she had the right of way, both legally and by virtue of her tonnage, Mr. Smalley did not alter his course, not knowing what calamitous results might ensue. As it was, they narrowly escaped being cut down, just managing to slip under the schooner's bows pursued by a wild chorus of yells.

"What did they say?" inquired Miss Vaugn, curiously.

"They were cheering us," replied the host. "These old shell-backs delight in a daring piece of sailing."

"It sounded rather funny for a cheer," observed the girl meditatively. "But I suppose that's just a way these rough sailors have of expressing their pleasure."

As they drew in on the Connecticut shore Mr. Smalley observed with dismay that it would be necessary to cut around the end of an island which had up to that time escaped his observation. Just under its lee lay the Yacht Club, gay with bunting and the multi-colored flash of summer costumes. The tide was far out, as Mr. Smalley observed from the rocks along the shore, but he judged that there must be plenty of water inside, as the cove was filled with sails.

"How the dickens am I ever going to stop this rampaging chariot of joy?" he thought desperately to himself, although to the others he presented an alert and confident composure. As he neared the end of the island he pulled the tiller steadily upward, his heart pounding in his throat.

For a moment the big sail seemed to hang slack; then a puff of air caught the leach aback. The boom was whipped high in air as if by a great invisible hand.

"Duck!" yelled the General, whose previous experience with that fragment of naval architecture had taught him wisdom.

They dropped obediently; then for an instant the big sail seemed hanging over their heads. There was a crash as if the boat had been hurled bodily against a cliff, and an agonized wail from the cabin; then with a quick leap they drove into the sheltered waters of the cove, while a chorus of shouts arose from the excited group upon the veranda of the Club.

"Keep off!" yelled a stentorian voice through a megaphone. "You've got no water! Luff—luff!"

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"D'ye hear that?" he cried triumphantly.—Page 731.

In an agony of doubt, Mr. Smalley shoved the tiller desperately from him. There was in fact no other thing to do, as had he steered the other way, he would have gone upon the island. The *Felicia* shot ahead, her sails flapping like musketry; then suddenly she stopped—stopped in her tracks, and, with an ear-splitting crash, the mast lurched forward over the bow, spars, sails, and cordage, striking the water with a splash.

Mr. Smalley described a graceful parabola, landing with more force than elegance against the after end of the house, where he furnished an admirable fender for Miss Vaugn, who had closely followed him. The General, scenting danger like the old warhorse that he was, had clung desperately to the rail and sustained his strong strategic position, while the wails proceeding from the cabin were both heart-rending and alarming.

Gently extricating himself from the struggling lady, Mr. Smalley picked her up bodily and placed her on a thwart, where for a moment or two she sat sobbing and laughing hysterically. The General, who apparently had been the first to recover from the shock, was rapidly hauling the dinghy alongside. From the depths of the cabin came a frenzied patter of supplications.

"Come, Smalley!" called the General, "no time to lose! Let's abandon ship!"

Mr. Smalley lifted Miss Vaugn in his strong arms and lowered her gently into the

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"They were cheering us," replied the host.—Page 734.

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boat. This done, he dived below, to emerge presently, half lifting, half shoving the Rev. Mr. Wynges. A fleet of row-boats had quickly surrounded them, and in a moment the Club launch came threading its way between. In the stern of this latter craft Mr. Smalley recognized a former class-mate, who it happened was the vice-commodore of the Club.

"Hard luck, Jerry!" he called, as the launch came alongside; "but it might have happened to anybody. You could have rounded up all right on an ordinary low tide, but this full moon has sucked the water 'way out."

"Oh, *that's* it, is it?" replied Mr. Smalley, in the voice of one who has just heard the solution of a baffling mystery. "I always thought that there was plenty of water here at all tides."

"Barring your mast, she's not hurt any," reassured his friend comfortingly. "Nothing but soft mud under her keel. She must have a whacking old fin! No one hurt, I hope," he went on, in the voice of one pursuing a minor detail.

"I fear that I have sustained internal injuries," began the Rev. Wynges.

"Well, the fleet surgeon is out aboard the flag-ship. *He'll* fix you up all right. Come aboard—I'll have your boat taken in charge. You and your guests are just in time to come aboard with me and see the race."

"How jolly!" cried Miss Vaugn.

"Capital! capital!" cried the General heartily. "It's a shame, my boy," he went on, turning to Mr. Smalley, "that this handsome boat should have got dismasted this way, especially through no fault of yours. By George, sir!" he continued to the "Vice," "I never had such a magnificent sail in my life. Smalley, here, is certainly a master hand at a boat. You should have seen us come ploughing across—right straight, I tell you! None of this tacking back and forth and around, but right in a bee line!"

"And to think that she should have just this morning been named after me!" wailed his pretty daughter, her blue eyes full of tears. "Why, I feel directly responsible."

"You are directly responsible for the finest and the most exciting sail *I* ever had, Miss Vaugn!" exclaimed Mr. Smalley, with deep feeling.

"Jove, but you're the boy to carry sail, Smalley!" cried the "Vice." "We were all watching you from the Club-house. You surely had your nerve with you to jibe around that buoy; but she took it like a steeple-chaser. How she did come!"

"I was afraid that we might be too late for the start," explained Mr. Smalley modestly.

"You're a good sport! But I say, why didn't you trim in your sheet when you jibed?"

"She came over a little quicker than I expected," answered Mr. Smalley frankly. "You see, she's a new boat and I haven't quite learned her tricks as yet."

"No? Is that so? Well, you certainly meant to get acquainted. Never mind, old chap. A new stick won't cost much, and her hull's not hurt any. Well, let's start."

. . . . . .

The midsummer hop was in progress at the big hotel at Lobster Bay. In the brilliantly lighted ballroom pretty summer girls, whose sun-tanned faces and round, athletic arms seemed strangely dusky as seen against their snowy gowns, swung in and out to the rollicking strains of the band, while gallant cavaliers in yachting ducks and the statelier evening clothes of the formal city, led them this way and that, or innocently discovered sheltered nooks upon the broad verandas.

Among these latter artful swains was Mr. Smalley, who, from the darkest shadows to be found, pointed out to his demure companion such interesting objects far in the murky distance, as the Mate's Island light and the brilliant blaze of passing steamers swinging down the Sound.

"You see that light right opposite, Felicia? That is at the Sachem Harbor Yacht Club."

As a matter of fact it was the anchor-light of a coal-barge lying at the harbor-mouth, but it answered the purpose just as well.

"How near it looks; but things always do, across the water. I shall never forget that day," she murmured pensively.

"Nor I," answered Mr. Smalley with deep conviction. "What a fool I was—" he began thoughtlessly.

"Why?" she asked innocently. "I thought you were splendid."

"I mean for dashing into that mud-puddle without knowing how much water there

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"Why have you told me all of this?"—Page 739.

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was," he replied in haste. "But it taught me a lesson, Felicia. No matter how much a man may know about a boat, or how good a sailor he may be—or," he thought to himself, "how much of an ass"—"he has no right to take any chances where there is a lady concerned. I made a vow that day," he continued with perfect truth, "never to take a lady out again without a sailing-master—possibly two!"

"Do you often take ladies out?" she inquired a trifle coldly.

"There is one——"

"Then you had better beware. There is always more safety in numbers, you know."

"One whose course I should love to steer——"

"But suppose you ran her into a mud-bank? Would you abandon her——"

"One," pursued Mr. Smalley, ignoring the interruption, "who once said that she would trust me anywhere; said it at a time when I was undertaking a task of which I didn't know be——eh, that is, for whose happiness I took a risk that made my hair stand on end from beginning to end, and might easily have ended in a tragedy!"

Mr. Smalley's usually somewhat mocking voice had suddenly given way to a different note, and there was in his closing words a depth of feeling and true ring of honesty that thrilled the girl at his side. When she spoke again there was the slightest tremor to her sweet voice:

"Do you mean that——"

"I mean that I know as much about sailing as a star-fish knows of the Matterhorn. I deliberately invited you aboard my boat that day, risked your lives in crossing the Sound, came within an ace of getting run down, and then blundered into that mud-hole with about as much skill as a jackass coasting down a mountain on a land-slide."

There was a short silence; then Felicia spoke in an odd voice:

"Was it also a myth about the sailing-master?"

"By no means. That was one of the microscopic elements of truth about the whole business. He was entirely out of commission, and when I asked you to go in spite of that, I reckoned on Jack's helping me out. When *he* balked, I could see no way out of it with honor, and I wasn't man enough to own up to being a duffer. Besides, I really thought it would be all right."

There was another short silence; then Felicia asked slowly:

"Why have you told me all of this?"

"Because I want you to marry me, Felicia. You know that it is nothing new with me; but since that day you have seemed to care a little at times—and——"

"And I did *so* admire you that day!" she answered sadly, and in the voice of one completely disillusioned. "You seemed so strong and ready and competent. And to think that you really knew nothing about what you were doing all of the time!"

"That's just it, Felicia," he said doggedly. "I had an idea that you might think all of that—and—you see, it wasn't so at all. *This* is too serious for me to sail under false colors."

"It does seem to result disastrously," she admitted. "Think of the other poor *Felicia!*"

There was no reply, then suddenly Mr. Smalley felt a soft little hand drop upon his arm.

"You foolish boy!" said a tender voice in his ear. "I knew it all of the time——"

"You knew it, Felicia?" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Not at the time," she admitted. "But I learned it afterwards. It's rather dangerous to confide a secret to a girl's twin brother, you know. I wanted to see if you would tell me of your own accord, and——"

There was a sudden rustle of crushed draperies. A light step and a heavy one were heard on the veranda close at hand, and a new voice said, in a tone of disappointment:

"Pshaw—there is someone there already!"

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Constance would find her in possession at Lincoln Chambers.—Page 742.

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THE UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT GRANT

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XVI

THERE was only one shadow on Constance's present happiness, for she was happy in her independence and her work. She had demonstrated her ability to support herself and to defy the blow of fate which had deprived her of a husband's aid and protection. It was the growing perception that she might not be able to do all that she desired for her children. This sprang from her own keener appreciation of the value not only of the best educational advantages, but of refined personal surroundings in the development of character. She could inculcate noble morals; she could teach her children to be truthful, brave, and simple; she could provide them with public school instruction, and she was resolved to give them, if her health remained good, the opportunity to continue their education longer than was the wont with parents whose offspring had their own way to make in life unaided. But her ambition, or rather her perception of what she desired for them, did not stop here. There were present demands which must be neglected solely because of her straitened circumstances; and she beheld ahead a long and widening vista of privileges from which, perforce, they would be debarred during the formative years for a similar reason. Henrietta's teeth were disconcertingly crooked, and should have the continuous attention of a skilful dentist, and her voice had already that nasal twang which, if unchecked, is sure to result in feminine inelegance of speech. She wished that both the children, especially the girl, might have thorough instruction in French and music, and be sent to dancing school. Little Emil was giving signs of marked talent for drawing, and the thought of how that gift could be developed, was already causing her concern. It was obvious to her that each of the next ten years had more insistent instances in store for her. She knew that she could give her children what the democratic world delights to call a solid foundation, but she was eager to equip them with stimulating mental ideals and bodily graces, to put them within reach of excellence and culture.

She was too grateful to repine or to allow this shadow to oppress her spirit. It's sole effect was to stimulate her energies, to make her fertile in resources to counteract this disability, and painstaking in attention to her duties in the hope of a small increase in salary. She kept a close watch on Henrietta's voice, and put her on her own guard against its piercing quality; she organized a small dancing class from among the children in Lincoln Chambers for one evening in the week, and from her own past experience essayed their instruction in waltzing and social decorum. Also, on Sunday afternoons, she would often lure Emil and Henrietta to the new Art Museum and give them the opportunity which her own youth had lacked to discern artistic form and color, and to acquire inspiration from world-famous or exemplary paintings and sculpture. Then there suddenly came to her as treasure-trove a new fund to be drawn on for such purposes. Her employer, scanning the field of philanthropy by the light of his own professional experience, had realized that there was need in Benham of a legal aid society—that is, of an organization which would defray the charges of a firm of attorneys to whom people in utter distress, without means, and with petty but desperate grievances in which busy lawyers could not afford to interest themselves, could apply for succor. When it appeared that the clerical duties incident to the fund collected for this charity must be performed by some suitable person, it occurred to Gordon Perry—he had been seeking some such occasion—that Mrs. Stuart would make an admirable secretary and

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treasurer, especially as he intended that the society should pay two hundred dollars for the annual service. Constance's heart throbbed with delight at the announcement, and the first fifty dollars was devoted by her to the treatment of Henrietta's irregular front teeth. Would she be able some day to send Emil to college? Might she hope that her daughter would grow to be thoroughly a lady, not merely a smart, self-sufficient woman, but a gracious, refined, exquisite spirit like Mrs. Randolph Wilson? In her outlook for her children's future, she had become aware that she had set up two individuals for emulation: the woman whose æsthetic Christianity had enriched her life, and the man whose unaffected intelligence and vigor offered to her daily observation an example of honorable modern living. To lift her own flesh and blood above the rut of mediocre aims and attainments was now the ambition of her soul, and she was ready to strain every nerve to bring this to pass.

Her acquaintance with Mrs. Perry had ripened into intimacy. The old lady had taken a strong fancy to her, and the liking was cordially reciprocated. This meant increasing friendliness on both sides. Not infrequently, on her return from the office, Constance would find her in possession at Lincoln Chambers with the room warm, five o'clock tea ready, Henrietta in her lap and Emil beside her, listening to absorbing reading or stories, each of which had a pungent, personal flavor, with a not too obtrusive moral. On the other hand, Constance was asked to dine every now and then in the new house, and after dinner, sometimes it happened that they went to the theatre with Mr. Perry, or on evenings when he was busy, the two women would sit cosily with their work, and conversation never flagged. Women, when sympathetically attached to each other, seem to be inexhaustible reservoirs of speech, which flow with a bubbling copiousness bewildering to masculine ears. In their case, the hands on the clock set the only limit to their mutual enjoyment. The hour of departure brought the single uncomfortable moments of the evening for Constance—that is, for the first two evenings. Her apartment was a full mile distant, but her friends' house was not more than two hundred yards from a line of electric cars which passed within a block from her own door. Until Gordon Perry, who came out from his library to say good-night, announced his intention of accompanying her home, the idea had never occurred to her that it was necessary, or that he would offer his escort. Yet such are the inconsistencies of the feminine mind that the moment he did so she became aware that, if he had not offered it, she would have felt a trifle hurt. At the same time she did not wish him to accompany her. It would be obviously a superfluous piece of politeness; there was no risk of any kind in going home in the cars alone. She told him this in a few words of clear remonstrance. But he smilingly put on his overcoat, said it was a beautiful moonlight night, and assured her that he was anxious for a walk before going to bed. The idea of his walking only made the situation worse. Constance turned to his mother for support, but Mrs. Perry cordially seconded his assertion that it would do him good, so there was no escape from acceptance. The thought of having dragged a busy man—and her employer—out of his house at night disturbed her equanimity all the way home, so that although she delighted in having him as a companion in the exhilarating autumn air, under a glorious moon, she determined to prevent its recurrence. Yet, as she approached her destination, the fear of seeming ungracious supervened, and she had almost decided to postpone her protest until the next time, when he unwittingly gave her an opportunity to speak by remarking that he hoped that this was only one of many evenings which she would spend with them during the winter. "You must know," he added, "that my mother has taken a great fancy to you, and that it will not suit her at all if you are niggardly in your visits."

Constance smiled acquiescingly. "I love your mother," she said, "and it will be a pleasure to me to come as often as she wishes." At the same instant she said to herself, "Now for it!" Whereupon she began sturdily, "Only, Mr. Perry——"

Why did she pause? She was at a loss to know. It was the reverse of her custom to begin a sentence and leave it dangling in this unfinished manner. She accused herself of being a goose, and, simultaneously, she took a new breath to go on, only to be met by her companion's blithe sally—

"Only what, Mrs. Stuart?" She could

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see that his eyes were laughing. Did he divine what was choking her?

"Only this: if I come to your mother, you must let me go home by myself. The electric cars are a stone's throw from your house, and run close to mine, so there is not the slightest necessity for your incommoding yourself." She paused, troubled. The last turn of the sentence, though it expressed her meaning, had not the felicitous sound she desired.

"I came because I knew it would give me pleasure," he answered, quickly, still with a laughing light in his eyes, under which she let her own fall quite unnecessarily, as it seemed to her. She was provoked with herself. The dialogue had acquired the aspect of social give and take, which was entirely remote from her intention.

"I have enjoyed it, too." She felt that this was the least she could say. "But there is no need; besides, Mr. Perry, you are my employer, and—and—" (she was halting again, but she bit her lip and plunged forward, seeking only to make herself clear) "that does make a difference—it should make a difference. If I were—if I were not your stenographer, I should probably go home in a carriage, but I can't afford one, and—and the cars are perfectly safe and comfortable. I am used to looking after myself."

Her cheeks were burning. She had said what she meant to say, but it sounded crude and almost harsh. She wondered now why it had seemed necessary to her to make such a pother. As no immediate answer came from Mr. Perry, she stole a glance at his face. It had grown almost grave, and there was a different light in his eyes—a curious expression which puzzled her. "I hope you understand," she said, "and that I do not seem ungracious."

"I understand perfectly. I was admiring your sense—your sanity. Such things do make a difference—must make a difference, so long as human nature is constituted as it is; but every woman has not the hardihood to accept the limitations of her social lot. As you say, you are used to looking after yourself. I should not have been guilty of a breach of manners, had I allowed you to go home in a car as you had come—put you into one, perhaps, at the street corner, if I were not occupied. That would have been the natural course under all the circumstances, although it might have been equally natural to treat another woman with more ceremony. I came with you to-night because it gave me pleasure, as I told you, and because I wished you to understand that the relations between us are not those of employer and employee, but social in every sense. You are my mother's friend and mine."

Constance's nerves tingled pleasantly at the apostrophe. "You are very good. You have always been kindness itself to me. I have felt that you both were my friends." She put out her hand shyly and gratefully to bid him good-night, and at the same time to indicate the warmth in her heart. "But now that I do understand," she added, "you must be sensible, too, and realize that I do not need an escort." She was rather appalled by her own boldness. His plea had only strengthened her feeling that his politeness was superfluous.

"Do you forbid it?" he asked, with an inflection of gayety.

She could not help smiling. "I cannot do that, you know. But if you wish to make me feel entirely at home, you will limit yourself at most to seeing me safely on a car at your street corner." She felt that she had touched firmer ground—that she was making her claim as a friend of the family, not being forced against her will into the pose of a coquette.

"A compromise!" he ejaculated. "And what a one-sided one."

"Life is made up of compromises, is it not? I thought I was being very generous."

There was a gentle, plaintive cadence to her words which both charmed his ear and touched his sensibilities. Was she about to strike her flag in the last ditch out of sheer weariness at his bravado?

"My only wish would be to please you," he said with sudden earnestness.

Constance looked at him wonderingly, a little appalled at the change in his manner and speech. What had called forth their intensity? She became conscious that the blood was rising to her cheeks again, and that she had lost her composure for a second time. For an instant Gordon gazed at her eagerly, as though he enjoyed her bewilderment, then with a return of gayety, he exclaimed?

"But I promise nothing—nothing."

He raised his hat and Constance, who had already entered the vestibule of her apart-

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ment-house, stood irresolute before ascending the stairs as one in a trance. She was displeased with herself; for the first time in her life it had seemed to her that her tongue and her wits were not under the control of her will. Presently she reflected that she might be working too hard and was run down, which on the whole, was comforting, until she looked in her mirror and saw there the refutation of this theory in her own hue of health. No, it could not be this, for there was no blinking the fact that she had improved notably in her appearance of late, which was comforting in a different way. She was so struck by the fact that she stood for a moment surveying her face and figure with contemplative surprise. But why had Mr. Perry been so queer? She asked herself that question more than once before she fell asleep, and in the morning ascribed it to her own social inaptness.

The next occasion when she spent the evening with Mrs. Perry was a fortnight later. When she was ready to go home Gordon put on his overcoat without a word and confronted her tantalizingly. She was conscious of a little disappointment, for, in spite of his declaration of independence, she had believed that he would not persist, but as he opened the front door she heard the welcome words:

"To-night I am going to comply with your wish by putting you on a car at the next corner."

"Thank you, very much." She forebore to add what was in her mind, that it was the only sensible way. But her little triumph gave elasticity to her steps.

For the first few moments the night seemed to set a seal upon his lips as he walked beside her, so that his response had the effect of being pondered. "My desire is to please you. But I shall reserve the right of pleasing myself now and then as I did the other day."

"It pleased me, too," Constance said, amiably. "What I feared was that it might become a custom—an unnecessary burden."

Gordon signalled an approaching car. "A burden? Mrs. Stuart, the burden of walking home by moonlight with the wrong woman is one which men generally manage to shift."

Constance laughed. "Perhaps I should have thought of that. But now you will be protected at all events."

From her seat in the electric car she beheld him standing at the street corner until his figure was lost in the shadows of the night. She felt complacent. She had gained her point, and since it was on terms need she feel otherwise than happy at the prospect of having him sometimes as a companion on her journeys home? The more she could see of him rightfully, without encroaching on his time, surely the better for her. The discretion rested with him, not with her; she was simply the fortunate beneficiary.

So it came to pass that once in three or four times Gordon would exercise his privilege; and as another year slipped away and the spring brought milder nights and more inviting sidewalks, the occasions became more frequent, so that before either seemed to be aware of it, the custom of riding was more honored in the breach than the observance, and this without further discussion. They would simply start as though she were to take an electric car, and before reaching the corner he would casually interrupt their discourse to say, "It is a fine night; shall we walk?" to which Constance would reply, "If you like." After a while even this formula was dispensed with, and she was ready to take for granted that they both preferred the exercise. One day he asked permission to accompany her and her children on one of their Sunday afternoon strolls into the country, a proposal which startled her, but which she had no obvious excuse for refusing. On their return home from the excursion Henrietta and little Emil were so enthusiastic over this addition to the party that she felt reluctant on their account to prevent its repetition. So the experience was renewed every now and then, and, since he seemed to enjoy it, she accepted it as one of the pleasures which Providence had thrown in her way.

Intimacy necessarily resulted from this increasing association. It was a constant comfort to Constance that Mr. Perry was such a natural person; that he obviously liked her for herself, but did not affect to ignore or gloss over the fact that her life was circumscribed and straitened by her necessities; that, while assuming that she was interested in and able to appreciate the finer aspirations and concerns of existence, he let her perceive that he understood her predica-

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ment. Consequently she felt at liberty and encouraged to speak to him from time to time on the subject nearest her heart—the advancement of her children—and to ask advice in relation thereto.

On one of their evenings—a moonlight night, which rivalled in beauty that when he had first accompanied her—she had been consulting him as to the conditions of a free art school recently started in the new Art Museum, having little Emil in mind. After a short silence she suddenly said, "I admire your mother greatly, as you know. But sometimes I am doubtful whether she does not discourage me even more than she gives me hope; her example, I mean. She brought you up. She was almost as friendless as I. I dare say she did not have so many friends. Yet—yet you are you. She managed to give you everything."

"God bless her, yes, brave heart that she is."

"But——"

He cut her pensive conjunctive short. "I can guess what you are going to say. Excuse me; go on."

"I cannot give my children everything. But everything, then, would not be everything now."

"I divined your thought." The sympathy radiating from his sturdy tone brought a pleasant light to her eyes.

"Yet you are you," she reasserted.

He laughed. "Logician and flatterer! But you are right. My mother would have had a far harder struggle had she begun to-day. She might not have been able to give me everything, for everything then was not everything now, as you have said."

"Yet you have everything," she persisted doughtily.

"Even if that were true, it would not signify. You are facing a condition, not a theory. Flour and sugar and standard oil may be cheaper to-day, but the demands of civilization on the individual are so much greater—of civilization everywhere, but especially in this country, where the growth of prosperity has been so prodigious and the stress of competition has become so fierce."

"Oh, yes; oh, yes. You understand," she said, eagerly. "There are so many things which I should like to give my children which I cannot—which I know are beyond my reach, but which would be of infinite service to them in the struggle to make the most of life. You spoke to me once of the limitation of my social lot. That is nothing. What is hard for a mother to bear is the consciousness that her children will fall short of what she would wish them to become because she has not the power to secure for them the best. Yet it must be borne, and borne bravely."

"Yes, it is lamentably hard. The chief blot on the triumph of individualism—on the American principle of the development of self—is that the choicest privileges of civilization should hang beyond the reach of those who are handicapped merely because they are handicapped. The destruction of the poor is their poverty, as my old schoolmaster used to state, though I didn't know then what he meant. And it must be borne, as you say. Even here, where everything is possible to the individual, renunciation still stares the majority in the face as the inexorable virtue."

"Surely," she answered, with simple pathos. "Thank you for understanding me. I knew you would. If I struggle, it is because I am so ambitious for my children to rise. I would not have them remain mere hewers of wood and drawers of water—one of the majority you speak of—as I have been."

He turned his face toward her. "You are far more than that, you are a sweet woman. You must not underestimate character in your recognition of the power of things. You can give your children that, and it is no cant to say that character remains everlastingly the backbone of human progress."

"Things!" she echoed, ignoring apparently both the tribute and the consolation proffered. "That is the word." She hugged her thought in silence for a moment as though fascinated. "When I was a girl there were no things to speak of; now—" she paused and sighed; evidently the vision which her spirit entertained disconcerted her powers of speech. "It is not that I wish my children to be rich—merely rich, Mr. Perry. You know that. It is that I wish them to be able to appreciate, to feel, to enjoy what is best in life. You spoke of the power of character just now. There is Mrs. Randolph Wilson. She has all the virtues of plain character and so much more besides. Compare her with a woman like me."

"Mrs. Randolph Wilson!" His tone revealed his surprise at the antithesis. "I

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see. I see," he repeated, interested by the completeness of the contrast.

"I owe so much to her," Constance murmured. "Before I knew her my outlook was so narrow and colorless. She has taught me to enrich my life, poor as it still is."

"She is a fine woman. And yet, in my opinion, you need not fear comparison with Mrs. Wilson."

"Oh, Mr. Perry!" She stopped short for an instant in recoil. The protesting astonishment of her exclamation showed him not only that he had violated a temple by his words, but that, as a consequence, she believed him insincere, which in her eyes would be a more grievous fault.

"It is quite true," he said with decision. "You are very different; but it is quite true. Your outlook was narrow, perhaps, but it was clear and straight."

"Oh, no. You do not know her, then, nor me. I tried to see clearly according to my lights, but that is just it—my lights were defective, and I saw only half the truth until she revealed it to me."

"Mrs. Wilson has had great opportunities."

"Yes, indeed. And she has taken advantage of them. Great opportunities!" she repeated with an exultant sigh. "They are what I had in mind a few minutes ago; not for myself, you know, but for my children. I envy—yes, I envy opportunities for them." Her voice had a quiver as though she were daring a confession to the sphinx-like stars.

She had changed the emphasis of the dialogue, but Gordon pursued his tenor. "Her daughter has had every opportunity, yet her mother can scarcely regard her with pride."

"I barely know Mrs. Waldo. It was just before her wedding that her mother was so kind to me. I saw her once or twice at the house, but only for a moment."

"At least she has made a mess of her marriage."

Constance started. "It is true, then, what was in the newspapers?"

"It is true that she and her husband have agreed to separate. It is an open secret that she has gone to Sioux City in order to obtain a divorce on a colorless ground in the shortest possible time. They will both be free in less than a year."

"How terrible! Loretta Davis read me a paragraph last week to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Waldo were not happy. I set it down as baseless gossip. It seemed to me impossible that Mrs. Wilson's daughter—Ah, I am so sorry for Mrs. Wilson."

"She was in the office last week."

"I remember."

"She came to consult me; to see if anything could be done. She has reasoned with her daughter—used every argument in her arsenal—but without avail. Mrs. Waldo's one idea is to be free. And yet she has had every opportunity."

"But that proves nothing, Mr. Perry, surely." They had reached the threshold of Lincoln Chambers. There was the courage of conviction in the frank gaze she bent on him.

"Only that the power to have everything may numb the spirit and make individual self-will the sole arbiter of conduct."

"Agreed. But there can be no doubt that civilization offers us more to-day than it ever did, if we can only be put within reach of it. The thought sometimes haunts me that I may die and Henrietta grow up to be like—like Loretta Davis; never know what life may mean, because she has not had the chance."

He looked at her admiringly. "I am more than half teasing you," he said. "While it is true that the general standard of living is higher than ever before, it remains true as ever that only the attuned spirit can grasp and utilize the best. To argue otherwise would be cant."

"So it seems to me," she said, with her air of direct simplicity.

"As for this tragedy—for it is a tragedy almost Sophoclean in its scope, as you will presently learn, my lips are sealed for the moment beyond what I have told you. But you are right in your enthusiasm for Mrs. Wilson. She is in touch with the temper of the world's progress—according to her lights."

She smiled faintly. "I still wish I were more like her."

Gordon seemed for a moment to be pondering this assertion, then fixing her with his eyes, said: "I believe you have never heard anything from your husband since he deserted you?"

"Nothing."

"You do not know his whereabouts, nor whether he is alive or dead?"

She shook her head.

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"More than three years have elapsed. So you are entitled to a divorce in this State, if you see fit to claim it."

Constance had listened in astonishment. His tone was so respectful that she could not take offence. He seemed to be merely informing her as to her rights; and though the topic had never been broached up to this time between them, was he not her intimate friend? Nevertheless she felt agitated.

"It has never occurred to me that a divorce would be desirable," she answered with as much formality as her dislike of artifice allowed her to adopt. Then, yielding to curiosity or the inclination to break another lance with him, she added: "Of what benefit would it be to me to seek a divorce?"

"Merely that the bond is already broken; what remains is a husk."

"My husband may return." The response struck her as futile; still it had risen to her lips as a convenient possibility.

"That is true. But if he did return after what has happened, I should think—I have no right to invade your privacy—" He stopped short, evidently appalled by the sound of his own presumption.

There was a brief silence. It would have been easy for Constance to leave his inquiry where he had left it, but her love for the truth caused her first to face the issue thus presented, and having solved it by one full glance, to bear testimony to what was in her heart. Why she felt this frankness necessary, she did not know, unless it were that he was such a friend she did not wish him to think he had offended. The interval was only momentary, but she appeared to herself to have been standing speechless in the presence of the ashes of her past for an awkward period before she said:

"My husband said when he went away that we could never be happy together. I do not wish him to return."

She realized she was telling him her love was dead. It was the truth; why should he not know? She heard him draw a deep breath. Suddenly remembering the argument which had provoked his question, her mind flew to it for refuge and sheltered itself behind it as a bulwark.

"But that is no reason why I should seek a divorce. A divorce could not alter the situation."

He hesitated a moment as though he were about to continue the discussion, then evidently thought better of it. "I simply wished you to know your rights. Good-night."

XVII

AS she reached the landing upon which her own apartment opened, Constance noticed that there was a light in Loretta Davis's room. Loretta was now a full-fledged nurse. That is, she had completed her course at the hospital, and was taking cases of her own. She had already obtained two or three through the patronage of Mrs. Wilson, but she happened to be out of work at the moment. It occurred to Constance that she would impart her information to her neighbor. Loretta was deeply interested in everything which concerned their benefactress. Loretta had seen what was in the newspaper, and, since it was true, why should not she know? This was a plausible excuse for gratifying that strong desire to share her knowledge which assails every woman who has something to tell. Had it been a real secret, Constance would have been adamant. As it was, she did not appreciate until too late that this was just the sort of subject which she and Loretta could not discuss sympathetically. She was sorry for her; she did her best to befriend and encourage her, and tried to like her; but though they got on pleasantly, their point of view was apt to be radically different.

Loretta opened the door. "Oh, it's you, Constance. I'd made up my mind that someone had sent for me."

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Loretta. But I've something to tell you—something you'll be distressed to hear. What you read in the newspaper about Mrs. Wilson's daughter—the Waldos—is true."

Then she repeated briefly what she knew, omitting reference to Mrs. Wilson's visit to the office. Loretta listened with parted lips and an expression in her usually matter-of-fact face curiously compounded of solicitude and knowingness, as though commiseration and the glamor of the scandal were contending forces.

"I knew it was true; the newspapers

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wouldn't have printed it unless there'd been something in it. My! but she'll feel bad, won't she?"

"It will wound her terribly."

"How did your boss find out?"

Constance winced. Somehow the epithet jarred worse than usual, and she felt that she could not stand it. The experiences of the evening were on her nerves, though sympathy for Mrs. Wilson had thrust her personal emotions to the back of her mind for more leisurely inspection.

"You mustn't call him that, Loretta. It doesn't express him at all."

Loretta looked surprised and laughed. "What's the matter? He is your boss, isn't he?" she asserted. "Oh, well—your employer, Mr. Gordon Perry, Esq., counsellor-at-law, if that'll suit you. My! but you're getting red."

Constance was annoyed with herself for having protested. Indeed, she was biting her tongue for having brought on the interview. Now that she had told the facts she shrank from further discussion. Yet it was patent that Loretta had every intention of discussing the episode with her.

"There's no doubt about the truth of the matter, unfortunately," she said, by way of answer to the original question.

Loretta's large eyes began to rove. Then they suddenly fixed Constance with the gleam of a transporting idea.

"I'm going to see her, right off—to-morrow, I mean," she added, noting the swift, barometric sign of disapproval which her words evoked, though it was no more than a contraction of the eyelids. But, suspicious as she was, she assumed that the only criticism had been that she was going forthwith.

From the moment Gordon Perry had spoken, Constance had been yearning to hasten to Mrs. Wilson's side and offer the sympathy which she felt. This had been her first impulse too, but a moment's reflection had proved to her that to do so was out of the question; that it would be an intrusion—a violation of that subtle code of nicety which governed her benefactress's life. Mrs. Wilson was the last woman to betray to the every-day world that she was sorely wounded. Was not endurance of suffering without plaint and with an unruffled countenance one of the tenets of her friend's æsthetic creed? So what right had a person like herself to invade her privacy? No, she must remain dumb until Mrs. Wilson gave her the opportunity to speak or publicity offered an excuse for flowers or some token of affection. Thus she had reasoned, and hence her involuntary challenge to Loretta's confident announcement.

"She'll expect me to be sorry for her, and I am," pursued Loretta, complacent over her project. "I'll ask her all about it. Won't it make a stir in the newspapers! There'll be a new picture of her, sure." Thus reminded, she opened a table drawer and produced a large scrap-book, which she exhibited to Constance with an air of satisfaction. It was made up of newspaper illustrations and clippings relative to the object of adoration—pictures of Mrs. Wilson in a variety of poses, of her house, of her equipages, and of everything which the reportorial artist had been able to reproduce; also scores of allusions to her in print culled from the social columns. It was a current, but a thorough collection, for Loretta had purchased back issues in order to possess the newspaper features of the wedding ceremonies. It was to these she now turned, staying her hand at a page where the bride and her mother looked forth, ranged side by side in festal attire. Loretta surveyed them contemplatively. "I never laid eyes on the daughter. They're not much alike, are they? Perhaps she'll be at home when I go. I'd give anything to see her."

The scrap-book was not new to Constance, but it had been considerably amplified since she had seen it last. She had never been able to understand why Loretta had undertaken or prized it. Nevertheless, it was a symptom of hero-worship in line with collections of the photographs of adored actors by matinée girls, and was not to be despised too heartily if she wished to remain sympathetic. But just now Constance's mind was otherwise busy. She, too, adored Mrs. Wilson, and she painfully depicted to herself the annoyance which this visit with its threatened frankness would cause her divinity.

"Don't you think, Loretta, that it would be better to wait a little before you call?" she said, in gentle appeal.

"Better? Why, better?"

"More appropriate. Mrs. Wilson will not feel like discussing the matter just yet. If her daughter is with her, so much the more reason. She must be very unhappy, and, if

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either of us were to visit her now to offer sympathy, I'm sure she would regard it as an intrusion."

Loretta bridled. "If I were unhappy, she'd come to see me. If my baby were to die, wouldn't she come gliding down here to make me feel resigned? Two can play at that game. She's been nice to me; why shouldn't I let her know that I'm sorry for her? Besides," she added, with a shrug of her shoulders and a bold look, "I'd like to see how she'd behave—how she'd take it. I want to see the house again, too."

Appalled as Constance was, she said to herself that she must not let the shock of this lack of taste palsy her own effectiveness. To upbraid Loretta would only confirm her in her intention.

"Let us hope that there will be no publicity; that the matter will be kept very quiet. If Mrs. Wilson is desirous of concealing it, surely she would not be pleased to know that we had heard of it. I told you because I know how fond you are of her, and that her secret would be safe in your hands."

"Publicity? Of course there'll be publicity." The suggestion of concealment was obviously distasteful to her. "Why, I read it to you in the newspaper. The reporters are certain to get wind of it in a few days, see if they don't. And when they do, look out for headlines and half-page illustrations. The public have a right to know what's going on, haven't they?" she asked in the assertive tone of one vindicating a vested privilege.

"Not things of this kind—private concerns, surely." Constance sighed, realizing that it was only too probable that the newspapers, alert as bloodhounds for the trail of a new social scandal, would come upon this shortly and blazon it to the world.

"Private concerns! Suppose a multimillionaire's daughter tires of her husband and runs away to South Dakota to get a divorce as quick as the law allows, do you call that a private concern? I guess not, Constance. The public—meaning such as you and me—naturally take an interest, and object to its being hushed up. The multimillionaires have the money; we have the newspapers. We don't get any too much that's interesting in our lives."

"We don't know any of the facts; we mustn't prejudge Mrs. Waldo until we hear what they are," said Constance, ignoring the philosophy of this tirade in her dismay at the assumption.

"That's why I'm going to see her. I want to find out the facts," said Loretta, triumphantly. "I was only supposing. Like as not her daughter has been ill-treated, and is running away because she has to. If so, there's not much to worry about. She'll get her divorce, and be able to marry again as soon as she has the chance."

"But even so, Loretta, her mother must necessarily regard it as a family misfortune, which she would not like to talk about. As to marrying again, that would only make the matter worse for Mrs. Wilson."

"Worse? Why worse?"

"It would distress her, I'm certain. It would be contrary to her ideas of the eternal fitness of things."

Constance recognized her own sententiousness, which was due to the perception that she had allowed herself to speak by the card without sufficient authority. She had never discussed the subject or anything analogous to it with Mrs. Wilson, and to put arguments in her mouth would be surely a liberty. Yet her heart told her that the conclusion which she had uttered, both in its substance and phraseology, stated correctly Mrs. Wilson's position. What suddenly interested her was the wonder whether it expressed her own convictions.

Loretta lost no time in bringing this to an issue. "Supposing Mrs. Waldo has been miserable and without fault, do you mean to tell me she'd object to her daughter marrying the right man if he came along? Why, wouldn't *you* be glad, after all you've been through, if the right person came along—some decent man with a little money who could look after your children?"

"I?" To the ears of Constance the sound of her own voice resembled a wail. Why should Loretta be so unfeeling as to make her personal experiences the test of such a text?

"Yes, you."

Constance gathered her forces for a display of proper dignity. She wished to be kind still, but conclusive.

"Mine is not a case at all in point. I am not divorced from my husband."

Loretta plainly regarded this argument as flimsy, for she snapped her fingers. "Pooh!" she said. "You could get a divorce any day you like." She stared at Constance a mo-

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ment, then rose from her chair, planted her palms on the table and bent forward by way of emphasis with an air both determined and a little diabolical.

"Supposing your—your employer, Gordon Perry, Esq., counsellor-at-law, was to make you an offer of his hand and heart to-morrow, do you mean to tell me, Constance Stuart, that you wouldn't snap him up in a jiffy?"

"It isn't a supposable case," replied poor Constance. One can slam a door in an intruder's face; there is no such buffer for impertinent speeches.

"But supposing costs nothing. Of course it's supposable, why not? You're the sort of woman who's twice as good looking now that you've filled out as you were at nineteen. You know well enough you're growing handsomer and more fetching every day. Only a blind man couldn't see that."

"That would have nothing to do with it even if it were true."

"You may bet a man like that wouldn't marry you if you were plain. But just supposing? I do believe you're getting red again."

The victim, conscious of the fact, sought relief in merriment. She jumped at the impulse to treat this indelicate effrontery jocosely as the only possible attitude. "It's because you're so absurd, Loretta. But since you seem to wish an answer to your ridiculous question——"

The sharp note of the electric bell broke in upon the slight pause which she made to weigh her words.

"Someone for me!" cried Loretta, and she ran to the tube. But she looked over her shoulder to say "Continued in our next! The offer is good for a week."

Constance felt the inclination to throw the scrap-book at her head. The next moment she was vexed with herself for allowing her equanimity to be disturbed, and began to rehabilitate the interrupted sentence. What had she been going to say? It dawned upon her that, curiously enough, she had not formulated the conclusion. Meantime Loretta was going through the functions of whistling down the tube and receiving the message. The surprising import of her next words roused Constance from a brown study.

"Talk of the devil! It's a messenger from Mr. Perry's. Somebody's ill and I'm wanted. The boy's coming up."

Somebody ill! It must be Mrs. Perry. The few moments of suspense which elapsed before the district messenger-boy arrived seemed interminable to Constance. Loretta had opened the door and the tramp of his ascent sounded leisurely. When he appeared he thrust his hand into his breast-pocket and produced a letter.

"It's for Mrs. Stuart," he said, guardedly.

"I'm Mrs. Stuart," said Constance.

"I was told to ring at your bell first, and if you was asleep or didn't answer the tube to try the other lady."

Constance read the brief contents of the note with perturbation. It was from Mr. Perry, informing her that on his return home he had found his mother stricken with paralysis, that the doctor was in attendance, and that a trained-nurse was necessary. He had thought of Loretta; would Constance send her if disengaged?

"Oh, Loretta, dear Mrs. Perry is seriously ill—a stroke of paralysis. Mr. Perry asks you to come to her at once."

"I'll be ready to start in a few minutes," answered Loretta, briskly.

"We will both go," added Constance, as though to herself. "There may be something I can do." She turned to the messenger: "Return as quickly as you can, and tell the gentleman that we—wait a moment." She tore the sheet of note-paper apart and seating herself at the table wrote hastily on the blank half in pencil: "Loretta will come at once, and I shall accompany her. My heart grieves for you, my dear friend." She folded it and bent down one corner. "Give him this," she said, "and please make haste."

At this time in Benham the doctrine was firmly established that sewage must be diverted from the sources of water supply used for drinking purposes, and the doctrine that not every woman able to read and write is qualified to teach school was being gradually, if grudgingly, admitted to be not altogether un-American. So swift had been the change of attitude toward special knowledge that there had even been a revolution in regard to the theory advocated by the original board of trustees of the Silas S. Parsons Free Hospital that every woman is a born nurse, and is competent, after a fortnight's training at the utmost, to take charge of the sickest patients. Those familiar with

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affairs in Benham will recall that the original ruling spirit of that institution was Mrs. Selma Lyons, wife of United States Senator Lyons. She disapproved of special training and was a strong champion of the principle that an American woman with aspirations is more likely to be fettered than helped by conventional standards, and that individuality should be given free play in order to attain brilliant results. Yet though this principle was reverenced at first in the employment of nurses for the hospital, progress, that stern derider even of the American woman, gradually set it at naught during the period when Mrs. Lyons was resident in Washington and unable to give that close personal attention to the affairs of the institution which she desired. It so happened that after her husband's defeat at the end of his first term through the hostility of Horace Elton, one of the financial magnates of that section of the country, who harbored a grudge against him for alleged duplicity when Governor, the President of the United States threw a sop to the defeated candidate in the form of the Spanish mission. Selma, who was still engaged in the effort to chastise her enemies and to reëstablish what she regarded as true American social principles, was sorry to leave Washington, but she found some consolation in the thought of introducing American ethical standards at a foreign court, especially of dealing a death-blow to bull-fights by her personal influence. She was obliged, however, to relax considerably her vigilance in regard to the hospital; even to consent to an enlargement of the board of trustees. This in its new form presently adopted what the members regarded as modern methods. Mrs. Wilson had been one of the recent additions to the body. Yet, under her regimen, though every applicant for a nurse's diploma was obliged to serve a rigorous apprenticeship of two years at the hospital, the idea of scrutinizing the antecedents and previous education of the young women offering themselves was still novel. Selma would have regarded an inquiry of this kind as aristocratic and hostile to the free development of the individual. Now—but a few years later—such a system of scrutiny is in vogue in Benham; but at the date of Loretta Davis's admittance to the Silas S. Parsons Free Hospital, though it doubtless occurred to Mrs. Wilson that her candidate was not ideal, she had not demurred. On the contrary, she had welcomed the opportunity of giving the girl a chance to redeem herself in this field of usefulness.

Similarly, though Constance might not have picked out her neighbor for this particular service, she felt only thankfulness that Loretta was disengaged, and that they were able to betake themselves at once to Mrs. Perry's bed-side. The old dame employed to look after the baby in Loretta's absence was still available. Constance waked her, and requested her to keep an eye on her own children in case she were away all night. After their arrival at their destination, however, it was soon clear to Constance that there was nothing she could do. Mrs. Perry had not regained consciousness, and the physician in attendance was non-committal as to the outcome. So Gordon informed them briefly, and Constance was left in the library to her own reflections while he showed Loretta to her post. She was not sorry that she had come; but much as she wished to remain, plainly she would be in the way. Loretta was trained, and was the proper person to be in the sick-room. Yet she would not go until Mr. Perry returned. He might have instructions for the morrow concerning the changes in his plans consequent upon his mother's illness. Besides, she wished to express more specifically her desire to be of any possible service.

Gordon returned before long. He put out his hand as though they had not met already. "I thank you heartily for your message of sympathy," he said.

"There is no change?"

"None. It is the beginning of the end."

"Yet——"

"Oh, yes, she may recover, thanks to the tireless methods of modern science; but what would the only possible recovery mean to a woman like her? Merely durance vile. No—one's natural impulse, of course, is to hold on to one we love—to delay the parting at any price. The doctors must have their way. But when I allow myself to think, I know it would be best for her not to wake again. She would prefer it. You know that."

"Yes, she would prefer it," Constance murmured. "I must not keep you from her," she added.

"Please stay a little. I can do nothing. It hurts me to see her so unlike herself, though the doctor says she is not suffering." He

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glanced at the clock apprehensively. "It is getting late, I know; but you must not go quite yet. I will telephone for a carriage presently. I must give you directions as to what to do at the office to-morrow in case I should not be there." Then, as though he divined what was in her thoughts, he said, "I was glad when I knew you were coming. I said to myself, 'if my mother should recover consciousness, the sight of Constance at her bedside would do her more good than any medicine.'"

He had never before employed her Christian name in her presence. The use of it now seemed to her to put a seal upon the bond of their friendship. He was become, indeed, a wise older brother whom it delighted her to serve.

"But you will come to-morrow?" he said.

"If I may. I should like to be near her. I hate to feel helpless where she is concerned."

"We are both helpless. What a mother she has been to me! I owe everything to her. Truth has been her divinity, truth—truth—and she has had the courage to live up to what she believed." He paused. Evidently his spirit quailed before the impending future. "And now she is slipping away from me. The common destiny. But she is my mother. I wonder where she is going—what is to become of all that energy and clear-headedness. Modern science tells us that force never perishes. It is as difficult to imagine my mother's individuality at an end as it is to convince one's self in the presence of death that the grave is not master." He sighed and turned to hide a tear.

> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air,
> I only know I can not drift
> Beyond His love and care."

The lines rose to Constance's lips and she repeated them. They were not symbolic of her church; rather they were a text from the universal hope of mankind. She felt instinctively that any more orthodox definition would have jarred upon him.

"Thank you," he said, softly. "It is so easy in this age of conscientious investigation to reject everything which will not bear the test of human reason. Death is no greater a mystery than birth. We know not whence we came, nor whither we go. But when the world ceases to believe that there is some answer to it all worthy of our aspirations, it will be time for this planet to become a frozen pole again. You women are apt to bear that in mind more faithfully than we," he added, lifting his eyes to hers. "Come," he said, "we must not forget to-morrow; you have work to do. I must not be selfish."

A few minutes later he put her in a carriage. In the morning Constance, imbued with his speech, half hoped that she might hear that Mrs. Perry was dead. But Gordon appeared at the office about ten o'clock announcing that the night had brought a change for the better. His mother had smiled at him recognizingly, and faintly pressed his hand. Though she was unable to speak, the doctor had encouraged him to believe that she would do so. Constance perceived that he was in better spirits, showing that, despite his words, he was rejoicing that the parting had been delayed.

The improvement in Mrs. Perry's condition continued for nearly three weeks. One side of her body was completely paralyzed, but she regained presently the power to utter a few occasional words, though her enunciation was difficult to understand. At the end of the fourth day from her seizure she was permitted to see Constance for a few minutes. Soon after daily visits increasing gradually in length were sanctioned, and Constance, after her duties at the office were over, was enabled to spend an hour or more at the bedside of her friend before returning to her own home. This was an agreeable arrangement to Loretta, for it gave that young woman a breathing spell—the opportunity to take the fresh air or to do whatever she pleased. Mrs. Perry evidently delighted in Constance's attendance. She listened to reading with satisfaction for a time, but later it seemed to suit her better to lie quietly, her unmaimed hand resting in or near one of Constance's, while the latter now and then broke the twilight silence by recounting the news of the day. "I like the sound of your voice, my dear," she said to Constance. "It is refreshing and musical as a brook." Occasionally Gordon joined them, but he would never permit Constance to relinquish her seat beside the bed in his favor.

"My turn comes later," he said. "I tuck my mother up for the night."

Mrs. Perry seemed to enjoy especially the days when they were there together. She would turn her eyes from one to the other as though she delighted in them equally. But

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only once did she make any reference to what may have been in her thoughts concerning their joint presence. It was in the third week of her illness, and what she said was spoken low to Constance though evidently intended to be audible to them both.

"You must take good care of him, dear, when I am gone."

It was one of her best days as regards articulation, so there was no room for misunderstanding. The words were harmless enough, and Constance took them in the only sense in which they were applicable.

"I shall stay with him as long as he will keep me, you may rely on that, Mrs. Perry," she responded, brightly.

A pleasant smile came over the old lady's face and she looked in the direction of her son. Her mouth twitched. "Do you hear what she says, Gordon?" There was a humorous twinkle in her voice which doubtless was not lost on him. His back was to the light so that he had the advantage of shadow to cover his mental processes.

"I regard it as impossible that Constance and I should ever drift apart," he said.

His sphinx-like reply seemed to be reassuring to the invalid. She lay like one serenely satisfied, and did not pursue the subject further. As for Constance, she noticed the use by Mr. Perry of her Christian name again, but it seemed to her only fitting and friendly. She did not need his assurance to feel that they were not likely to drift apart, but it was delightful to hear it from his lips.

When Mrs. Perry's seeming convalescence had reached a stage at which the doctor was on the point of sending her out to drive, a second attack of her malady occurred and brought the end. She became unconscious at once, and passed away within a few hours. On the afternoon after the funeral Constance returned to the house with Loretta in order that the latter might collect and bring away her belongings. Gordon was closeted in his library alone with his sorrow, and the two women moving noiselessly through the silent house made but a brief stay. While they were on their way to Lincoln Chambers a newsboy entered the street-car crying the evening papers. Loretta having bought one made an ejaculation. Absorbed in what she had discovered, she paid no heed at first to Constance's glance of interrogation, but read with an avidity which seemed breathless. Then she thrust the sheet under her companion's eyes, and pointing to a column bristling with large head-lines, exclaimed:

"Here it is at last; a full account of the divorce proceedings with their pictures, and a picture of her. It's a worse affair than anyone imagined. It says Paul Howard and his wife are mixed up in it, and there's something about a pistol going off at Newport. I haven't read it all yet. But look —look!"

Loretta's demeanor suggested not merely excitement, but a sort of saturnine glee, so that Constance turned from the printed page toward her as though seeking to fathom its cause, then back to the newspaper, the capitals of which told their sensational story with flaring offensiveness.

"I won't read it now, Loretta. I'll wait until we get home. What a cruel shame it is that the press has got hold of it."

Loretta gave a questioning jerk to her shoulders. "I don't know about that. I knew she wouldn't be able to hush it up. How could she expect to? Besides—" She did not finish her sentence. Instead, she wagged her head, as one in possession of a secret and grinned knowingly. "I'll tell you something, some day. But not now—not now." Then she reassumed control of the newspaper, saying, "Well, if you don't care to read it, I do. There are three columns." She uttered the last words as though she were announcing treasure-trove.

But the ellipsis had left no doubt as to her attitude, which led Constance to remark on the spur of the moment, "Neither of us would like to have our misfortunes paraded before the world. I know what it means; how it cuts and stings."

Loretta looked up admiringly. "When your husband ran away?"

"Yes."

"And your picture appeared?"

"No, not that, thank heavens!"

Loretta laughed indulgently. "You're queer, Constance. You're so scared of publicity. I shouldn't mind a bit having my picture in the papers. What's more, I don't believe she does. This divorce had to come out, sooner or later. I shouldn't wonder in the least," she added, boldly, "if she lets the reporters know when she has a new photograph taken. By the way, I went to see her."

Constance knew at once what she meant,

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and the dismay and curiosity inspired by the announcement rose paramount to her other feelings of protest.

"When?"

"It surprises you, doesn't it? I went on two of those afternoons when you sat with Mrs. Perry. And I saw her, too. The first time the butler said she was engaged. He tried to shunt me off the same way again, but I was too smart for him. 'Tell her Loretta Davis is very anxious to talk with her on business,' I said, and the message came back that she'd be down presently. Between my baby and my nurse's work it wasn't hard to find the business, and then I told her plump I was sorry to hear about her daughter. At that she colored up—you ought to have seen her, and looked as though she had swallowed a steel rod. Said she, 'I appreciate your desire to be sympathetic, Loretta, but that is a subject I cannot discuss with anyone, please.'" Loretta spoke mincingly, evidently aiming to reproduce Mrs. Wilson's exquisiteness of manner and speech. "Said I, 'I thought it might make you feel better to talk it over with someone.' It would me, I know.' But it wasn't any use. She wouldn't, and she sort of froze me; and pretty soon we both got up, I to go, and she to have me go. However, now it's all out, and everyone will be talking about it."

"But not with her. I warned you that she wouldn't like it."

"Yes, you warned me. And I don't mind saying I think she needn't have been so stiff, seeing I told her everything when I was in trouble. Anyhow, I saw the house again and her, and now there's a new picture of her in the paper, and the thing is going to make a big sensation, if what's printed here is true, and I guess it is." She nodded her head with a repetition of her air of mystery. "There are the facts you said we ought to wait for."

"But you seem almost glad," Constance could not refrain from remarking. "You stated you went to see Mrs. Wilson because you were sorry for her."

"So I did; so I am. I'm dreadfully sorry for her. I'd do anything to help her, but I can't; and she won't let me show my sympathy. But since the thing has happened, I'm glad it's exciting."

Constance looked puzzled. "I don't think I understand."

"I enjoy sensations, and big head-lines. They tone me up. You're different, I guess." A sudden thought seemed to occur to her, for she regarded Constance for a moment as a doctor might look at a patient, then she thrust her hand into the pocket of her jacket and produced a small bottle which contained white tablets. "When I feel low in my mind—done up—I take one of these."

"What are they?"

"Something a friend of mine at the hospital recommended. They do the work." While delivering this not altogether candid response, Loretta unscrewed the stopper and emptying a tablet on to her palm swallowed it, then offered the bottle to her companion. "Have one?"

Constance shook her head.

"Well, the next time you feel fagged, ask me for one." An instant later she sprang to her feet, exclaiming, "Why, here we are! We ought to get out."

It was even so. The interest of their conversation had been such that they had neglected to notice the flight of time or to observe where they were. As the car was virtually at the point where they wished it to stop, Loretta hurried toward the door, signalling to the conductor as she did so; but she failed to catch his eye, for he happened to be absorbed by an organ-grinder on the other side of the car from that on which they were to get off. The car was moving slowly, and, though she had her hand-bag, it was a simple matter to spring to the ground without further ado. She did so successfully, landing a few feet beyond the crossing. Constance, who was following close behind, heard the voice of the conductor, "Wait, lady, until the car stops," and the jingle of the bell, but she disdained to heed it. She jumped lightly, but somehow the heel of her boot caught on the edge of the platform or she slipped. At all events her impetus was thwarted, and instead of landing on her feet, she pitched forward, striking her forehead on the pavement.

XVIII

WHEN Constance came to herself she was in her own bed. It appeared that she had been carried insensible into a drug store, and thence to Lincoln Chambers, which were close at hand. A doctor presently restored her consciousness, but he gave im-

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perative instructions that she was to be kept absolutely quiet or he would not answer for the consequences of the nervous shock. It was the second day before her countenance expressed recognition of Mrs. Harrity, the pensioner who looked after the children, and who sat sewing at her bedside. Even then her senses shrank from every effort, and having learned by a question or two that she had fallen, and that the children were well, she lapsed into a comatose state. When she emerged from this she was very weak, but her mind was clear. She could not bear the light, however. Her eyes burned with a stinging pain whenever they encountered it, and she was forced to submit to the physician's orders that she remain in a dark room for a week.

Her first inquiry after her mind was able to focus itself was whether word had been sent to the office. She was told that Loretta had done this by telephone; that Mr. Perry had called promptly, and that the roses on the table were from him. Mrs. Harrity seemed proud of the visit and the gift.

"He told me to say you weren't to worry, and to take all the time you need to get well. He's a pleasant-spoken gentleman, Mrs. Stuart, and wanted to know everything the doctor had said."

Mrs. Harrity was proud also of the fact that Loretta had been summoned to attend a new patient. She was proudest of all of a piece of intelligence, or rather prophecy, which Loretta had let fall the day after the accident, which she hastened to impart to Constance the first moment the latter appeared able to take it in.

"She says as how you ought to get big damages from the railroad."

"But I'm not much hurt, am I?" asked Constance.

The dame perceived that she had not lived up to the doctor's orders. Yet now she could conscientiously relieve her patient's natural solicitude.

"Mercy, no. You've broken nothing. You're only shook up. And it hasn't hurt your good looks a mite. But," she added, still conscientious, "the doctor says it's your nerves, and nerves are most as good as bones before a jury, especially if one has a smart lawyer handy as you have."

Constance sat up in bed. Instead of being a comfort, as was intended, the broad hint distressed her.

"I don't wish any damages. It was my own fault. I jumped before the car stopped. It was very silly. I only want to get well."

The dread of a tedious convalescence was already haunting her reviving faculties. Her absence from the office would be very inconvenient to Mr. Perry, and confinement at home for more than a few days would prove a disastrous inroad on her resources. She must hasten to recover.

Meantime Mrs. Harrity was looking blank at the reception accorded to what she had supposed would be a nerve tonic to the sufferer. She replied stanchly:

"She says different. She's ready to go on the stand and swear against the company. You're all right, darling. Smell them flowers, and lie down like a good girl. The doctor says you must keep still and not talk." So saying, she pushed a little nearer the vase of roses, one of which Constance had reached with her outstretched hand in the dark. Constance's impulse had been to detach it from its fellows so as to enjoy its fragrance at close range. But the larger opportunity afforded her, or else the jogging of her purpose, changed her mind. She bent forward and burying her face in the cool rose leaves inhaled their rich perfume.

"It was very kind of him to send them," she murmured, as though in monologue. Then appreciating for the first time her weakness she sank back upon her pillow. She said to herself that he was such a friend that he would make the best of her absence for a week and by the end of that time she would be herself again. But what a fool she had been to jump; to take such a risk, she a grown woman with children! She ought to have known better; she was getting middle-aged, and she must be more staid. Still it was some consolation to know she had not broken her nose.

A note received from Mr. Perry twenty-four hours later and read to her by her little daughter reassured her as to his indulgence in respect to her absence. All her interest now became centred on a rapid recovery, and she made sundry attempts to bring the doctor to book as to the date when she would be able to resume work again, which he smilingly evaded. She was conscious, however, of increasing bodily vigor, which was comforting. The inability of her eyes to endure the light was her chief discomfort, a condition which her physician

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appeared to her to ignore, until he arrived one morning with a brother practitioner, who proved to be an oculist, and who had brought with him some of the apparatus of his specialty for the purpose of a diagnosis. Constance could not bear the sphinx-like urbanities which followed the examination. She felt possessed by a desire to have the exact condition of affairs revealed to her. She lifted her head, and addressing her own doctor, said:

"I should like to know the truth, please. Do not conceal anything. It will be much worse for me to find out later that something has been kept back."

The family physician looked at the specialist as much as to say that he proposed to throw the burden on him, but he answered, "So far as your general physical condition is concerned, you are practically well, Mrs. Stuart. All the brain symptoms have disappeared, and there are no lesions of any kind. It is now simply a question of nerves—and your eyes. Dr. Dale can speak more authoritatively about the latter."

Dr. Dale, the oculist, a man in the prime of life, with precise methods and a closely cut Van Dyke beard, hesitated briefly, as though he were analyzing his patient, then said with courteous incisiveness—"It is a question of nerves, as Dr. Baldwin has explained. The nerves affected in your case are those of the eyes. Since you have expressed a wish to know the exact state of affairs, I take you at your word, Mrs. Stuart. I agree with you that it is more satisfactory to know the truth, and I am glad to be able to assure you that by the end of six months, if you give your eyes entire rest, their weakness will be cured, and you will be able to use them as freely as before."

He had rather the air of conferring a benefit than of pronouncing a sentence, and Constance received his statement in that spirit.

"Thank you," she said. "I will be as careful as I can."

"The condition of your cure," the specialist continued, with polite relentlessness, "is that you abstain from using them altogether."

Constance experienced a thrill of concern. "Which means?"

"It means, Mrs. Stuart, that you must not sew, read, write, or undertake any form of application where the eyes are a factor."

She could not believe her ears. "I am a clerk in a law-office. My employment is stenography and type-writing," she said, tentatively.

He nodded. Evidently he had been informed. "It will be impossible for you to continue it."

"But I must. I must do my work. My children are dependent on it." Her tone suggested that there could be no answer to such a plea.

"You cannot. If you do, you will become blind. I am very sorry for you."

The truth was out. She lay dumbfounded. "Blind? Blind?" she echoed.

"But there is not the least danger of your becoming blind if you obey my instructions. You will be entirely cured, as I have said."

There was a painful silence. Her sentence was too appalling to grasp. There must be some escape from it. "Six months? Half a year?"

"Knowing your necessities, I have given you the shortest period that I dared consistent with perfect recovery. You will have to wear colored glasses at first," he continued, seeking a business-like basis, "and accustom yourself to do without them by degrees. I will bring them to-morrow."

She leaned back on her pillow bewildered. The trickling of a tear into her mouth reminded her that she could not afford to cry, though but for the presence of the doctors she knew that she would have burst into sobs. Her plight demanded thought, not sorrow. But what could she do? What, indeed? Yet, even as she asked herself the dreadful question, she began to nerve herself not only against breaking down at the moment, but against the threat of the future. She would keep a stiff upper lip in the teeth of all the odds, and be able to manage somehow. As thus she reasoned, swallowing the salt of her single moment of weakness, she heard Dr. Baldwin saying:

"You have had a very fortunate escape, all things considered. It might have been much worse. You might have disfigured yourself permanently, which for you," he added with a gallant bow, "would have been a serious matter, indeed." As it is, you will be able to do everything as formerly in another week, except use your eyes. Your friends will look after you, Mrs. Stuart, and six months will pass much more quickly than you expect."

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"I don't suppose they'll let me starve," she found herself saying, though the notion of a return to alms almost strangled her effort at buoyancy, so that the sprightliness of her tone competed with the water in her eyes, as the sun struggles with the rain-pour just before it clears up. But she remembered that the room was dark, and that they could not see her tears. "Wasn't I a fool to jump off that car?"

"You were unlucky, that's all. You mustn't be too hard on yourself. It is the privilege of the young to jump, and you will jump again." It was Dr. Dale who spoke. His enunciation imparted a cleansing value to his note of sympathy, just as it had ruthlessly epitomized her tragedy a few minutes before.

"But I am not young; that is the folly of it," she protested.

The oculist smiled. "Excuse me if I differ with you," said he. "You have the best years of your life before you."

They left her under the spell of this assertion, which lingered in her mind on account of its absurdity, until in sheer self-defence she said to herself under her breath that she was only thirty-one. The best years of her life! And yet he knew that she was to be deprived during half of one of them of the joy of seeing and the source of her livelihood. What could he mean?

In taking his departure, Dr. Baldwin, by way of showing his friendliness, had volunteered to write to her employer. "I know Mr. Perry," he said, "and I will explain to him the situation. Perhaps he will be able to keep your place for you."

Constance had interposed no objection. It would obviate the necessity of an elaborate explanation on her part, and would, moreover, be a guaranty of her later usefulness. The future would take care of itself; it was the present which stared her in the face and demanded an immediate answer.

One solution of her quandary was offered to her a few days later. Dr. Baldwin had given her permission to get up and resume her ordinary household duties as soon as her glasses arrived, which proved to be the next morning, as the oculist had promised. Consequently, she dressed herself and sat with her children in the parlor that afternoon, and on the following day rose, bent on facing the new problem of existence with a clear brain and resigned spirit. If Mr. Perry would save her place for her, so much the better. But obviously there was nothing for her to do in the office until she were cured. She must, either through her own energies or the advice of others, discover some employment compatible with her infirmity. She might have to accept help at first, for the money she had on hand would be needed to pay the bills of the two physicians, which would necessarily be considerable; but with the aid of her friends she would surely be able to find some handiwork which would yield her enough to keep her treasures well fed and decently clothed. Humiliating as it would be to have recourse to others, it was clearly her duty to inform her friends of her predicament, and invite their counsel. They would only thank her, she knew, and she certainly was fortunate in having three persons, to whom she felt at liberty to apply, so pleasantly interested in her welfare as her employer, Mrs. Wilson, and the Reverend George Prentiss. Mr. Perry was to be made aware of what had befallen her, without further action on her part; but she would write to the two others, and soon, for the thought was harassing her that her employer, in a spirit of benevolence, might try to invent duties for her at the office, and give her some sinecure in order that she might retain her salary. This would be galling to her self-respect, and was not to be entertained for a moment. As the possibility of it grew upon her she became quite agitated; so much so that in the hope of heading off any such attempt by him, she dictated to her daughter, that afternoon, letters to Mrs. Wilson and the clergyman, informing them briefly what had occurred.

Just after the little girl had returned from putting these in the letter-box, and Constance was musing over a cup of tea, a messenger with a note arrived. It was from Gordon Perry, and read by Henrietta it ran as follows: Might he not call that evening? He had the doctor's permission to do so; and she was to send a simple "Yes" or "No" by the bearer. Now for it, she thought; he was coming to overwhelm her with his cunning schemes for continuing her salary. Her first impulse was to protect herself by delay; to ask him to wait a day or two until she felt stronger. But this would be a subterfuge, and, excepting that she dreaded his philanthropy, she yearned to see him. He would

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put her in touch with the world again, from which she had been shut off too long. "No" trembled on her lips, but the fear of hurting his feelings occurred to her in the nick of time as a counterbalance to her dread of being pauperized by him, and her natural inclinations found utterance.

"Tell Mr. Perry, yes," she answered, and her spirits rose from that moment, though she resolved to be as firm as a rock on the threatened issue. She ascribed his coming in the evening rather than the afternoon to his being busy at the office, and as she put the children to bed she reflected that it would be pleasant to have an uninterrupted visit. She made her toilette as best she could with Mrs. Harrity's aid, and she inwardly rejoiced again that she had not broken her nose.

Gordon arrived about half-past eight. The cheer which his manner expressed did not detract from its sympathy. It seemed to say that he recognized and deplored her misfortune, but took for granted her preference to face it smilingly, and not to waste time in superfluous lamentation. At the same time, she could not but notice his eager solicitude and the ardor of his bearing, which was slightly disconcerting. Yet he made her tell him the details of the accident, listening with the ear of a lawyer. At the close his brow clouded slightly as though her story failed to coincide with his prepossessions.

"You see I haven't any case, have I?" she said, divining what was passing in his mind. She cherished a half hope that his cleverness might still extract a just cause of action from her delinquency.

"Not on your evidence."

"So I supposed. Those are the real facts. I jumped before the car stopped, though the conductor warned me, and I heard the bell."

"That settles it; contributory negligence. But the trained nurse who was with you tells a different story."

"Loretta has been to see you?"

"Yes. She came ostensibly for her pay night before last. But she seemed very anxious to testify in court in your favor. She says the conductor wasn't looking at first, and that he pushed you off the car just as you were jumping."

Constance shook her head. "She is entirely mistaken as to the last part."

"There is nothing to be said. It struck me that Miss Davis, unlike most women, enjoyed the prospect of being a witness. It was a great event to her, and she would be able to do you a good turn." He sat for a moment pondering this diagnosis, then with a start, as though he had been surprised in a trivial occupation, exclaimed:

"But what does it matter whether you can get paltry damages or not? I did not come here to consider that. I came to talk with you about your future."

He spoke the last words with a tender cadence which was partly lost on Constance, for she sprang to the conclusion that the moment for her to display firmness had arrived, and that he was about to broach a scheme for retaining her in his employment.

"I must find some other occupation for the next six months, of course. I am forbidden to use my eyes for any purpose. I have written to Mrs. Wilson and my rector, thinking they may know of some opening or vacancy where I could work with my hands or do errands until my eyes are well." Then noticing the curious smile with which he received this rather impetuous announcement, and apprehensive lest he might be hurt by her avowed reliance on others, she added: "And you, too, must be on the lookout for me. You may hear of something which would suit me."

"As for that, do you suppose that because your service to me is interrupted I would not stand in the breach? That I would not insist on continuing your salary until you were able to return to your post?"

"I knew it would be just like you to wish to," she said, quickly, "but I could not possibly allow it. That's why I wrote to Mrs. Wilson and Mr. Prentiss," she added, not averse to having him know the real reason now that it could serve her as a shield.

Her naïve admission was evidently an agreeable piece of intelligence. "I took for granted that your salary would continue. That was a matter I did not have in mind in the least."

"It can't, I assure you."

He appeared entertained by her adamantine air. "Why not?"

"It isn't an absence of a week or two," she said, trying to show herself reasonable. "It will be six months before I am able to work again."

"A whole six months?"

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She met the mockery in his tone with quiet determination. "I could not allow anyone to support me for that period. Do you not see that I must find something to do in order to remain happy?"

"Happy? You do not consider my side. Do you not see that a haggling calendar account of weeks and months is not applicable to such service as you render me? How would the satisfaction of saving the modest sum I pay you compare with that I should derive from enabling you to get well as rapidly as possible, untormented by painful necessities?"

There was a strange gleam in his eyes. She looked at him wonderingly. His rhetoric troubled her, and by dint of it he had managed to make her scruples seem ungenerous. But she was unconvinced.

"You would be obliged to pay someone else," she replied with cruel practicality.

"Enough of this," he said, impetuously. "It is absurd. I have something very different at heart. When I spoke of your future just now, Constance, it was to tell you that I have come here, to-night, to ask you to be my wife—to say to you that I love you devotedly and cannot live without you. This is my errand. It is not friendship I offer, it is not pity, it is not esteem for your gentle, strong soul, it is passionate human love."

He paused and there was profound silence in the darkened room where they could scarcely see each other's faces. Constance trembled like a leaf. In a moment the whole card-board house of sisterly affection fell about her ears, and she knew the truth. These were the sweetest words she had ever listened to, though they stabbed her like a knife. "Oh!" she whispered, "Oh!"

"Is it such a surprise, Constance?" he murmured, ascribing her accents of dismay to that source. "You must have known you were very dear to me."

The dimness gave her time to consider how she should deal with this startling certainty, the music of which was dancing in her brain. The meaning of his devotion was now so clear. Yet she had never guessed either his purpose or the secret of her own disconcerting heart-beats.

"I knew you were fond of me, but it never occurred to me that you could think of me as a wife."

"Why not? You are beautiful and charming as well as sweet and wise, and I adore you."

"I liked to feel that we should go on being dear friends for the rest of our lives," she answered, tingling with the thrill which this avowal caused her.

From the tremor of her speech he was emboldened to regard the sigh which followed this simple voicing of the exact truth as an ellipsis hiding a precious secret.

"Then you love me, Constance?"

Whatever happened, why should he not know? Why should she deny herself that ecstasy?

"Oh, yes, Gordon, I love you dearly."

"And you will be my wife?"

"How can I, Gordon? You know I must not." There was gentle pleading in her tone and a tinge of renunciating sadness.

"I mean presently. As soon as you obtain a divorce."

The ugly word brought back reality. "Oh, no, we must put it from us. It is a delightful vision, but we must dismiss it forever."

"Why?" he asked, with the resonance of vigorous manhood.

"Because it would be an offence."

"Against what?"

"The eternal fitness of things." This phrase of Mrs. Wilson's rose to her lips again as a shibboleth. "I have made my mistake," she murmured. "I must suffer the penalty of it."

"Never!" he ejaculated. "It would be monstrous—monstrous."

There was a momentary silence. While he gazed at her ardently he was seeking command of himself so as to plead his cause with discriminating lucidity. To her darkened sight imagination pictured a swift river of fire flowing between them, across which they could touch their fingertips, but no more.

"Do not think," he said, "that I have not considered this question from your side. It has been in my thoughts night and day for months. The idea of divorce is repugnant to you—though you have ceased to love the husband who deeply wronged you. You shrink even more from marrying again because your children's father is still alive. If he were dead, the bar would be removed, and you would not hesitate. I appeal to your

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common sense, Constance. What sound reason is there why you should sacrifice your happiness—the happiness of us both?"

"It is not a question of common sense—is it?" It was a faltering query which followed the assertion. "The question is, what is right?"

"Amen to that!" he cried. "Yes, right, right. And who says it is not right?"

She had been so sure she would never marry again that she had never sought exact knowledge of her church's attitude in this regard, and yet now she had her fears. She knew that no Roman Catholic could marry again during the life of a divorced husband or wife, except by special dispensation, and she was aware of the increasing reluctance of the officials of her own church in this country to give the sanction of the marriage service to the re-marriage of divorced persons; but she had never examined the church canon on the subject, for she had flattered herself that she would never need to. Discussions of the topic which she had listened to or read had played like lightnings around her oblivious head, but had served merely to intensify her repugnance to the blatant divorces and double-quick marriages, which she had seen heralded from time to time in the daily press, and which had recently been brought home to her with peculiar force by the events in Mrs. Wilson's family circle. Now the flare of the lightning was in her own eyes, and her brain was numb with the emotion of the personal shock.

"Would Mr. Prentiss marry me to you?" she asked, seeking as usual the vital issue.

"Your clergyman?" His query was merely to gain time. But he loved directness, too. "Suppose that he would not, there are plenty of clergymen who would."

"But he is my clergyman."

Gordon moved his chair nearer, and bending forward, took her hand in both of his.

"Dearest, this question is for you and me to settle, not for any outsider. It must bear the test of right and wrong, as you say, but I ask you to look at it as an intelligent human being, as the sane, noble-hearted American woman you are. The State—the considered law of the community in which we live—gives you the right to a divorce and freedom to marry again. Who stands in the way? Your clergyman—the representative of your church. The church erects a standard of conduct of its own and asks you to sacrifice your life to it. It is the Church against the State—against the people. It is superstition and privilege against common sense and justice. I should like to prove to you by arguments how truly this is so."

"But I would rather not listen to your arguments now," she interposed. "I am on your side already. My heart is, and—I think my common sense."

His pulses gave a bound. "Then nothing can keep us apart!" he cried, pressing his lips upon her hands and kissing them again and again. "You are mine, we belong to one another. Why should a young and beautiful woman starve her being on such a plea, and reject such happiness as this?"

She drew her hands gently away, and herself beyond his reach. "Ah, you mustn't. If my church objects, it must have a reason, and I must hear that reason, Gordon. I must consult with Mr. Prentiss—with him and others. He is not an outsider. He was my friend and helper in the bitterest hours of my life."

"He will do his best to take you from me."

She shivered. "How do you know?"

"He cannot help himself. The canon of the Episcopal Church forbids a clergyman to marry one who has been divorced for any cause except adultery. The Catholic Church goes one step further and forbids altogether the re-marriage of divorced persons. It does not recognize divorce. A large number of the clergy of your church are fiercely agitating the adoption of a similar absolute restriction. The two churches—and their attitude has stirred up other denominations—are seeking to fasten upon the American conscience an ideal inconsistent with the free development of human society."

She caught at the phrase. "Yet it is an ideal."

Gordon took a long breath. In the ardor of his mental independence he seemed to be seeking some fit word to epitomize his deduction.

"It is a fetish!" he said, earnestly. "It represents the past—privilege—superstition—injustice, as I have already told you."

"Oh, no," she murmured, "it cannot be simply that. You forget that I am a woman.

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You do not realize what the church means to me."

"I remember that you are an American woman."

The remark evidently impressed her. She pondered it briefly before she said, "I am, and I know how much that ought to mean. I wish to be worthy of it." She appeared troubled; then putting her hand to her head she rose, seeking instinctively an end of the interview. "I must think it over. You must not talk to me any more to-night. I did not realize how weak I am. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Ah, Gordon, you do not understand all! I forsook the church once in the pride of my heart. I wandered among false gods, and it took me back without a word of rebuke for my independence. I must do what is right this time—what is really right—at any cost."

As she stood in the shadow, erect and piteous, but with the aspect of spiritual aspiration in her voice and figure, stalwart as he was in his sense of righteousness, he thought of Marguerite in the prison scene when Faust implores her to fly with him.

"Forgive me," he said, "for having tired and harassed you. It was my love for you that led me on." He spoke with tenderness, and under the spell of his mood dropped on one knee beside her and looked up in her face.

"You may tell me about that before you go," she whispered, like one spellbound.

"It is not much to tell—except that it means everything to me. It has grown from a tiny seed, little by little, until it has become the harvest and the glory of my manhood. Ah, Constance, we love each other. How much that means. It sets the seal of beauty on this commonplace world. It will transfigure life for both of us."

She started. "The seal of beauty?" she murmured, as to herself. "If I were but sure of that! What I fear is lest I mar the beauty of the world, and so sin."

"It was my mother's hope that we should marry," he said, reverting to concrete ground.

"I think so," she answered, faintly, pressing his hand.

"And her ideal was to do right."

"I know."

She sighed, then whispered, "You must go now."

Rising from his posture beside her he prepared to obey. They stood for an instant, irresolute, then, as by a common impulse, his arms opened and she suffered herself to be clasped in his strong embrace. It seemed to him as he felt her head upon his breast and her nervous, wistful face looked up into his that his happiness was assured. But she was thinking that come what might—and she was conscious of a dreadful uncertainty in her heart—she would not deny herself this single draught of the cup of happiness. It was a precious, sentient joy to be thought beautiful, and to feel that she was desired for herself alone by this hero of her ripe womanhood. So she let herself go as one who snatches at escaping joy, and their lips met in the full rapture of a lover's kiss.

(To be continued.)

TO MY MOTHER

By Ann Devoore

My little baby lies along my arm;
And looking at her there, the glad tears press,
And, like a tidal wave of tenderness,
The years of love since I lay cradled so—
Unfathomed love enfolding me from harm—
Return and flood my life. For now *I know.*

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THE LOVERS IN RODIN'S "SPRING"

By Ernest W. Nelson

Ho! you old misers, hoary, middle-aged!
You, too, were in the hey-day of your youth,
But now, because you all have had your fill
Of life, you envy us who just begin.
You fain would have us gray, you fain would dash
The cup of pleasure from our eager lips
Or else would poison it with bitter words
Because your chance is overpast, because
You crack the bitter core while we but brush
The velvet bloom upon the golden fruit.
Our time will come. O vex us not with scorn
Which evermore would disillusionize
The lifted brow and buoyant breast of youth.
Behold our spring, how sweet it is, how short!
When that is gone we, too, may be like you.
Here is the beauty of life; it beckons us,—
Our birthright unabjured while youth is ours.
Here Love, with myrtle-wreath and orange-bloom,
Calls on his wings: "Make haste, faint heart, for soon,
Soon fade my blossoms and the fire of hope
Dies in the soul, the dreams take flight, and Fate
Just at the heart's red rapture cuts in twain
Life's tenuous, fluttering thread, implacably!"
When that is done we, too, shall be like you;
O vex us not with envious, bitter scorn!

THE POINT OF VIEW

A STRIKING passage in President Eliot's widely quoted address before the Central Labor Union of Boston has seemed to miss general attention. It was his statement of the principle on which he would base stability of relation between capital and labor, by giving labor "a voice in the discipline of the works," and a pension or "share in the pecuniary value of the good-will"—a principle, as he stated it, whose reach goes far beyond the immediate question at issue. "A nomad population," said President Eliot, "can hardly be a civilized one. Only a firmly settled laboring population which desires and expects to pass its life in one spot can be really happy and contented, and produce good citizens." Then, with a fine courtesy identifying himself with his audience, President Eliot added: "Looking back on my own working life, spent in the service of a single institution, I see what a happy privilege it is to give unstinted service to an undying institution in whose permanent and enlarging serviceableness one ardently believes."

Mobility in Modern Life

The attitude of President Eliot's audience to this doctrine of satisfaction in continuous service, under what he calls "humane conditions," is interesting and significant. It was defined in the address of Mr. Frank K.

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Foster, of the Typographical Union, selected by the Central body to make its official reply. Passing over President Eliot's reference to his own life-work with the simple statement that "the drudgery of the workshop cannot give an equal inspiration and reward," and adding in explanation that "the trade-unionist lives by work, but not for work," Mr. Foster emphasized the trade-unionist's "solicitude for the preservation of the mobility of labor," and his fear of any innovation that might lead to its restriction. The same thought, though with another purpose, was almost coincidently expressed by another prominent labor leader—Mr. Henry White, of the United Garment Workers. In addressing the Economic Club of Boston, Mr. White urged that, through manual training, the workman should be "equipped to shift from one branch of a trade to another as necessity requires, getting rid of the notion that he is destined to spend his life in the repetition of the same small process." Enlightening illustration of such possible developments of the mobility of labor—even to the realization of a condition when the careers of a manual worker and a college president may be comparable in "inspiration and reward," to quote Mr. Foster's impossibility—is to be found in this editorial note, though doubtless overenthusiastic, of a Boston paper: "The great hope of industrial New England lies in the development of the hand industries through a constantly increasing demand for better and better looking objects than machinery can possibly make. The arts and crafts movement in Massachusetts is likely before many years have passed to cease to be the fad of the few, and to become the business proposition of the many."

The conception that to be mobile labor need not be migratory, that labor's most effective mobility consists, not in the ease with which it can move to meet the more urgent demand for the same work in a different place, but in the facility with which it can turn to a different process or work in the same place, points the way to that new stability of relation between capital and labor for which President Eliot pleaded, a stability he regards as essential to satisfaction in living and to the preservation of good citizenship. The conditions are radically different from those of even twenty-five years ago, when the late Francis A. Walker, in attacking the assumed mobility of the "economic man" (a creation of the theorists for purposes of argument), laid so much stress on the actual physical immobility of labor, quoting and requoting with gusto the saying of Adam Smith, that "of all sorts of luggage man is the most difficult to be transported." A comparatively new type, the transitory immigrant who crosses the Atlantic to dig, save, and return, is an object-lesson constantly before our eyes of what modern facilities in transportation and communication have done to relieve, quickly and easily, the congestion of one labor market and to supply the shortage of another. Indeed, this excess of mobility, obvious as are its benefits, may be enjoyed at a sacrifice of substantial material good. For example, the great co-operative movement, whose results in Great Britain are simply astonishing, has had but small success in America, owing to the shifting, mobile character of the population. What the sacrifice involves is appreciated when one considers that, by the simple device of trading with oneself and saving the profits, a co-operative business of small traders has been built up which aggregates $90,000,000 a year, yields a net profit of $1,700,000, and has a patronage of 1,250,000 customers. The members of these, the various societies, being for the most part heads of families, represent, it is estimated, about one-eighth of all the people of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Yet these totals leave London largely out of the reckoning, since its population is too shifting, mobile, for a movement where success depends upon the steady patronage of the same people.

But of far deeper import than the question of economics is President Eliot's word of warning that "a nomad population can hardly be a civilized one." It recalls the protest of Charles Dudley Warner, enthusiastic traveller that he was, against the "migratory habit" in American life. In this protest Mr. Warner had in mind a class sharply contrasted with President Eliot's audience of trade unionists—the class of homeless rich, ceaselessly on the wing from house to house and hotel to hotel, knowing no interval of pause sufficient to feel the charm and satisfaction of local associations and attachments. The restlessness of migratory wealth, like the unquietness of nomadic labor, is one of many signs that mark the passing of familiar relations and ideals, and, perhaps, the coming of a delocalized social order. Such an order,

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whether or not one shares President Eliot's doubt as to its being a civilization, must at least lack the element put first by Matthew Arnold as characterizing the true civilization—the element of the interesting. For mobility, however much it may contribute to economic adjustments, must, in proportion as it is uniformly realized, tend to monotony.

The Civil War and the Novel

A NEWSPAPER paragraph published at the time of some recent promotions and retirements in the army, noted the fact that after them there would remain on active duty in the Regulars only seventy-seven officers who had seen service in the Civil War. Of course the Regular Army contingent, even with the reënforcement it received from the volunteers during and after the conflict, made up numerically only a very small element in those who fought in the great struggle; but these figures are still sufficiently striking to call renewed attention to the rapid disappearance of the Civil War generation.

Years ago, when equality of numbers made it much more noticeable than now, a paragraph in the Point of View spoke of the difference of attitude, not only toward political affairs but toward life in general, between those to whom the war was a personal memory and those to whom it was only history. To recall it now, when soon only the latter will remain, is to be less easily understood; but the difference not only persists, but has been lately marked by the appearance during the last few years of a group of stories having the Civil War for a background if not for a subject, and all, almost as a matter of course, written by men who did not see it.

The wonder to an older reader, it should be said at once, is that many of them succeed in rendering the spirit of the time as faithfully as they do; as Mr. Fox, for instance, has given it in describing the outbreak of the war in Tennessee in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"—a book so good that its success is an encouragement to every optimist concerning the public judgment; or as Mr. Churchill in "The Crisis." But there is a sense in which the war still waits for its novel, and will wait, perhaps, until, after a like interval, some man of genius shall steep himself in it and assimilate it as Thackeray in "Esmond" did the time of Queen Anne. It is also true that in spite of the successes just cited, and of others, the war-time as a subject for fiction is still received with a certain degree of impatience, and that these stories are accepted rather in spite of than because of it; it is recognized as a *milieu* full of color and possibilities, but the general feeling is that it is a hazardous field also, full of perils of boredom, and of dealings with men who live in a limbo somewhere between established historical and romantic heroism and the immediately appealing deeds of Hobsons and Baden-Powells.

Its epic character, admitted as an easy commonplace in talk, is nevertheless not yet *felt*, except by the men still surviving to whom it was the living epic of their lives; but according to all analogy the time is near when it will be. There was an intervening generation between the Napoleonic wars and their epic treatment, in spite of scattering romances in the meantime; and the parallels are many. In our case it is, perhaps, peculiarly difficult, in a half-century intensely absorbed in material aggrandizement, in physical discoveries and scientific progress such as were never before packed into the same term, to reconstruct the spirit of the last great struggle over an idea, however well its facts are known to us. Your philosopher of forty or less is disposed secretly to doubt to-day that it was such a struggle, and go seeking to account for it by a variety of minor selfishnesses, rather than the sweep of well-defined convictions which he thinks accepted tradition has "idealized." He inherits the result of one of the finest and most hopeful human achievements, in the bringing together under an accepted decision and with double strength of a people so divided; but that way of looking at it will always have to him a touch of this exaggerated idealism. Consequently he will probably not write the ideal novel of the Civil War; but a man greatly his junior, coming to it with a new mind altogether.

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THE FIELD OF ART

POET AND ARTIST

THE chief purpose of Lessing's famous and learned treatise on the Laocoon is to emphasize the diversity, in methods and results, between the two arts of sculptor and poet; or more generally, between literary and material representation. But the German philosopher seems to have exaggerated this divergence. In particular, he limits the discussion, unduly, to the time and manner in which the impression is first made. He insists, as a vital distinction, that the picture, or statue, is to be seen at a glance, while the poem can be read and heard only line by line.

Yet surely the vital question as to any creative work must be, What lasting effect does it have on him who has once come under its spell? That effect must always take the form of a more or less vivid and enduring impression, stamped upon the memory by the greatest of artists, the Imagination.

Few may be able even to recall that hour of delicious terror, doubt, and hope, whether in the actual theatre or curled up with the folio in the cosey-corner, while we really wondered breathlessly whether Juliet and Romeo would at last escape together, through the tomb of the Capulets, to some far land that does not sin against the rights of youth. But now, what is it all to us save a single pathetic picture of love, despair, and death? The end is indeed, even while we watch the passing scene, always much nearer to us than the beginning. Mercutio, Paris, Romeo, are dying already, when they utter their first defiant jest or tender phrase.

In general, are not the best dramas, epics, romances, those which leave impressed upon our souls one or two glorious pictures—a single group at most, usually itself dominated by one heroic figure? Whether on the foot-hills of Ida or by Farinata's tomb, in Merlin's Camelot or Mowgli's jungle, we are always glad to submit ourselves to that magician's spell who can bring a vivid scene before our mind's eye. And the dominant central figure or group outlives in our memory all the incidents of the most cleverly woven plot. "The form of great Achilles high and clear" looms above a whole Iliad of strife. Such figures, too, are Prometheus and Orestes, Alcestis and Medea, Œdipus and Antigone. So it is in our century with Hawthorne's Hester, or George Eliot's Romola. The plot itself of the "Scarlet Letter" fades at last into the background, against which we see the two contrasted pictures of Hester, alone or with her lover, on her pedestal of shame.

And conversely, a great picture is by no means enjoyed at a single glance. A half hour may be very happily and profitably spent before Piloty's Thusnelda, in the mere effort to note the due adjustment of the various figures to their central magnet, the haughty, half-triumphant captive herself. Not until after long familiar acquaintance, perhaps, do we discover all the varied child figures, the successive stages of exhaustion in the Druids, or the paired wretchedness of the traitorous German father and the jealous imperial tyrant. The bronze wolf is pendant to the living bear; blond captive and black-eyed Southron can exchange the glances if not the words of hatred.

Such loving study still concentrates, not distracts, our gaze; heightens, not lessens, the unity and pathetic meaning of the picture. The central light still falls on the wife and mother of the unconquerable Germans. She leads the vanguard of the race which shall yet rend Rome asunder, even as, at this very moment of her humiliation, emperor and victorious general fade in the shadows behind her, and heighten her triumph.

Moreover, there are many legitimate fields for the painter's art which do not permit any such immediate and evident singleness of design. Thus in the study of a decorative frieze, or before a long succession of related panels, the spectator is led on almost as gradually as the reader of a romance, or the listener to a rhapsode.

To turn to the sister art of sculpture, this

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last statement is no less true of such a work in bas-relief as the procession which once marched around the entire outer wall of the Parthenon. A pediment group has, to be sure, even at first glance a certain unity of general form, more architectural than plastic. Yet the visiting Hellene was surely expected to linger before the Eastern façade of Zeus's Olympian temple, at least until he had identified Pelops and his father-in-law, the daughter and the mother, the treacherous and the successful charioteer, and noted the careful balance of figures from end to end.

And if, even, by some happy miracle of survival, we could still pass up through the grove of perfect Doric columns to Pallas Athène's virginal retreat, and find her standing in all her pristine glory of gold and ivory where Phidias poised her, we could not be content to gaze, for the moment, merely into her austere eyes. We could not be sated, nor fully know the artist's intent, until we had studied the battle-scenes on her shield, and even the elaborately carved figures on her sandal's edge.

Before the cathedral-builder, surely, it may be said, there floats an ideal of harmonious simplicity! Yet who would say that the storied tombs of Westminster, the pictured pavement of Siena, the thousand statues of Milan, have no part in the noble general effect itself? Does the gaping barbarian above whom the dome of St. Peter's, or of Santa Maria del Fiore, soars for the first time, see more, or less, of beauty there than the scholar-pilgrim who, after year-long loving familarity with every detail, views as he departs, from San Miniato or the Pincian Hill, that simple outline, within which accurate memory supplies a world of laborious details?

Lastly, in any case, no man can absorb beauty at a glance, from picture, temple, or sculptured group, unless life-long æsthetic training has prepared him for the impression. Then indeed he may be ready, like the carefully prepared sensitive plate in the camera, to receive at once the many lights and shadows that shall blend in one intelligible result. But even he will, least of all men, be *content* with the single hasty glimpse.

If the general positions here taken are assured—and a thoughtful analysis of the very word "Imagination" will indicate that we are defending rather a truism than a paradox—then the essential identity underlying all creative art, literary and plastic, is infinitely more important than any diversity in material and method. The application to the two of a nomenclature essentially identical is not a clever half-fanciful analogy; it is a logical necessity.

Both poet and painter mimic the same unapproachable model—Life. Each, within the limited frame, can and must finish, in some sense, the picture that outward nature never completes. Each must offer us, as in a magic mirror, an idealized glimpse of our noblest selves: for the sole final and worthy aim of all art is to encourage and uplift us by suggesting our highest possibilities. Within gilded frame or on granite pedestal, in winged words or purely harmonious chords, Beauty, an indefinable shape, floats above us still, beckoning us upward toward the unattained, even the unattainable.

W. C. LAWTON.

THERE is another side to this interesting subject. Mr. Lawton says in his article that the question is mainly, What lasting effect does the creative work have on him who comes under its spell? Yes, and the question is, more immediately, *What is that effect?* of what nature is that effect, whether temporary or lasting? than is the matter of permanence. Your work of art—how can you define or describe its effect upon the mind of the student? The question seems to be rather in that than as to the strength of it, its importance, its more or less noble character. There is noble poetry, and there is excellent but lower-class poetry; nor will it do to denounce a good, rattling ballad or a piece of humorous verse as not poetry at all, as some very serious-minded critics are inclined to rule in the matter. There is graphic and plastic art of great dignity and gravity, weighted with thought and calling for close attention before that thought can be understood; but there is also on the one hand the art of slighter and lighter suggestion, and on the other hand the art of almost pure decoration.

It is well to note that, according to Mr. Lawton's argument, it is in the greater or less importance of the language that the difference between poetry and the arts of design must be found to reside. Language is of importance enough in poetry; and he

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who has been through, in his youth, the epoch of despising Form and seeking to ignore it, and trying to find that poetry the best which, whatever its form, is the most amply supplied with noble thoughts, will remember with gratitude the day when he came out of that cloud of lofty and spiritual, and yet misleading opinion, and found once more what was the true relation between the setting and the sense. In like manner the graphic arts have their singular language—that language which they alone in the world can speak—and he is fortunate who recognizes in time the fact of the importance and value of this language taken almost by itself and without reference to the thought that it is used to convey.

Now in poetry the language is much, but in the graphic and the plastic art it is immeasurably more. Translate into prose, even into the noblest prose, the statement of truth contained in Shelley's poem—

> When the lamp is shatter'd,
> The light in the dust lies dead;
> When the cloud is scatter'd,
> The rainbow's glory is shed.
> When the lute is broken,
> Sweet tones are remember'd not;
> When the lips have spoken,
> Loved accents are soon forgot—

and its following stanzas; you will find that the thought, so dressed, is not very weighty. I who write this tried once to explain to a very learned German lady what certain English lyric poems signified, and it was interesting to turn their delicate play of thought into such German terms as I was master of. Again I have tried, as many of us have tried, to translate from a foreign language into my own; honestly tried to translate, not to imitate in another set of verses on the same subject. Try to translate, thought by thought, phrase by phrase, a resounding passage of Faust or a delicate and subtile one from Alfred de Musset! You will be surprised at the prosaic result. Still more to the purpose will it be if you try to render into English a *chanson* of Béranger. In these ways you will not, indeed, discover the importance of language in a poem, for that you are presumably familiar with already; but you will have a new sense of it, and that is always a pleasant thing to obtain. But now try the same thing in the language of fine arts—the arts of design, the arts which deal with form and color; try in like manner to separate (let us state the most difficult case first) to separate the thought in a Homer Martin landscape from the artistic language used in rendering that thought, and see where you come out! Thought and the medium of its expression are inseparable; there seems to be no thought except in its expression: to put the thought into other terms is to change the thought itself.

Nor should anyone deceive himself by supposing that each artist, poet and painter, is busied with trying to represent or describe or relate something, each in his own language. That is not at all the case. No work of art that is worthy of the name has for its principal subject Description or Narration, or even Representation. The poet-artist, as a secondary consideration (*by the way*, as it were), may represent an old tree or house, relate a pleasant or a ghastly incident; but that is not the purpose of his work of art, either in verse or in painting. His purpose in each case is to produce a work of art. And the real difference beween the graphic arts on the one hand and poetry on the other is that in the graphic arts the mere lanuage, the use of the language, the glorying in and delighting one's self by the mere use of the language, is so very much—in nine cases out of ten—that the thought which has been nominally the purpose of the undertaken work of art disappears altogether and the noble language remains alone in the artistic result.

Wordsworth's magnificent ode—an ode in comparison with which all other irregular odes in English wither, as it were—is yet marred for those who read it again and yet again and who know it by heart or nearly so, by the inconceivable position assumed—the position that the glory and charm of nature is more felt by the child than by the more mature spirit. A poem, the Ode on a Grecian Urn, which is almost to be compared with the Wordsworthian masterpiece, is marred for us all by the amazing statement that

> "Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

For, as Ruskin has truly remarked, if that is so, why use two words for the same thing? Truth is not beauty, and has but little to do with it. It is rather the ignoring of beauty and of ugliness, and the getting close to the fact. Beauty has nothing whatever to do with truth, and is not even capable of com-

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parison with it, there being no common element at all.

Now the point is that a similar misstatement or misinterpretation or misconception of fact, if detected in a work of painting or of sculpture, has no such comparative effect upon the work itself. Let us try to think what a comparatively erroneous statement would be, say, in painting. Let us try to think what erroneous statements there *have been* in painting. Is it in that picture of Washington leaving his officers on the Manhattan shore of the Hudson and crossing the river in a boat on his way to the Jersey shore and Philadelphia to resign his commission? According to the season of the year, the representation of the luxuriant foliage on the banks—foliage of trees and foliage of undergrowth—was all false together. Or if this seems a trivial matter, like the easily forgiven errors of historical statement made by Walter Scott (for instance), and if something more decidedly a mistake in general truth is asked for, what are we to think of the exquisite landscape backgrounds of the fifteenth-century Florentines, in which every detail of the distant hillside is shown as it could be seen only through a powerful field-glass, and then only for one little circle of space at a time? Or the wood-cuts of Dürer, where rough little curves approaching semi-circles in shape, lapping over one another in an imbricated pattern, like slates on a roof, except that they are turned the other way, with their edges upward—what are we to think about accepting that as a statement of a forest-covered mountain? And a case very frequent in the noblest sculpture, of the deliberate addition or deduction of something from the mass of true anatomy, when even yet this is being done with the purpose of producing a look of truth by denial of what is actually true? And to push this same comparison a step further, how about the effect given to the eye of a statue by cutting into the smooth, rounded ball in marble or in the clay from which the casting is to be made, of a half ring deeply incised and having as its centre point a little more deeply sunken drill-hole? There is no better way of getting the effect of a brilliant and expressive eye; but what has sculpture to do with brilliant and expressive eyes? To the sculptor the eye is merely a flattened ball. There is nothing about the eye which can be modelled or carved, to express its difference from another spheroid. The eye-lid and the crow's feet can be carved, but the eye itself must remain as it first receives form—a modified ball, a not perfect sphere partly seen; and all attempts to tamper with its smoothness are direct appeals to a love of that which is not truthful, in behalf of what seems to the artist perhaps the higher truth, but as to which he is indeed deceived. The fact is that he is not now seeking—he has no longer in mind—truth, natural form. He is thinking of another thing altogether; he is thinking of expression—truth of expression, if you will; but note that what Nature offers is expression got in a wholly different way, and that if we choose to consider this carving of the eye-ball as in any way a representation of Nature, then indeed our artist is bewildered and astray.

All which is another way of saying that in these matters the language of the art is of such momentous importance that the person who chooses it is borne along by it, and disregards statement, narration, and representation alike—ignores truth in general as well as of detail, considers only his effects producible in that language of art: or in other words, what he thinks of splendor of color, nobility of line-composition, grace and harmony of mass, delicate graduation and also bold contrast in light and shade; all these being included in the resources of that one language which he is using as he paints. It is almost exactly as if a poet, in polishing and perfecting his sonnet, were to deliberately disregard fact or reason, all that which people mean when they say precision of statement, so borne away as he is by the march of his verse and the perfecting of his oft-recurring ryhmes. The sonnet must have a given form, its rhymes must run a b b a, a b b a, c d e, c d e, or else a b b a, a c c a, d e e, d e d; and with all that the verse must have exactly such a scansion. Now suppose that in the following of these peremptory requirements the poet should abandon ordinary sense altogether. Believe it, in doing so he would be proceeding in a way not wholly unlike that which the painter of every important canvas or mural painting follows when he is about his daily work. So important, in fine art, is the artistic language.

RUSSELL STURGIS.

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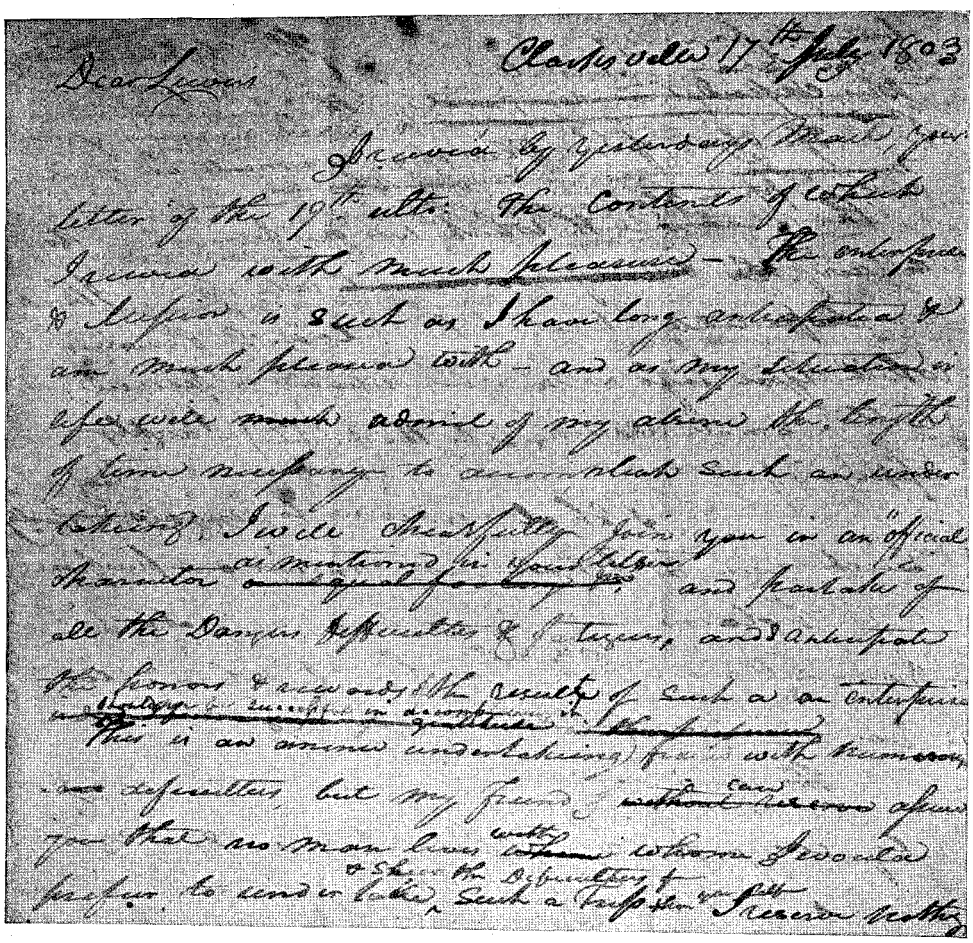
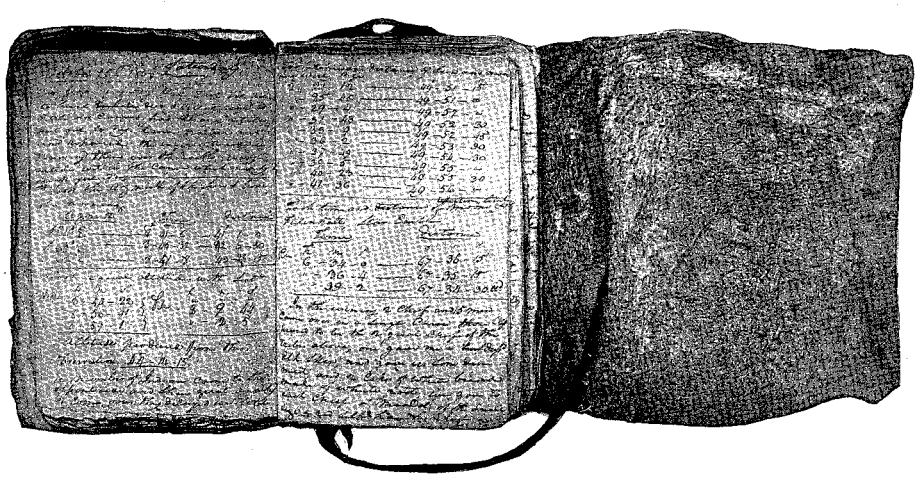


Clark accepts Lewis's invitation.

Portion of Clark's letter (reduced) of July 17, 1803, accepting Lewis's invitation to join him on the Northwest Expedition.



A diary carried by Clark on the expedition.

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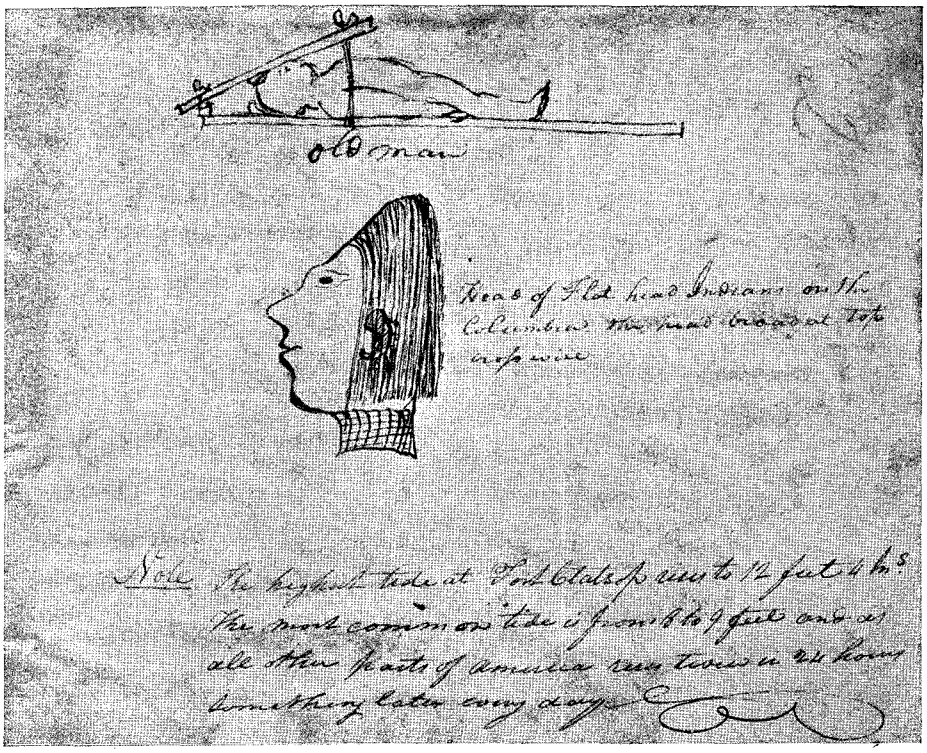
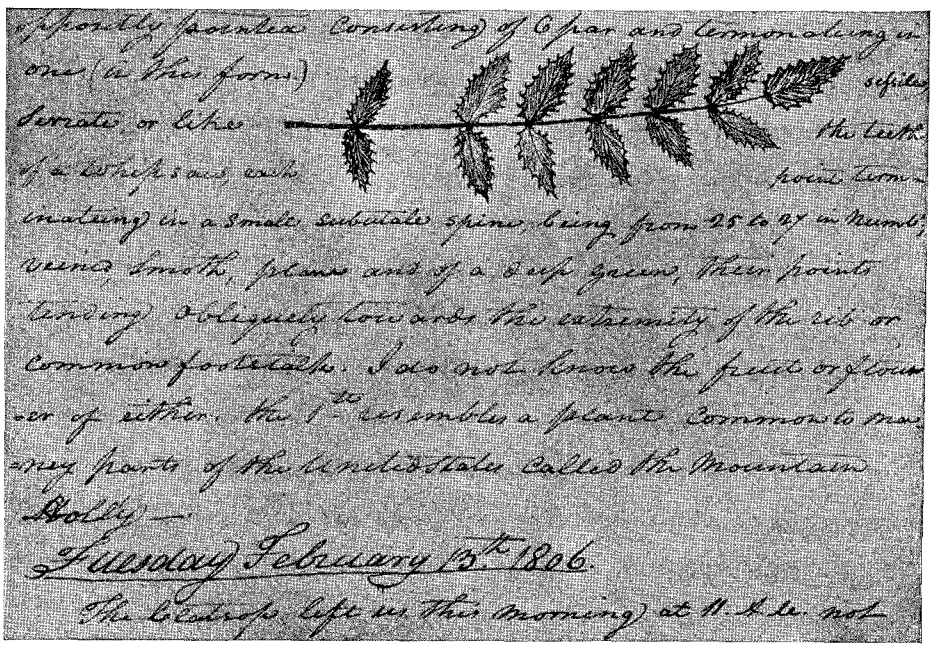

old man
Note The highest tide at Fort Clatsop rises to 12 feet 4 Inches
the most common tide is from 8 to 9 feet and in
all other parts of America rises three times in 24 hours
Something later every day

Flathead Indians.

Sketches by Clark (from Clark-Voorhis note-book No. 2), showing head of old man, and the manner of flattening an infant's cranium; with note upon tide at Fort Clatsop.



Leaf of evergreen shrub.

Portion of page in Clark's handwriting (from Clark-Voorhis note-book No. 2), with sketch of leaf of an evergreen shrub.

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From a drawing made in 1806.

Meriwether Lewis.

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Geese are about the size of a Swan and eye Cock Cock which on the and about Mountains to the Mountain the Columbia the Great Falls they go in Large or Singular by
The feathers about its head pointed and stiff Some hairs the base of the beak. feathers fine and stiff about the ears.
This is a faint Likeness of the of the Plains or Heath the first of those fowls we met with was Myposcure below in the neighbourhood of the Rocky and from which passes between and Rapids Gorges and make
The Large Black & White Pheasant a peculiar to that portion of the Rocky Mountains waters the Columbia River. at least we did not see them until we reached the waters of that River, nor since we have left those Mountains. They are about the size of a well grown hen. the carriage of the bird is much that of the red or brown Pheasant common to our country. the tail is proportionably as long and is composed of 18 feathers of equal length. of a uniform dark brown tipped with black. the feathers of the body are of a dark brown black and white. the black

Cock of the Plains.

Page of Clark's handwriting (from Clark-Voorhis note-book No. 2), with sketch of a "Cock of the Plains."

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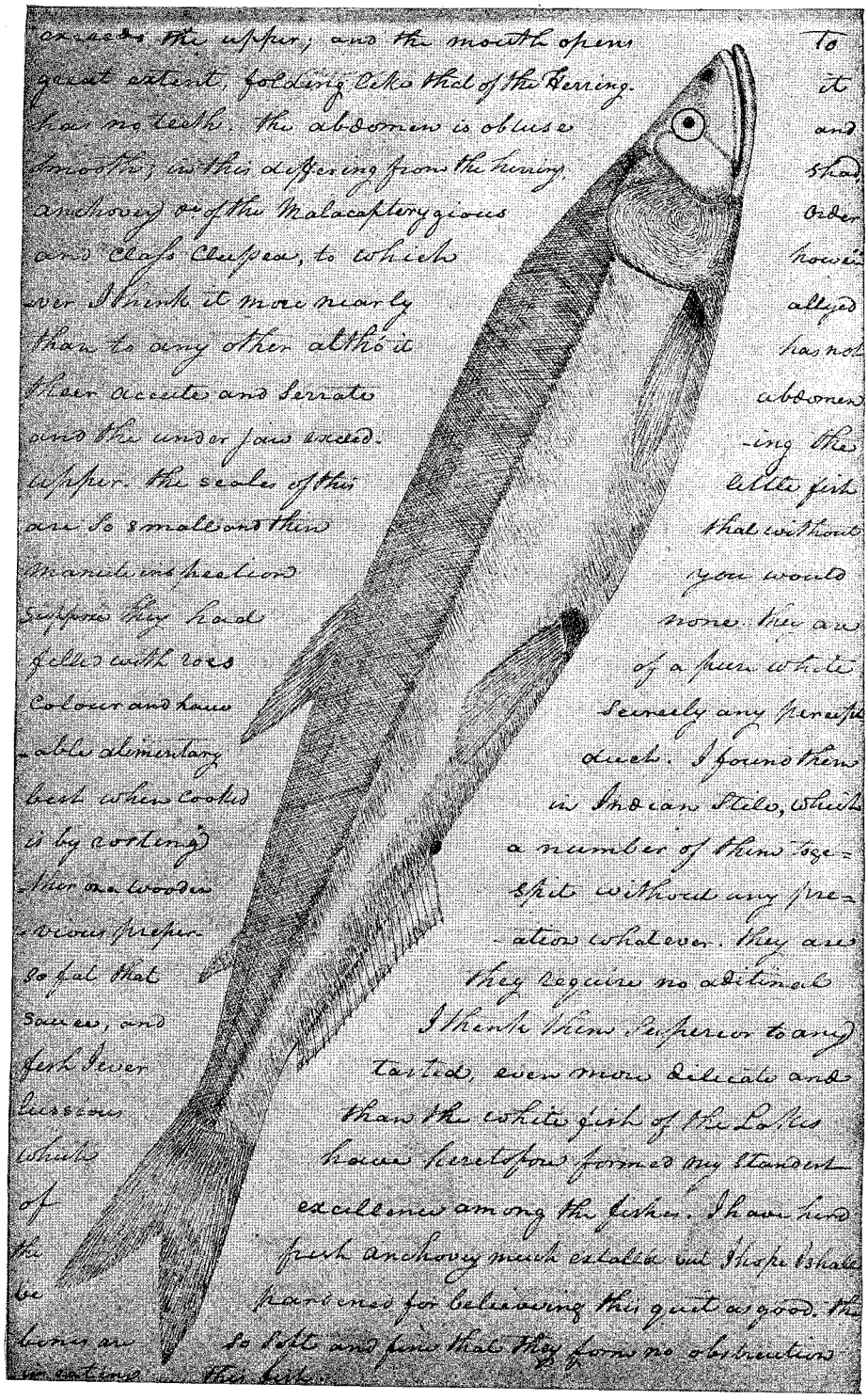

A trout.

Page of Clark's handwriting (from Clark-Voorhis note-book No. 2), with sketch of a trout.

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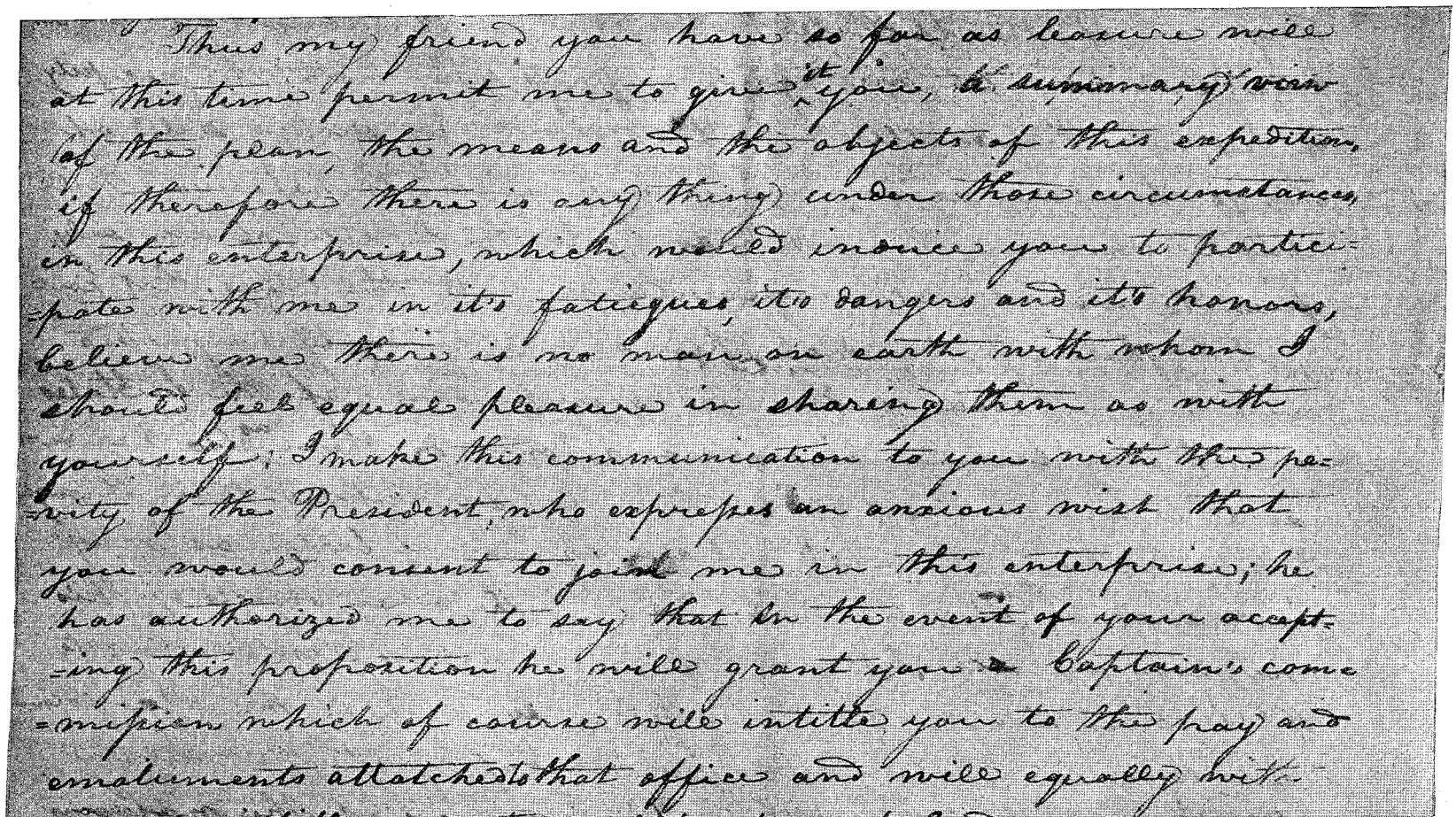
This my friend you have so far as leisure will at this time permit me to give you, a summary view of the plan, the means and the objects of this expedition, if therefore there is any thing under those circumstances, in this enterprise, which would induce you to participate with me in its fatigues, its dangers and its honors, believe me there is no man on earth with whom I should feel equal pleasure in sharing them as with yourself; I make this communication to you with the privity of the President, who expresses an anxious wish that you would consent to join me in this enterprise; he has authorized me to say that in the event of your accepting this proposition he will grant you a Captain's commission which of course will intitle you to the pay and emoluments attatched to that office and will equally hit

Lewis's invitation to Clark.

Portion of letter of Lewis to Clark, dated Pittsburgh June 19, 1803, inviting Clark to join him on the Northwest Expedition.
From the Voorhis collection.

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